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MADNESS,

OR

THE MANIACS' HALL;

A POEM,

In Seven Cantos.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"THE DIARY OF A SOLITAIRE."

"An undevout astronomer is mad!"—YOUNG.

And such madness can alone be cured by submission to that eternal Will of uncreated truth revealed in those Scriptures, of which the world's favourite, Byron himself, has thus sung:

"Within this awful volume lies
"The mystery of mysteries!
"Happiest they of human race,
"To whom their God has given grace
"To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
"To lift the latch, to force the way;
"And better had they ne'er been born,
"Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

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PREFACE.

SINCE the Author made his last appearance, another and most eventful chapter has been added to a life of no ordinary vicissitude.

With the fullest intention of exploring some of the romantic beauties of foreign scenery, he left his then residence in the vicinity of the ancient and interesting City of York, and after spending a few days at Scarborough, took the mail to Hull, intending to proceed by steamer to Hamburgh, Lubeck, and Norway; in which latter country, the Switzerland of the North, resides an amiable and highly respectable iron-master, whom it was the author's happiness to escort, in the summer of 1835, from York to Kendal, Ulverstone, and from thence, by the banks of Winandermere, as far as Bowness, and back to Kendal, where they separated. This excellent friend and warm-hearted man, had pressed the Author to pay him a visit at Oster Rusoer, in Norway, and thinking at that moment that, like "Childe Harold," he had only to *will* the acceptance of so delightful an invitation, he fully resolved on doing so; and immediately on his arrival in Hull, made the necessary enquiries relative to the Hamburgh steam-boats. Circumstances, however, arose to

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render necessary the postponement of the more extended continental journey, and he readily yielded to this unexpected curtailment of his intended rambles. He subsequently bent his way to the south of England, and, for two or three months, luxuriated in the counties of Kent and Sussex.

A return to the quietude of so unmercantile a spot as York, and the having no definite object or occupation of his time, after a life of unusual activity and ceaseless mental exertion, soon threw the unhappy Author into a state of fearful depression; in which deplorable condition he still continued to reside in York, for upwards of twelve months.

In the spring of the following year, 1836, an appointment was offered him in Northamptonshire, and though his spirits were scarcely equal to the effort of even visiting the spot, and enquiring into the nature of the duties, yet by the persevering persuasions of several kindly interested friends at York, he at length summoned resolution to attempt the journey. Of the early part of his residence at the village of K*****, he laments to say his remembrances are more painful than the latter portion of his sojourn in the North. A brighter day did, however, at length await him; and in the early part of the following year, he had gradually become so much interested in the nature and progress of the work with which his appointment connected him, that from this cause, and more frequent exercise, both bodily and mental health rapidly returned; and so great and sudden was the transition from his previous depression, that a comparatively short period sufficed to awaken the alarm of his jealous, though kindly interested friends.

Having, however, as he thought, entirely laid the evil spirits of fear and jealousy in the timid minds of his friends, he ventured to pay a day's visit to the town of B*********, about forty miles distant from the scene of his official duties, and where his principal friends resided. He is quite aware that those who knew him, and judged him only by an acquaintance with his former life and character, would find ample grounds, in the occurrences of that one day, to consider him in an excited and, *in their view*, unnaturally joyous state of mind. To make the most of his transient visit, he had hired, for the day, an active poney, and having then recently been in the habit of riding on business, and at full speed, one of the fleetest animals in his neighbourhood, it is little to be wondered at that he was occasionally recognised by his old B********* friends aforesaid, galloping his poney with unwonted glee. Suffice it to say that the free, the cheerful, the unsuspecting being who, *the evening before*, had had assembled a dozen friends at his cottage board, consisting of several gentlemen connected with the same public work, and a few others, this same unhappy writer was, in the evening of that same day, handed into a car, in the company of an M.D. and two friends, and driven he knew not where; till, arriving in the dusk of the evening at a noble mansion, with a Doric portico, which at the first moment of alighting, and not noticing the architectural order of said portico, he fancied to be Lord D—'s at S********. But alas! a few moments served to dispel the mists of illusion, and that night found him à la "maison de santé," in an unsought and unwelcome bed.

Finding his restless mind, as had previously been the case at York, bent, after the first week or two, upon some

mental occupation, he soon found a blissful and soothing efficacy in the tones of his long neglected harp. The first attempt at which, after a silent lapse of more than twenty years, was entirely prompted by his esteemed sister in friendship, J. E. L—, the amiable niece of the proprietor. Her fostering encouragement of his experiment induced him, at her renewed request, to try again and again; and finding that numbers came more fluently than he anticipated, the thought electrically struck him in one of his evening meditative walks,—and on taking a retrospective glance of his own life and painful experience on the subject,—that the theme for a poem was not only entirely new, but fraught with interest of the deepest and most diversified character.

He suffered the subject to rest on his mind for a few days, and finding that the more he dwelt upon it, the more deeply his feelings and hopes of usefulness became involved in the desire to attempt the "bold emprise," he determined to essay a poetic and descriptive volume on the subject of insanity, and asylums generally; and he was the more bent upon indulging the attempt, from recollecting that no poet, so far as his reading goes, had entered upon it, except in a casual or fugitive way.

The theme itself appears to be as little known as the savage mysteries of barbarous nations; and even by those few, who have either themselves been thus afflicted, or been entrusted with the guardianship of others,—how little, alas! has this painfully interesting subject been in their thoughts!

Why such lamentable ignorance, and still more affecting indifference to the mysterious and afflictive diseases of the *mind*, should continue to exist in an age boasting of its

intellectual enlightenment, and of much religious profession, the author of the following poem must leave for the calmer moments of his reflective reader to determine; and simply express his own conviction, that, spite of all that has been written by medical and other authors on the subject of insanity, there still exists a fearful ignorance as to the proper care and treatment of insane patients; and that with those who, like himself, have known something of the hidden secrets of asylums, private and public, there does, in this era of science and of knowledge, rest some degree of responsibility more effectually to arouse the public attention and sympathy towards it.

In the confession just made, that the author has seen much of establishments of this nature, (for he has visited them in Scotland and Ireland, as well as England,) and not only seen much, but has himself more than once been the subject of personal confinement, he is not discouraged in prosecuting the aim he had in view, of submitting the accompanying descriptive and discursive pages to the candour and indulgence of his *Christian* reader.

He cannot, at the same time, forbear remarking, that on the first appearance of mental disease, there is, in most cases, an extreme jealousy respecting the melancholy fact being known beyond the circle in which the unhappy patient had been accustomed to move. The author will not stop to inquire whether this excessive caution is not sometimes carried too far;—nor whether there are not many *bodily* diseases in which the shame of surrounding friends and relatives ought not to be quite as sensitively alive. For himself, he would unhesitatingly say, that he rejoices rather to have been the companion of such pure and afflicted spirits, as Cruden, Cowper, and Robert Hall,

in the agonising restraints and associations of an asylum, than with the worldling debauchee to triumph over those victims of seduction or poverty, whom his lust or avarice may have reduced to disease, remorse, and privation.

The obvious aim of the following pages, will, the Author trusts, be sufficiently apparent on glancing over the arguments of the several cantos of the poem. It being simply that, to which allusion has already been made; viz.—the desire to awaken a more lively interest and sympathy in the sufferings of the thousands, who, up and down in this kingdom, and the world at large, are immured within the walls and precincts of asylums.

He has been more especially led to the adoption of *poetry*, as his vehicle of opinion and sentiment, from having spent, in many respects, some of the happiest moments of his life in a spot, the extreme attractions of which, as regards seclusion and luxuriant richness of scenery, at once aroused a strong conviction of its peculiar eligibility for the purpose to which it is devoted.

The indulging of that feeling has resulted in the composition and eventual publication of the following poem; and as it may not be uninteresting to some of his readers, especially of the younger class, whose habits are but as it were now forming, the author feels inclined to give a brief sketch of its progress.

From mere curiosity, he was induced to refer to the life of Thomson, the minstrel of that rich but equivocal poem, "The Castle of Indolence;"—suspecting that the detail of his labours would elicit something of the habits of the man. He found that the "Seasons," which contain fewer lines than "Madness," was published in four separate years, extending from 1726 to 1730. Winter pre-

ceding, and Autumn, the last, being included in the folio edition of his works, published in the year last named.

Of the poem now submitted to the sympathies and better feelings of the public, the first six stanzas were composed before leaving the author's chamber, on the 30th of 5mo. (May), 1837, and the concluding twenty stanzas completed on the 10th of 8mo. (Aug.) of the same. That is, the whole poem was completed within as many months, as the Bard of Nature took years for the publication of his splendid work, The Seasons. The reader will perhaps smile in gentle astonishment, when it is further asserted, that, with the exception of an occasional supplementary stanza thrown in, as the author found he had omitted some name or subject necessary to his purpose, comparatively very few were written after breakfast; the whole composition being the production of the morning from four to seven o'clock.*

Is it in vanity that the Author thus parades these small facts? He would, with becoming reverence, say, "God forbid!" But, having most deeply at heart the best welfare of the rising generation of his beloved country, he was willing, for very example's sake, to set forth the above simple statement, in order to demonstrate that John Wesley, and Dr. Adam Clarke, and a thousand other wise and sober-minded men, were right in their decision on the subject of EARLY RISING. The apostle of Methodism and the indefatigable Biblical commentator, for the last twenty years of each of their lives, invariably

* The dates above given will further apprise the reader that the act of publication has not been a precipitate one:—the original draft of the Poem having lain, for a period of upwards of four years, in the strictest seclusion from the sight of even his most intimate friends.

rose at four o'clock. The Author, with the exception of the eighteen months prior to the present year, and during the deplorable depression into which inaction had plunged him, has been, for several years, an early riser.

From the nature of his engagement at K—, he was, at the commencement of the present year, not unfrequently in the habit of accompanying his excellent friend, the resident engineer, in nocturnal visits to the works. These visits aided in restoring his long-lost energy of mind, and gradually brought him to the practice, which he followed till separated from the scene, of rising at three, and regularly descending into several shafts of the tunnel every morning, and remaining on the ground till the men changed "shifts," as the working divisions of the day are termed.

For the Poem itself, both in the first thought of it, and in the distribution and conduct of the subject, the Author is alone responsible; having been entirely secluded from either advice or opinion, if he excepts the general remarks of his amiable and accomplished friend, Dr. Southey, who, in acknowledging a rough outline of his design, and the contents of each Canto's argument, together with some half-dozen stanzas, of the verse itself,—is pleased to speak of the subject as both "copious and important."*

Keswick, 20th June, 1837.

My Dear Sir,

Pressed as I am with occupation, I must borrow a portion of precious time for replying to your letter, with regard to the subject for poetry which you have taken up. The subject is copious and important; but is it not of too exciting a nature for you? Your object should be what I proposed to myself as the one thing needful in intellectual self-treatment, five-and-thirty years ago, when I borrowed from an old Spaniard for my motto, the words *In labore quies*. Any employment that agitates you,

In the few introductory pages to his former little work, "The Diary," the author was bold enough to speak with considerable independence of the mentors of criticism; and although, as regards that volume, he has not a syllable to retract, yet, having now assumed a totally different character,—having, in fact, dared to tread unbidden the sacred banks of Castaly's fair stream, and climbed some of the venturous heights of Parnassus,—he feels that to the good taste of his critical judges, greater respect is due in the present instance.

If the extended freedom used in the Scriptural paraphrases of Isaiah and John in the 7th Canto, should

must be so far injurious. Can you trust yourself for proceeding with it, only while you feel it beneficial, and laying it aside as soon as it affects you strongly? Long ago, I was warned by experience, never to proceed continuously with any work which I had in hand, after I had began to *dream* of it; and this is the reason why I have always several works in progress.

The subject itself is an admirable one. The best vehicle for it would be blank verse, which, nevertheless, I do not advise you to attempt: for, though you have chosen the most difficult English stanza (the Spenserian), you will find it easier than to construct blank verse skilfully. If your purpose holds, I should recommend you to compose the descriptive portions first, because, they must, of course, be the quietest; and to feed your ear by persuing those poets who have written best in stanzas. Fairfax's Tasso, Phineas Fletcher's Purple Island, his brother Giles Fletcher; all that Daniel and Drayton have written in the octave stanza. The diction of these poets is uniformly good, whatever their faults may be in other respects. If I have not mentioned Spenser, it is not from forgetfulness of a poet whom I look to more than any other as my master, but, because, while, in all other respects, he is one of the greatest (and to me the most delightful) of all poets, his language is peculiarly his own.

Poetry is as much an art as architecture; and, if you would practise it, you must study poets as your brother studied cathedrals.

Farewell, my dear Sir, and believe me always,

Yours, with sincere regard,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

appear, to either reader or reviewer, needlessly extended, the author ventures, in his own defence, to say, that if such writers as the late excellent Hannah More thought it desirable to publish her "Sacred Dramas," and to throw, even into the form of fiction, as in "Cœlebs," some of the purest and most exalted sentiments on practical Christianity, he trusts he is equally justified in attaching to his own higher branch of the subject, such distinct and splendid prophecies, with regard to the future state of the earth, as may, he hopes, lead on his more careless, and, possibly, irreligious reader, to the perusal of some of those future and awful verities of prophecy, which their distaste for exclusively Scriptural reading might prevent their deriving from the Bible itself.

Of the success or failure of these paraphrases it becomes not the Author to speak; but he throws himself upon the indulgence of his readers in the performance of this part of his minstrel task, trusting that with his Christian reader, the motive will, in some degree, extenuate the imperfections of his muse.

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CANTO I.

No other poet has sung of this subject — Its deep interest and universality as to rank, age, or sex—Obvious increase in England, if not the world, and prospective probability of that increase progressing for some generations to come.

MADNESS.

CANTO I.

I.

Bard of the Isle![1] thy latent music wake,
And through the vale its thrilling numbers pour!
Harp of the Isle!—thy long lov'd silence break,
And, mid the throng, in living accents soar
From lowest depths, where ne'er the lyre before
Hath strung its plaining chords to man's worst[2] woe,
And told of human griefs the hidden store;
To that bright region of time's future go,
Where nor the lands, nor seas, the pangs of ill shall know!

II.

Since other bards have tun'd the various lyre
To themes of war, of paradise and hell!
Since other songs the minstrel lay inspire,
And verse's sons in fluent numbers tell
Their lofty flights; and countless bosoms swell
With sympathy divine, as o'er the page
Each eager eye—in city or in dell—
Mid youthful bloom, or e'en of thoughtful age
Enraptur'd ponders, thus let me life's cares assuage.

III.

Since other strains the chorus loud have swell'd,
And Poesy's ten thousand sons have taught
Of woe or bliss;—of nature as beheld;—
Of health, disease, and death;—of all that ought
To claim the tear, or raise the smile unbought;—
Truth's secret depths;—and told each latent charm,
Of which or nature, or man's spirit's fraught;
So that no theme of blessing or of harm
Remains unsung, let MENTAL WOE this bosom warm!

IV.

First, have we not the bard of sightless orb,
Blind Homer, who of battle's carnage sung?—
And while his strains our every thought absorb,
We mourn the theme that loos'd his war-tun'd tongue,
And fain would hope that when his genius flung
That martial hand along the trembling wire,
'Twas fate alone that to his chain'd soul clung
As with a lay of thunder and of fire,
O'er Troy's defeat his waning powers of verse expire.

V.

And he of Eden too—the bard sublime,[3]
Who soars to heavenly flights of angel sphere,
And ere revolving suns have mark'd the time
Of man's first growth, or beaming stars appear
And sing the morn's approach—(to spirits dear!)
And there, 'mid throngs of countless beings dwell,
Radiant with glory and unscathed by fear,
To distant times the awful truths to tell
Of pride that plung'd Archangels down to lowest hell!—

VI.

That hell of which the immortal voice of song
Hath reach'd 'mid Italy's luxuriant land;
And Dante, whom all kindred genius long
With welcome hail from that triumphant band,
Whose names recorded in fame's temple, stand,
As monuments of mind's inventive power
To him who thus, with more than mortal hand,
Hath dared to paint the horrid scenes that lour
In Satan's realms, and steep with woe his fated hour!

VII.

Say, courteous reader, what the deep fraught theme,
The universe around — or in lore's teeming world,
That hath not flow'd in tributary stream
To that book-sea[4] by man's proud gifts empearl'd!
Whether a Tasso sing of flag unfurl'd
By christian Knight, and anti-christian fight—
'Mid which the priest of Jesu's worship hurl'd
The missile dart; and swords of pilgrims white
Stain'd the proud crescent, with Saracenic symbols dight.

VIII.

But nought of maniac's mental woe did he
In sympathy pourtray;—nor yet the Bard
Of England's elder prince of poesy,
Blythe Chaucer, mid his pilgrim guard
And satire keen on priestly sin's reward.
In vain too search we Spencer's fairy lore
To find the harp by maniac sorrow barr'd,
Roused to the lays which minstrel hearts might pour
O'er idiot sons that crowd around the chained door.

IX.

What though of madness such as Shakspeare[5] drew,
Intenser interest seal'd his lay divine,—
Yet 'tis but of the individual few
That thus, by him, their sorrows intertwine
Th' immortal branches of Parnassian vine:
Nor he, nor Pope, nor Dryden, e'er reveal'd
In deathless verse the pangs that long combine,
Those mourning ones from human ken conceal'd
To dole their weary hours, where days no pleasure yield.

X.

Yes! vain the search 'mid strains of other days
To find the heart whom sympathy hath stirr'd,
Responsive to the madman's soul-less ways,
Or of his solitary plainings heard
The dreadful tale;—no champion mind to gird
The Christian's armour, and protecting care
O'er the lost thousands of confinement's herd
Who chaunt the wild-note song or loud-tongued prayer,
And dead to hope, breathe sighs, the victims of despair!

XI.

Have Addison,[6] or Thomson,[7] Gay, or Young,[8]
Attuned their lyres to the responding string
Which vibrates to the heart, and giv'n a tongue
To woes these later accents fain would sing?
But we are yet in time's scarce embryo spring,
And other days and other bards may tell
Of horrors that are passed; of mansions drear,
That bore the emblem of an earthly hell
Where sympathetic tear of relatives ne'er fell!

XII.

And what has verse more modern done for these,
The outcasts of the world's sweet terrene joys?
E'en Cowper[9] pure—the bard whom all must please—
Long chain'd himself to maniacs' dread alloys;
Rich as the muse the immortal "Task" employs,
E'en he is silent on this mournful theme;
Or scarcely more than lifts a casual voice
To point us to the almost lightless beam
That pours o'er intellect, of truth its feeble stream.

XIII.

Of later bards—the Byrons[10] and the Scotts[11]—
And she not least, the star-lit souls among,
Felicia—say, have these bestowed their lots
To soothe the woes of melancholy;—strung
Their echoing notes, and borne for grief a tongue
Such as to "Health," the lucid Armstrong gave;—
To "Death" a Porteous,[12] and to "Night" a Young?
Say, have these minds, the instructive or the grave,
Done aught the mourning maniac's aching pangs to save?

XIV.

Oh thou! whom, first in name as rank, we sing,
Well do I trow thy spirit is in pain
In retrospect of fame's poor glittering thing;—
Would gladly seek this mortal earth again,
To blot from England's verse the sullying strain:—
But ah! too late that tear repentant springs;—
Seal'd is thy destiny!—nor, alas! too long
Can we deplore of fame the latent stings,
If to the soul such future agony it brings!

XV.

Poor Shelley too—and Hunt,—friends of thy lay,
And Bards of no mean rank, the crowd among,
Once join'd thee, Byron, in thy wandering day,
And pour'd their strains yon southern shores along
Where Italy's blue skies, and classic tongue
Invite th' enraptur'd step.—Ah! impious man,
With gifts so lofty, and with graces hung
Thick o'er thy lyric harp—why should God's plan,
Tempt thus the muse with Shelley's atheist eye to scan?

XVI.

A madman thou, much fitter for these walls
Than many a poor demented child of woe—
Would that e'en now 'midst D*********'s noble halls
Thy spirit I could ken, and straightway know
What from death's regions thou couldst now bestow
Of truths, these awful themes reveal.—Ah me!
Though deep and patriot feelings have their flow
In verse of thine—and sensibility
Breathes through thy song—what now availeth all to thee?

XVII.

But 'mid the throng that fame's bright portals crowd,
Let not the muse a school companion miss;—
Forget a Wiffen's lyre so justly proud
From tongue of Italy to lay of this:
A Tasso's verses to translate.—Yes, his
The praise, to clothe in Britain's fluent lay
The noble story of crusader's bliss;
To youthful minds in other garb convey,
Their battle song, and priests' un-Christ-like wars' array!

XVIII.

How short thy brilliant race!—Life's proud career
From humblest paths of lowly youth's first glance
At learning, thou thy future course didst steer,
By Providence well guarded, to advance
Of fortune and of fame that might entrance
A nobler birth;—for Bedford's hall was thine,
And Wooburn will her rural scenes enhance,
By memory of lays that round her twine
Thy name, dear Wiffen, and embalm a Tasso's line!

XIX.

Thy tomb breathes monitory thoughts to him,
Who, 'mid the glories of earth's highest joys,
Fame, friends, and learning—vigour's agile limb—
Ne'er dreams, that in an adverse hour, the toys
Of fame, of lore and health—faith's oft alloys—
May scatter'd lie,—and death's cold icy hand—
Whom Jesu's grace and power alone destroys,
Chill the warm blood, and bear the dread command
To leave his terrene bliss, at judgment's seat to stand!

XX.

So 'twas with thee, lamented child of song!
For in one hour the awful message came.
Thy race is run! and thou, content thus long
To hold the pride of intellect and fame,
Must to thy God in suppliant guise proclaim
How thou hast borne the talent to thee dealt:—
What boots it now that Wiffen was thy name,
And fame hath graced thy brow with laurell'd belt
Of bliss?—for ever fled the joys that minstrel felt!

XXI.

Of Crabbe and Keats, and fair initial'd names
Of countless bards that shine in monthly leaf,
Where is the one who sings of madness' claims
Or tells of sanatory skill's relief
To stay this ill—of human woes the chief?—
'Tis but an incident or passing form
Of individual pain, that marks belief
Of wrongs, that crowd 'mid many a mental storm
These dreaded mansions—nor do then their bosoms warm!

XXII.

Scan Ocean's song, to youthful Falconer given;
Where, 'mid the horrors of the briny deep—
M'd masts and sails by furious tempests riven
The Poet's lines descriptive vigil keep;
Nor to his eyelids suffers balmy sleep
To bring her soothing somnolescent power,
But o'er the wreck his heart's torn feelings weep,
And from the sad—the last—the death-fraught hour,
Brings her mellifluous verse to Fame's immortal tower.

XXIII.

And much of truth the "Farmer's Boy" could tell,
Or in the field, or in the homestead scene;
For Bloomfield[13] holds his yet unbroken spell
O'er the rude listeners of the village green.
Nor less in Somerville, whose lays, I ween,
Would joy the heart of many a huntsman bold,
And prove the latent power of verse—thus seen
To seize the sons of "chase" with strongest hold,
And in th' excited breast song's rapturous glee unfold.

XXIV.

Not these, we find, have touch'd the mournful theme,
Or only touch'd, in incidental strain,
Those woes which mark the maniac's fitful dream,
And seal with hopeless grief each mental pain.
—Explore the streams of poesy again,
And say if yet, the mind's unwelcome ill—
Insanity's dread power—in wide domain
Of Castaly, or on Parnassus' hill,
Hath found one lay its sympathetic notes to fill!

XXV.

Ah! what of Chatterton?[14]—ill fated bard,
With loftiest powers of antiquarian cheat,
That well might learning's self throw off its guard,
And take for truths the stripling's apt deceit!
But mark how folly's graceless maxims meet:
Himself, alas! in death's unbidden grasp
Untimely fell!—He sought a base retreat
From day's fair scenes; and vainly, like the asp,
With cherish'd bitterness essay'd to gnaw life's rasp!

XXVI.

And he of Scotia's classic land and stream
The lyric crowd among, stands out in mould
Of noblest soul;—and through his verses teem
Those high-born thoughts that poesy controll'd,
But o'er all meaner things, in vengeful current roll'd.
Ah! reckless Burns,[15] what passion seized thy heart,
That with a lyre of purest, gentlest theme,
Could to each breast responsive bliss impart,
But gave thy soul to sin, and sped death's barbed dart!

XXVII.

Much of deep thought and vigorous lay severe,
Hath Burns pour'd forth to Britain's raptur'd sense;
But where of maniac's unseen woe or tear,
Hath he e'er sung? save only to dispense
To drooping minds sweet sympathy, and thence
To wan and hopeless melancholy bring,
Lethean soothings for each past offence;
And of the varied forms of anguish sing,
But nought of him, the mind's and sin's Satanic king.

XXVIII.

Nor Grahame, he who sang the Sabbath's joys,
And of its blissful hours to man pourtray'd
The aim and end, freed from sin's base alloys.—
Say hath he, the maniac's path surveyed?
I ween not so. The verse hath ne'er been made
That sings, with truth, the direst woe of life:
Through past or present song in vain we wade
To find the lay, with mental cordials rife,
Can heal the wounded mind of husband, child or wife.

XXIX.

Of living lays, the longest and the best,
He who in matchless energy of pen
Hath e'er attended truth's divine behest,
And fearless bade the reckless sons of men
Yield their dark hearts to God's own light again,
And seek in Him—yes, seek in Him alone
That cure of soul, that ease of every pain,
Which nought but grace can give, or truth make known
'Neath earth's surrounding suns, or heaven's eternal throne!

XXX.

Yes, Laureate Bard![16] to memory's sight most dear,
(For I have seen, and heard, and talk'd with thee!)
Well do I know that it nor needs a seer
To prophesy the fate of poesy;
Nor learned heart, to mark what erst shall be
The doom of those, the God defying ones,
Who boasting from all trammels to be free,
Proclaim themselves of Satan's fold the sons,
And of Christ's enemies,—the hell-born myrmidons!

XXXI.

Yes, my lov'd Southey! let not arm of man
Stay our bold hearts, in tearing from his eyes
The sin-obscuring veil,—nor cease to scan
With Jesu's vigil eye, th' insidious lies
That, high as banner of fame's army flies,
Blend aye their poisonous, soul-destroying powers,
And in their blaze of glory—vain disguise!—
Such glory as to earth's cursed orb it lowers—
Ten thousand barbed arrows 'mid the blind crowd showers!

XXXII.

Not thou, my friend, nor Wordsworth,[17] pure as gold
Your lays have madly baited with alloy
Th' entranced fancies of that crowd to hold!
Nor with the voice of seeming truth employ
The arts of verse poor sinners to decoy;
But fraught with truth, with intellect, and love,
Your anthems raise; and virtue's sons enjoy
From human lays delights that soar above
All earth-born pleasures, nor th' insatiate passions move!

XXXIII.

Montgomery,[18] thee—with harp not least divine,—
How hast thou raised these gold-sunk souls of ours,
And ere the flood had merged th' equator's line
Sung of the Patriarch's days, and guiltless hours;
Thou who hast charms to soothe e'en passion's powers,
And give a tongue to human grief and joy,
Say wilt thou e'er mid halls where madness lours
Attune the lyre and each blest art employ
To heal life's wounds, and mitigate each sad alloy?

XXXIV.

Full well couldst thou with lyric song inspire
A sympathy the world as yet not feels,
For hidden pangs that rouse the madman's ire
And all his grief in melancholy seals.
Rogers too, and Campbell's line reveals
A sensibility of woe that speaks
A heart in each that silence but conceals
From common gaze,—but there are streaks
Of mercy's light to him their deeper verse who seeks.

XXXV.

And thou, the Quaker bard, and one in faith,
Whose various lyre hath scann'd each pregnant theme
That virtue and that truth delight in;—saith
Thy verse ought of maniac woes supreme,
That darken reason, and shut out every gleam
Of mental light from idiot's vacant soul,
In those displays of grace, where radiant beam
The rays of love and Jesu's blest controul?
I ween, dear Barton,[19] that thy lays not there do roll.

XXXVI.

And Pollok—he, who with no timid hand
Swept Zion's harp; and of Time's onward course
With comprehensive view and bold command
Of thought, did from Creation's hidden source
Trace th' eventful stream, and with no idle force
Of poesy, brought in one general sight
The past and present, and with murmurings hoarse
Did call the sons of error to that light
Which shines in all;—but ah! in most extinguish'd quite!

XXXVII.

Another harp in twain—the Howitt's—lo!
Have many a lingering line of music sweet;
Bid to our verseful bosoms gently flow
In strains for virtue and for gladness meet.
But, ah! nor Quaker nor Moravian seat
Of poesy hath yet given sorrow birth,
In song, that may with soothing influence greet
The maniac child!—forgotten of the earth,
And wearing out life's thread, far from all scenes of mirth!

XXXVIII.

But where is he, the bard of modern growth,
Whose bright ethereal wand of perfect verse
Can ope the orient sky; or inly loth
To leave the beauteous world, in lays rehearse
Of Persia, or of Albion's isle, the curse
Of glory's idle pomp,—say where has he
With "Lallah's" richest music—full and terse—
Pour'd forth the streams of classic Castaly
On mental ills? Oh! muse of Ireland, where is she?

XXXIX.

And shall we, 'mid the tuneful throng, o'erlook
The mournful monody, or thrilling tale,
Which countless bards have penn'd, and in the book
Of minstrelsy, pourtrayed the visage pale;
And to the wild wind's melancholy gale
Strung their mellifluous harps, and sang of woe
Such as those wounded hearts alone exhale
Whose mourning days in ceaseless misery flow,
And weeping, ask the aid our sympathies bestow?

XL.

Yes! Collins, thou, and richer Akenside[20]
Could sing of sorrows such as madness knows,
Could mark the treach'rous steps of inborn pride,
And trace each selfish motive as it rose;
'Mid love's electric pangs, ambition's throes,
Or the worse follies of a priest-rid soul;
'Mid glorious hopes, could note the Christ-less foes
Whose impious thoughts, defying truth's controul,
Run with untiring hate to sin's forbidden goal.

XLI.

And what of her, whose eloquence, now mute,
Once "Psyche" sung. Our fair ones, now in haste,
Pluck not the sweetest, but the latest fruit
The teeming press supplies! Infatuate taste!
Would that from memory's burdened store erased
One half the lays of minstrelsy's false birth
Could, by a Tighe[21] or Akenside displaced,
Redeem from reading's curse this recreant earth,
And, for the reign of wit, give purer poets forth!

XLII.

And him, not least, the "Minstrel" bard we hail,
And ask, tho' eloquent and just his lay,
If 'mid the glories of fame's prosperous gale
And Scotia's dawn of learning's brightest day,
A Beattie[22]—Blair,—or England's lyric, Gray,
Have sung the woes of mind-destroying sin?
Ah no! 'tis yet, in truth, unsung; nor they,
Nor other bards, 'mid verse's loudest din
Have touch'd this mournful theme. Then let the lay begin.

XLIII.

Say, of all subjects that absorb the soul,
And chain its powers with unresisted force,
What holds o'er man the most entire controul,
And through each feeling's agonising course
Denies to thought the last and best resource
Of sinful hearts,—the christian scheme of love—
Ah! is't not madness?—for what weak recourse
Can struggling reason have to scenes above,
Since she, unseated, must in self's[23] dark trammels move!

XLIV.

Oh! beats the heart so dead to thoughts divine—
So wrapp'd in self's immuring house of clay,
That nor the bosom pangs that thickly twine
Each incident that marks the cheerless day,
Nor loudly echoing voice when maniacs pray,
Or seem to pray—and rend the air with cries,—
Can draw a sympathetic tear, to say
His fervent wish that such distress might rise
In suppliant prayer to Him who treads yon orient skies!

XLV.

If such there be—so cold, so dead to all
That speaks a heart with Christ's own mercy fraught—
Let him—let her—on worldling muses call
For cater'd verse, since in this lay there's nought
By flattery gilded or by lucre bought!
No! may this hand be stricken from its side,
If, by the crowd of fashion's minions caught,
It seek in intellectual power or pride
That glory which mere human song or lore betide!

XLVI.

For, say not, reader, that this painful theme
Is of small interest to the world's great throng;—
That better far of horrors such to dream,
Than thus to drag them into type-graved song;—
So thinks not he to whom these lays belong;
Nor asks he of another, leave to sing—
If to thy soul, the poet's high rais'd tongue
A fearful train of thoughts terrific bring,—
Go to thy Saviour, reader! seek in prayer Heaven's King!

XLVII.

Say, canst thou tell what rank, or sex, or age,
The fated loss of reason may befall?
What power of man can God's right hand engage
To save that falling reason?—Or what call
Of loudest echo, through the maniacs' hall,
Prevent or stay the onward course to death,
Which marks each wild-eyed wandering form of all
That dwell within? 'Tis God himself that saith
"On him that sinneth[24]—rich or poor—descends my wrath!"

XLVII.

Since then to all in judgment sore may come
The dreaded mandate of lost reason's state—
Say not, oh thou! whose eyes in anger roam
These pages, and in sinful passion's hate
Deny the truths and scenes these strains narrate—
That they are themes forbidden—close quick the book
As unbefitting thee,—but if relate
Its truth-told secrets to the thoughts thou took
Of others' woe, fear not within it then to look.

XLIX.

For ah! I ween the object is but new
To man's all reckless dreams of earthly bliss;
Nor takes his eye the Christian's wider view
Of passing scenes; but in a world like this
Bids bold defiance to all wills but his,
And fondly hopes t' escape those dreaded ills.
Hold, earth-born man!—Suppose thy footsteps miss
The halcyon path, and bitter misery fills
Thy cup, and thro' each vein the madman's horror thrills!

L.

Say, wilt thou then, gay trifler,[25] heedless go
And deem that thou no part in grief shalt take—
That 'neath thy breast no deepening stream shall flow
Of sorrow's tears;—nor fearful anguish wake
To dread remorse, at jeers that sinners make?
Alas, 'tis so!—for adamantine rock
Is down itself to breast of heartless rake!
Yes, be it so!—since nought but death's dread shock
Can wake the sleeping sons of Babylon's gay flock!

LI.

Oh! could the bard with Michael's trump but sound
Thro' London's halls—and ah! thro' London's "hells,"[26]
The awful truth, that if Christ be not found
This side the gulf where Jordan's torrent swells,
In vain to other gods with Voltaire—yells,
Where death's uplifted dart thy terrors raise;
Wilt thou, poor man—(that sigh thy horror tells!)
Ask for an anodyne—as, lo! one prays
Thy couch beside—the minister of Jesu's praise!

LII.

An anodyne, such as the Papist culls
From out his store of Rome's gold-purchas'd prayers;[27]
And 'mid the anguish of death's chamber lulls
The groaning spirit with a hope like theirs,
Who, mid the throng of earth's bewildering cares,
Think to recover all their wealth and peace
By plunging deeper 'neath the hidden snares
Which Satan lays;—nor thence is found release,
Save thro' the dread decree of Him who bids life cease!

LIII.

No, recreant sinner! thou who hast defied
Thy Saviour and thy God,—no longer gold,
Nor skill of man, nor prayer of priest beside,
Can in thy wasting form health's tide uphold;
But by thine anguish and by conscience told,
Torn with remorse, and panting with disease,
Thou in the realms of Satan's awe-struck fold
Wilt find that vengeance which thy fortune's ease
Forbad to think should e'er entail such woes as these

LIV.

But, Christian reader!—thou whom gracious love,
By Christ's own power hath rear'd a holier fane—
Thou from whom sighs and tears the saints above
Delight to prove Heaven's music with a strain
That knows no ill, nor sympathy's sweet pain;
But not unmindful of earth's latent woes,
Re-echoing tell the joyful note again,
"A sister weeps—a brother mourns for those
"Whose hidden grief that final day shall yet disclose!"

LV.

As rolls the sea around this favour'd isle,
So universal is the source of pangs
The maniac only knows!—o'er rich man's smile
As sordid gold, or titled rank, that hangs
Like tatter'd vesture bearing serpent fangs
If with this badge of station and of power,
He of himself alone thinks aye,—with twangs
Of scorpion sting, neglected duties lour,
And thunder in his frighted ear:—"Now is thine hour!"

LIV.

"The hour decreed of retribution's law!
"Thou, like the Dives of the gospel tale,
"Must from the torments of the future draw
"Such venom'd truths as thy sad thoughts entail
"Of memory undestroyed!—and 'mid the gale
"Of Hell's triumphant storm, as 'neath her realm
"Thy pallid look, with madd'ning horrors quail,
"And while each hope thy countless sins o'erwhelm,
"No friend nor brother then, nor Christ to guide the helm!"

LVII.

Then, Island bard, sound forth the untouch'd lay,
And pour amid the listening crowd thy song!
Harp of the Isle! Attune to Jesu's day[28]
Thy latent music,—silent thus so long—
Wake to the sorrows that man's ills among
Have least engaged the sympathetic tear—
Those griefs conceal'd from fortune's reckless throng;
For in prophetic guise these strains appear
To note that mental woes shall wax each coming year.

CANTO II.

Requisites for an Asylum—Cheerful and beautiful scenery—Seclusion—Light—Healthiness of situation—Management—Sufficient number and *more intelligent* attendants—Skilful and periodical medical attendance—Exercise—In-doors employment—*Large day-rooms*—Importance of watching patients individually as to exercise—Religious service.

CANTO II.

I.

If Crabbe hath sought to fill his prurient song
With many a scene descriptive of distress,
And from or village cot, or workhouse throng,
T' exhume disease's loathed wretchedness,
Samarian like, to make those sorrows less;—
Sure 'twill not anger Christian minds to scan
A maniac's home, and from that home to guess
How little kens the world of wisdom's plan
To rouse the senseless, and subdue the furious man.

II.

And if, as much we fear, the coming age[29]
Shall teem with woes beyond all former pains;
If then, as truth declares in God's own page,
Earth yet hath much to come of sin's dark stains,
Yes, much of fearful darkness, and hope wanes
Spite of the intellectual glories of the age—
Yes, wanes! and as the crescent moon regains
No increas'd light till round this globe she play
Her destin'd dance, and sweep thro' heaven her silent way;

III.

Nor hope, nor means to lessen maniac woes
Remain on earth, 'till sin's triumphant course,
By powers Almighty crushing Jesu's foes,
Come to the rescue,—man's alone resource
For guilt; and sin, alas! is e'er the source!
What tho' the aid of med'cine and of bands
May sometimes serve to check the madman's force,
Yet 'tis but little art's most skilful hands
Can do to stem fierce frenzy's tide o'er mortal sands!

IV.

That little be it now the muse's task,
In simple strain of sad experience,
Here to trace out, and of his reader ask
A mind unbiassed, and a heart from whence
Flow tears of sympathy. Oh then! dispense
We pray thee, Father of all good and power,
That clearer sight of sin's deep ills, that hence
Some future age—some purer, brighter hour,
May scan this verse, and own that Christ is wisdom's dow'r!

V.

If to thine ear, poor child of mortal joys,
Such language seem but mystery unreveal'd,
If 'mid the whirring of time's idle toys
Thy soul no accents of delight can yield,
For coming glory, that shall sow the field
Of future years with sinless peace and love,
Close then the page!—from thee indeed conceal'd
Its latent visions of a bliss above
All that of present sight or sense our hearts can move!

VI.

Return, then, minstrel to thy promised strain
Of what poor man in earnest prayer and hope
Can do for senseless ones of sexes twain;
For ah, too true! amid the gathering scope
Of mental ills, our gentler sisters[30] grope
Their dark'ning way in throngs most numerous;—so
Past records tell:—nor can proud reason cope
In woman's weaker frame with maniac woe,
As in the stronger breast of Adam's sons below.

VII.

Then first, oh thou, by fortune kindly blest,[31]
And led, in sympathetic love for these,
The outcasts of the social world, t' invest
Thy cankering gold in schemes that God may please,
Go search the land, and where earth's fairest trees
And greenest shrubs adorn the varying ground,
There choose thy site; and more at leisure's ease
Survey each swelling knoll the scene around,
That opens to the mind some cheerful sight and sound.

VIII.

But not on naked hill, or in a town,
Select thine Eden of Samarian cure;
From these more wisely thou with thankless frown
Wilt turn thy step:—but next in air most pure
Fail not to choose thy rest;—since here endure
The longest struggles of the mortal frame;
For 'tis not thine 'gainst sickness to ensure
Or raise from sin's dark embers reason's flame,
Except thy mansion gain, for health, deserved fame.

IX.

Seclusion, then,—but plenteous streams of light,
Pouring with radiant beam the window through,
Must mark thy castle fair; with groves bedight
And meads of softest green, and sprightly view
Of distant scenes;—a village spire or two,
And aught that can with sanity unite
A healthier look at life. Thus wisely do,
And well thy labours fortune shall requite
With well-earn'd gold; and time, the lost ones mental sight.

X.

But add to these, (and seek them from afar,)
Attendants[32] on thy will, for task design'd
To watch and wait on all: not that they are
By money to be taught diseases of the mind;
But 'tis not selfish ones that e'er shall find
Mid education's sons that fitting store
Of knowledge and of life with love entwined,
Which opes of memory's crowded cells each door,
By whom thou mayst a patient's long lost joys restore.

XI.

Much hath the muse on this important theme
Which she could pour thro' many a ling'ring verse;
But let the hint suffice—nor falsely deem
That hint in anger sent past faults to curse;
But since your keepers with nor mind, nor purse,
Too oft essay by bonds to stay and calm
A writhing sufferer—well may rehearse
The minstrel sad those cautions that embalm
Sweet sympathy's blest tears, and yield a soothing balm.

XII.

He that with anger meets a madman's wrath,
Adds to the flame his judgment should subdue:
None, save a fool, would brave a lion's path,
When, mid the pangs of hunger, full in view
A heifer stands—but would that jaw eschew:
So when the rising flood of passion swells
And in the restless brain to mem'ry true
Each pictured scene some real suff'ring tells
To him not less than Eden's joys or fancy's hells;

XIII.

Choose then, oh thou, whose sovereign presence reigns
Amid the halls, the chambers, and the grounds
Of this thy chosen seat—him who nor chains
Nor force delights in; but whose love surrounds
Each sorrowing one—and to the utmost bounds
Of prudent safety, would in mercy throw
The gentlest veil[33]—and whilst a fool impounds
His victims dread in bondage and in woe,
He, to his aid would bid each milder accent flow.

XIV.

Nor yet, forgetful of that needful skill
Which health the body's waning strength requires,
Neglect not med'cine to provide; and fill
Thy stores with drugs and draught that rest inspires:
For tho' not to physician's[34] art, the fires
Of madness yield their force, yet must he scan
Of nature's secret laws, ere life expires,
Each latent symptom, and with judgment plan,
Such soothing aid as mortal's human wisdom can.

XV.

So far thy care in each particular course
Is well bestowed;—but neither physic's aid
Nor diet treatment, thou may'st here enforce
Will health restore, if maniacs are not made—
Aye, urg'd by means resistless—to walk the shade,
Or strike the bounding ball, or use the arms
In labours healthful, and with hoe or spade
Clear well the recreant weed, or fence from harms
The tender plant, and screen th' exotic's embryo charms.

XVI.

Yes! of all boons to man in mercy given
Since Adam's fall, be labour still the chief;
For shunning thee, blythe exercise,[35] man's driven
To moping idleness for sad relief
From ills of fancy's birth—the child of woe
Sinks to supineness—lost to memory's sense
Of once imagined bliss—he turns each leaf
Of open book with careless hand, nor thence
Can learning's boasted aid restoratives dispense.

XVII.

Say'st thou that storms and winter's blasts deny
The walk, the game, or exercise in field?—
Think not therefore that his powers should lie
In dormant sloth,—nor day-rooms' areas yield
Full exercise;—and be it ne'er conceal'd
That spacious rooms, alike for light and air,
Are needed here; but most that uncongeal'd
The torpid blood may motion's blessings share,
And sure within the mansion's bound such boon is there.

XVIII

Next to the active walk, fail not to store
Thy table with amusements,[36] such as men
May well indulge!—the chequer'd board,—and floor
Mark'd with its points for bowling; and again
The level surface of the smooth green pen
In which the ivory globe with impulse sure
First strikes the red ball's martial side, and then
Each after other thus the balls endure
The well urged blow, and reach the number'd sockets pure.

XIX.

Yes! soothing game, the "bagatelle board" hight,
Full many an hour of weariness and woe,
This anger'd mind, 'mid scenes of tempting light
Has spent in striking with no skill-less blow
The errant ball of ivory—and so—
Has 'scaped of ills a sadly lengthen'd train,
That else had bid its wearying moments flow
'Mong retrospections drear: thus then would fain
The maddening bosom seek a brief retreat from pain.

XX.

Nor, were the bard possess'd of such retreat,
Should long the billiard table wait his call.
Let not the tame professor think that cheat,
Or gambler's name, is fix'd to breast of all
Who urge with careless hand the spheric ball:—
No:—'tis of this as thousand sins beside;
We make them ills:—and then what woes befall,
Or fortune's loss, or mind's best peace betide,
We fancy in green table and its balls reside.

XXI.

Away then, timid one;—it boots not me
Whether or bagatelle or billiards' name
Be giv'n the board—since there I know and see
A sanitary influence in the game;
And ask not thee if merit or if blame
Attend these sports innocuous—since nor gold
Alloys its purpose;—nor for idle fame
Push we the spheres minute—but these uphold
The spirits weak, and gently too the mind unfold.

XXII.

These various games, or such as these, we need,
To rouse the dormant sense, and stir its fires;
And though 'tis not in mortal hands to speed
A cure, 'tis well if sport some joy inspires:
And oh! how needful 'tis that hope conspires
With calmer patience to subdue the vein
Of passion's blood excited;—when retires
Sweet sympathy, and self is left to gain
Its bitter portion of defeat, distrust and pain!

XXIII.

Nor is 't enough such measures to provide;
A mind well skill'd in maniac woes will see,
That oft his patient needs a gentle guide
To win him on;—nor play nor walk will he
Seek of himself always;—but sympathy[37]
Can soon discern the bent, the will conceal'd
'Neath fantasy and pride;—and easily
May warm the heart by apathy congeal'd,
And rouse to think, him who to Morpheus' arms could yield.

XXIV.

What more remains of righteous means to cure
This mortal ill?—Say, shall the bard still sing
Of other duties—gentle, kind, and pure?
No; needless were the longer lay to bring
More pictur'd scale of requisites;—one thing,
And one alone, still lives for him to say;
'Tis not enough that kingdoms have a king
If men obey him not:—so, in the day
Of thy experiment—remember that all pray![38]

XXV.

'Tis not for bards to sing of creeds[39] or forms,
Or mark the line which, in a house like this,
'Twere well to take—since real love conforms
To all that Heaven assigns—nor aught amiss
Deems he the pray'rful language, though not his,
Which in that house his gracious God prepares;
In truth of heart alone consists our bliss—
And Catholic or Quaker, this is theirs
Who join in peace and love th' accustom'd household prayers.

XXVI.

Nathless, some form of worship or of prayer
The Christian Master of this maniac throng
Will deem it right, no doubt, t' establish there;—
Nor yet withhold the peace-inspiring song—
That sacred song attun'd to Christ, and long
Vibrating on the lip of love, breathes loud
The animating chorus!—thus among
The votive lips, or ever silent crowd,
Is God ador'd and His eternal truth avow'd.

XXVII.

Oh! 'twere a sin surpassing all beside,
If 'mid the regions of distorted minds,
Nor prayer nor hymn to soften erring pride,
Rose on the memory which sorrow binds
In darkening chains, and madness only finds;—
If 'mid disease and sin's unconscious deeds
Hope dwelt not here,—while thro' this vale man winds
His faltering way to death,—and silent pleads
His Saviour's blood, and there his glorious pardon reads.

XXVIII.

Yes! hath the Bible breath'd its sweets in vain,
If in the maniacs' hall no sound were heard
Of Gospel truth;—no supplicating strain
Of anxious hope, or grateful love preferred
To Him whose mercy graciously hath stirr'd
Bethesda's pool, and bid the mourner in,
That he by faith his healed loins may gird,
And there—not less from soul-destroying sin
Than body's ills redeem'd—his rapt'rous lay begin.

XXIX.

Oh! is it then that from one British roof,
A Christian family—or one so nam'd,
The sacred word of Christ are kept aloof,
And schools for science, as for learning, famed
Ne'er heard the sound of holy love;—but tamed
By man's imperfect art,[40] the reckless boy
Just freed from this defective mode, ill framed—
A code of morals[41] such as laws employ
To bind a harden'd thief, or murderer's arm destroy!

XXX.

For me! when I forget the God who gave
The Bible forth—and in or hall or school
Neglect on bended knee his grace to crave,
And madly resting—like that faithless fool
With sin encrusted, who abjur'd the pool
Where he might lave and live—on self's lost power,
Might not that God my tongue forbear to cool
In that tremendous and eternal hour,
When to thy judgment call'd, Christ's angry eye shall lour!

XXXI.

Say'st thou that this is judging?[42]—and that they
Who thus in judgment sit, must first redeem
Themselves from sin and wrath—Ah! proud one, say,
Is that thine only plea to bar the theme
From entrance to thy breast?—'Tis folly's scheme
T' evade the truths that Jesus came to seal!
What tho' a heart polluted in the extreme
May throb within this[43] breast;—can Christ not heal
Each wound; and 'mid remorse's pangs his love reveal?

XXXII.

Then worldlings' child avaunt! thy madd'ning love
For self-wrought schemes of bliss shall never find
Aught else than hate from me:—for, from above,
In language of that Holy Book, I'll bind
Thy sophistry.—Yes! spite of B*******'s mind,[44]
Or they who in Edina's classic page[45]
Defied their God!— and (ignorance most blind!)
With shameless critics eulogy engage
Their deist-pens to laud this bantling of the age!

XXXIII.

But, muse, thy devious step its path retrace,
And leaving to their own, their self-born king—
These vaunting sons of art's proud lore,—give place
To worthier themes.—In higher accents sing
Than science, 'mid these blighted scenes, can bring—
Oh! to the furthest verge of earth seek flight
From pride pestiferous—hateful thing!
And yet 'tis nought but this excludes from light
These schools—from gospel truth, destructive as 'tis bright.

XXXIV.

Whate'er 'mid seats of learning or of art
Be man's decree—or genius' lofty will—
With these a Saviour's love can bear no part;—
A child-like[46] heart best suits his heavenly skill,
To cure and to exalt o'er every ill!
Think ye not e'er of that eventful day,
When, in the clouds of glory, he shall fill
His destin'd office, Jesus then will lay
Your pride-begotten sons fast bound in Satan's way!

XXXV.

And are we truth from thy weak eye to shield,
Lest so frail, so fragile form as thou
Shall to its rays thy waxen follies yield,
And thou, for once, thyself a saint avow?
Forbid it Heaven!—forbid it all we owe
To Jesu's blood—that thro' that stagnant pool
Of self-born pride, we suffer sin to flow,
Nor seek to drag the vainly glorying fool
From his bemiring woes, and place at wisdom's school.

XXXVII.

Yes, hold, blest muse;—since other themes attract
Thy bold career;—and to the coverts drear
Of self-crown'd wisdom, leave this brood compact
Of pride's own sons!—nor deign to drop one tear
O'er those who, though Immanuel yet is near,
Confess him not;—and liberal in th' extreme,
Entrust their youthful charge (to Christ so dear!)
Without or guide or grace in lore's vast theme,
To regulate the heart, or check youth's wanton stream.

XXXVIII.

Proud man, adieu!—and since to thee suffice
The rules scholastic of a man-built code,
We 'll leave to God—to him—the cankering vice,
In future days to tell the safer road
For souls to travel toward their high abode—
Whether without or Bible, or e'en hope
Of wisdom's grace, the child of man e'er trode
The heavenward path,—or boys to self's dread scope
By tutors left, and, ah! 'mid nature's lusts to grope.

CANTO III.

Description of D********— Its romantic attractions and lovely seclusion, so near an important central mart of business — Spaciousness of apartments — Moral and religious management.

CANTO III.

PART I.

I.

'Tis evening's milder reign;—yon sun retires,
And length'ning shadows sweep across the green;
Sounds are less busy, and in sleep expires
The infant's prattling tongue.—Now scarcely seen
The chief himself, whose labours intervene
With welcome leisure, hies him forth to breathe
The summer's fragrant air;—and if that scene
By patriarch painted, or in Milton's wreath
Were e'er descried on earth, 'tis D********'s[47] groves beneath.

II.

But hark! what distant swell of unwish'd sounds
That steal athwart the ear, and mar our peace?
Ah! 'tis from hateful man's unwelcome bounds,
That murmuring noise—from B*********'s[48] increase
Of voices, and of arts of war and peace.
Oh! thrice unwelcome is the sound from thee,
Mart of all wickedness!—whose ills ne'er cease,
Since 'mong its Saviour's few, how scant we see
The seeds of good;—how rife of sad depravity!

III.

Yes! glad, we grant there are a righteous few
Whose faith, and love, and deeds, bespeak them thine,
Redeemer, Christ!—Ah yes! dear M**** [49] is true
To England's Church, and England's Royal Vine;
For lo! his words with mildest love entwine
Each theme they grace;—whether of Afric's woe,
Or missionary zeal, or Brunswick's line,
Of glories he descant, the Christian flow
Of eloquence is his;—and may it e'er be so!

IV.

Nor thee forgotten, M*****, [50] in that throng
Of sainted ones, who yet redeem the town:
Thy spirit, nerv'd by fervour pure as strong,
Could meekly brave those demon voices down;
And, with a courage faith alone could crown,
Withheld thine hand from that unrighteous deed,
Alike unworthy of thy birth and gown,
When, howling forth their passions' hate, they heed
Nor place nor person, so their cause illegal speed.

V.

Mid walls devoted to truth's heavenly song,
Evangelizing sin, and cheering those
Whom God yet owns these maddening scenes among,
And gives to smile with pity on her foes.
But when their animus they thus disclose,
And deist ravings pour upon the ear,
God held thy spirit up—did interpose
With arm divine, nor bid thee then to fear
Their threatenings vain.—Yes! M*****, Jesus still was near.

VI.

But other themes demand the minstrel's lay,
And leave to hope the combat with despair!
Though think not, M**** or M*****, that the day
Is yet gone past when you the frequent prayer
Can long withhold;—or classic J****[51] may e'er
Forget his Christian armour in faith's course
To Zion's triumphs;—each and all must share
The stirring conflict, and with Christ's own force
Of grace and life's example, stanch rebellion's source.

VII.

Oh! if of these, the faithful and the few,
The bard scarce ventures to reveal his praise,
How shall, alas! he hold to public view
The semblances of those, whose lengthen'd days
Seem but the awful sign of God's displays
Of wrath upon the earth?—But fear not, muse;
That Power above which guides yon orb can raise
His legions, and defeat the base-born views
Of man's rebellious pride,—and his low hopes confuse.

VIII.

Nor let their names the minstrel's volume stain.
Oh! 'tis enough to give the theme a place;—
But doing so—'twere impotent as vain
To screen those erring ones:—with praises grace
Th' assuming semblance of that heavenly face
Which beam'd on earth that we might live on high:
Ah! think it not, mine angel muse,—disgrace
So recreant ne'er shall shame thy Christian eye,
But in truth's anger let us these ingrates defy!

IX.

Save to denounce, 'tis waste of time and sense
On infidels to pour a Christian lay;—
They nor to Bible nor to Heaven dispense
Their vote of thanks;—nor to the world display
That in their self-born intellectual day
One spark of wisdom's heav'nly light is found.
All, all, with them, is liberty!—so say,
And sang the demon fools on France's ground,
Till God's avenging wrath their councils did confound.

X.

Ye baneful ones!—your union is of hell;
No fitter source in man can give it birth!
The future, and not distant too, shall tell
What fated souls led on the dance of earth,
And for mock sovereignty, the spirit's worth
Gave to their own, their self-engendered pride,
That anarchy, not wisdom, which stalks forth
With infidel defiance for its guide,
To take God's rest, the heart, and Jesu's lambs deride!

XI.

Oh! B**********, pride of the world in art,
Much do I fear some fated doom awaits
Thy wide-spread streets and innocent of heart,
Unless from out thy crowd-bethronging gates
They chase those evil ones!—or by love's baits
Such as our Lord held forth when he address'd
The listening multitude, and to all states
Beatitudes dispens'd;—yes, to each breast
That rests its care on Him who bids the "meek" be blest.

XII.

And would that politics alone could hide
Th' abhorrent sins that stain thy far-famed town!
Alas! much deeper, deadlier ills abide
Thy chilling creed, Socinus; and the frown
Of Deity will yet—ah yet! come down
On some who boast the oneness of that creed,
Alas! we fear, but few whose earthly crown
Of self-born virtue and of lore shall speed
Their spirit's safety;—or with Christ their claims can plead.

XIII.

But hateful theme, adieu!—back to thy shades
Loved D********, call again the devious muse,
And 'mong these verdant banks and cooling glades
Seek where, 'mid its sequester'd scenes to chuse
A blest repose, nor fancy's aid refuse.
Thus as at eventide the gentle stroll
Or seat recumbent tempt, ere yet night's dews
Have fallen, the silent meditating soul
Shall give each thought release, nor own man's weak controul.

XIV.

Come then, fond lyre, and tune thy vagrant strings
To rapturous joy, as thus the muse essays
To paint each landscape, rich with loveliest things;
Pourtray the tangled woods' umbrageous ways,
And tread the waters' brinks, whose breast displays
The clear reflected image of each tree,
Each shrub luxuriant, and the mansion lays
Inverted in its calmer brilliancy—
A scene to painters dear, nor less to poesy!

XV.

Lo! scarce a furlong's length from busy verge
Of yonder town, th' observant eye discerns
A wooded belt, to where the waters urge
In S******'s vale, the ceaseless wheel:—then turns
Irregular the eastern bound—and earns
By northern sweep of wood, the broad highway
To B*******'s noble house,— and thence returns
Along the narrow grove, to bold display
Of D********'s Hall, seen but in winter's leafless day.

XVI.

Thus onward soon we reach the lodge's gate,
Fast by yon railway's bridge,—and down the sweep,
Which to the mansion leads in lordly state,
Return;—but not by inclination steep;
For gently downwards doth its borders keep
The drive, and soon the doric portal gain,
Where art's proud columns rear their head, and weep
(If ought of stone can weep) o'er many a pain,
Of latent ill that here hath woke the minstrel's strain.

XVII.

Association blest!—much do we owe
To thine electric power o'er memory's field:
That doric porch a pleasure can bestow
Unseen by careless eye;—delights can yield
Known best to him, whom fortune's golden shield
Protects from cankering care—as, Hope, in thee,
Or Burlington in bygone days—when, steel'd
'Gainst critic's laugh—your clearer eye could see
In architecture's noble forms a latent majesty.

XVIII.

A feeling of the beauteous and the chaste
Will spurn the staring fabric e'er so fine;—
Inspir'd by travel and by innate taste,
Will give to earth the free but pure design;
And from the Doric to Corinthian line
Display each beauty of its magic skill;
Nor would the muse to cottage space consign
The nobler Gothic!—or cathedral fill
With house-like semblances on ancient Durham's hill.

XIX.

But stay, the verse digressive!—gently leave
The mansion's site, and by yon path along
The upland lawn, our winding course so weave
That soon its trace the sylvan mass among,
Brings solitude's delighting rest—where song
Of winged choristers awaits the ear,
And far estranged, from man's tumultuous throng,
The mind attuned to peace, breeds nought of fear,
But joyously can smile, or drop the silent tear!

XX.

Now to the thick and lofty wood beyond
We wend our way, and, thankful for the shade,
Rest here awhile—to memory's notes respond
The busy tongue—then seek the opening glade
Fast by the water's brink, when lo! array'd
In all the varied richness of the grove,
Behold its wood-crown'd margin.—Here survey'd
By many a youthful eye, hath G*****'s love
Full oft, I ween, breathed gratitude to God above.

XXI.

Yes! and amid the young, the happy, thou,
Displaying still a nobly pious mind,
The poet hails with blessings, and could vow
Almost, for thee, that though to wrath consign'd
By erring hearts, this ardent soul would bind
Its earthly lot to these secluded scenes,
Nor e'er forget that to thy pen refined
He owes delights, no sophist contravenes,
For 'mid Port Royal's saints, nought sinful intervenes.

XXII.

Their holy walk and holier love for Him
Who died to save, to consecrate and bless,
Still lives in memory's stream, nor idly swim
That record's deeds of patient zeal—nor less
When persecution raged did they confess
Their Lord, and ask, for enemies, as friends,
His love forgiving!—Christ their happiness:
And though 'twere right that Howard not expends,
Unknown, his Godlike toil—nor Wesley so contends

XXIII.

With England's recreant Church, of much now clear'd,
That then his apostolic spirit pain'd,
Yet say not thou, whom throngs and cities rear'd
In densest mass can charm, that nought is gain'd
From out the walls of convents, nor e'er train'd
To Heav'n the daughters of a Saving Lord;
We meet thine erring voice, by self-enchain'd,
And point to these; and to their lives accord
The meed of holiness—in thought, and deed, and word.

XXIV.

But peace to them!—And now along the bank
Our vagrant steps we bend to yonder fane,
The "temple" hight—'neath which a stream full dark
Flows to the mill adjacent—and in vain
Each purifying effort.—Here again
The Bard, in sorrow's flight, assails yon town;
For from its defiling walls, in pain,
The minstrel traces aye its current down
To D*********'s loveliest scenes, and scarce withholds a frown.

XXV.

Hold, busy cogitation!—or, alas!
This turbid lake from its polluted stream
Might well for man's humiliation pass,
As simile of souls where truth's pure beam
Of heavenly grace yet probes not with its gleam
The darksome caves below:—but like the breast
Where sin and self in dominance supreme
Reign wantonly by Jesu's love unblest,
Nor morn, nor noon, nor eve, knows purity or rest!

XXVI.

But on:—to scenes more peaceful and divine,
Now thro' the o'er-arching trees we slowly pace,
And by the water's verge, a devious line
Pursue, and in its glassy surface trace
Each clear reflected line of fabric's face,
That sleeps in stillness there, and woos the art
Of painter to display. Would that the race
Were peaceful as the joy their tints impart,
How would it bless the artist's as the gazer's heart

XXVII.

See in advance, the distant opening glade
Attracts th' observant eye, and forth we go
Fast by the ivied dairy — so display'd
By tasteful hand, that well its form might shew
Some rude piled monument;—thence onward slow
We reach the lower lake, where, stored with plants
Aquatic, its deep bosom can bestow
All that for ornament or use man wants,
And, rich with finned race, the angler's heart enchants.

XXVIII.

But ah! what lovely spot is this—so green
And yet bedecked with many a graceful flower?
What magic hand hath rear'd this fairy scene,
And given to earth another Eden's bower
To charm the eye, and glad the vacant hour?—
Here may the thoughtful soul in peace enjoy
Its welcome leisure; build its fancied tower
Of life's expectant bliss; or pleas'd employ
Its floral taste in sympathy with nature's joy.

XXIX.

For lo! from out yon temple we descry,
Spread as a carpet of luxuriant sweets,
A garden fair—enchanting to the eye
Of woodlands fond; since there its vision meets
All beauteous objects;—far from custom'd seats
This gay parterre, with verdant walks entwin'd,
And by the glade and grove encircled, greets
In loveliest solitude the peaceful mind;
Fit scene for bards to meditative flight inclined!

XXX.

But whither tends that path? Let us explore
Its latent purpose, and through laurels go
Our circuit to the left, and scenes before
Thus hidden quite, are now reveal'd; for, lo!
By art contrived, a limpid streamlet's flow
Forth from the ground in liquid silence glides,
And through its metal tube with current slow
Pours e'er its bracing waters, through the sides
Of artificial basin, and a bath provides.

XXXI.

A scene to memory dear!—And, now, behold
Th' unfading rhododendron's splendid bloom
Encircling shade its fence;—and yet the gold
Of gay laburnum pendant shines;—no tomb
Is here, as in the neighbouring wood—nor gloom
Of dark'ning waters;—all as day is light;
For here, instead of close-shut marble room,
The sky—our sole pavilion—glads the sight,
And all around with nature's richest charms is dight.

XXXII.

At summer's early morn, these limbs full oft
Have sought the brink of that cool fount, and sprung,
Delighted, in;—no art-made couch so soft,—
While with ecstatic cry the grove-walks rung:
Then, as emerging from the wave were flung
These wanton arms around,—the surface gain'd,
With clamorous chaunts of bathers' joyous tongue
Proclaim'd his triumph o'er the traffic stain'd
And restless city's sons, and health's strong nerve maintain'd.

XXXIII.

Right well the bard of nature's laws declares
That "from the body's purity, the mind
"Receives a sympathetic aid,"—and shares
The invigorating influence that, combin'd
With light, and air, and cheerfulness entwin'd
Round every feeling, gives a bracing tone
To nerves unstrung—by busy cares confined:
Then hail to thee, the Naiades' sparkling throne,
Blest source of health-born joys to bathers only known.

XXXIV.

But now the path resume; and from yon seat
Turn northward toward that fav'rite circular walk,
Whose gentle sweep, where trees o'er-arching meet,
Is richly margin'd with each tendril stalk
Or rose luxuriant;—there with friendly talk
Beguile the fleeting moments as they speed,
And brooding care with cheerful accents balk;
Yes! in each shrub, each graceful floweret read
A God whose power and love e'en infidels concede!

XXXV.

Where ends the sweep, an orchard's ground, besides
Two gardens wall'd, to various use consign'd,
Afford secure retreat, where sorrow hides
Her latent pangs, and patient's unstrung mind,
By vig'rous exercise may blessings find,
Within the enclosure of these tree-clad walls;
For, ah! in truth—the minstrel's woes behind,—
He now can sing of what the breast befalls
Of him who treads these walks, and memory's griefs recalls.

XXXVI.

How many an hour, to anxious strugglings given!
Have urged these limbs around that measured course!
And while from life's best gifts reluctant driven,
Hath wisdom's voice to patience added force,
And traced each sorrow to its heavenly source—
The Godhead's will supreme.—Nor vagrant eye,
Nor idle tongue—(whose absence to enforce
Is needful e'er,) permitted here to try
The excited one;—a blissful quietude is nigh.

XXXVII.

And now from out the gardens, where yon fields
Adjacent spread their verdure, walk; for here
At cricket or at quoits the meadow yields
Each health-fraught game; nor does the mourning tear
Disturb the fair—as forth, when skies are clear,
They gently stroll, and hail Sol's brighter day,
To tread the grassy mead, and without fear,
At distance gaze on crowds that throng the way,
Unconscious of the woes in freedom they survey.

XXXVIII.

Here, too, when summer's early sun doth speed
His radiant heat along the teeming earth;
When sweeping scythe hath rased the unfed mead,
And spread the sward with nature's fragrant birth,
Full many a scene of childhood's gayest mirth
Attracts the eye, and wins the tardy smile
Of maniac fair;—a scene and smile well worth
The richest gems—for, ah! it doth beguile
Woe's anguish'd breast, and chase each grief the happy while.

XXXIX.

But still another vision crowns the whole:—
With railway course, the D******** meads are lined;
And as the rapid chariots thundering roll
Along their metal way, the vagrant mind
Feels oft a thrill, with novelty combined,
That wakes its dormant energies;—the frame
Exhilarates;—and welcomely we find
The latent spark enkindling to a flame
Of mental light, and reason's self her throne reclaim!

XL.

Yes! well that scene may close the task essay'd;—
For here the muse hath run her circuit round
Of lawn, of woods, of water and of glade;
Her descant song hath strung o'er furthest bound
Of D********'s charms, and where melodious sound
Of warbling choristers at earliest morn
Steal on the listening ear—ah! there be found
Deep in the grove's recess, on tree or thorn,
A chorus of delight to gladness only born.

CANTO III.

PART II.

I.

Another task succeeds. In simplest guise
Sketch forth that favour'd spot—a mansion fair,
Whence once thou fled, but speedily grown wise,
Thy truant step retraced. For where, ah, where
This bosom couldst thou calm, or from it tear
Association's darts—(all pangs above!—)
If not in this blest scene of peaceful prayer?
For here the grace of patience, and Christ's love
Hath taught thy long-tried soul from out poor self[57] to move.

II.

And now, as thro' the portal we advance
Our right-hand step brings entrance to a room
Would grace more lordly house;—and mazy dance
Of revelry hath oft dispers'd the gloom
That clouds drear winter's eve, and from night's womb
Full many a thought of fortune richly dight—
Of future joy and merriment have come,
And with the morn's returning orient light,
Brought to each youthful breast gay fancy's dreaming sprite.

III.

But deem not, G*****, that in thoughts like these
We judge thy ways,—since such the world, and more,
Seeks for its votaries and slaves to please.
Yes! balls, and routs, and pleasure's glittering store
Of soul-empoisoning idols they adore.
The Christian muse, though judging not the deeds,
Must with a righteous anger sternly pour
Her vial'd vengeance o'er the embryo seeds
Of dissipation's curse; since here no Christ she reads.

IV.

Say thou, whom nobler task and scenes allure,—
Whose vig'rous pen Port Royal's Saints hath traced,
Would they their home exchange for folly's lure,
And, mid the crowd of worldlings, seek that rest,
Which solitude imparts?—Ah! sore distrest
At scenes like these, each vestal sister's soul
Would bleed in anguish, and be ill suppress'd
Her sorrowing tears at fashion's sad controul
O'er earth, and time's neglected waves e'er ceaseless roll!

V.

But say not all is sin;[58]—nay, grant, my muse,
That 'mid this spacious room full many a heart
Hath beat responsive to those nobler views
Of life and time which wisdom's laws impart;
That converse rich of learning and of art
In copious stream hath flow'd in by-gone hours,
And chasten'd wit perform'd his jocund part
With mirth-inspiring mem'ry's vivid powers,
And chased each cloud that care o'er festive pleasure lowers.

VI.

Yes! much the bard in vent'rous flight could sing
Of youth's past hours and transitory love;—
But other themes recall the vagrant wing,
And, far all feast or fashion's joys above,
He hails the change by time's unceasing move
Forc'd on these lordly rooms:—for happier far
One rayless soul in reason's light to prove,
Than gaze on myriads chain'd to fashion's car,
And slaves to idols, as all fashion's children are!

VII.

Here then the muse her wish'd-for refuge finds;—
And here when winter's storms forbid the air,
Our maniacs seek to lull their restless minds
With pastimes light; nor idly vacant stare
At nothingness; nor chaunt th' imperfect prayer,
But to the table draw, and briskly force
The light-ball'd cue,—for bagatelle-board there
May give oblivious pleasure's gentle course
To convalescent ones, and lead to reason's source.

VIII.

Yes! various are the means to which resort
The captive sons of reason's hapless fall:—
To reading some, and some to rhymester's sport
Address the careless mind:—or 'gainst the wall
Impel the hand-struck, soft, elastic ball;
While others round the spacious margin tread,
And woo blythe exercise within;—or call
The draft or chess board, and abstract the head
In silent conflict. Harmless thus the hours are sped.

IX.

That creed we spurn, which, changing night to day,
Keeps sinners sleeping;[59]—(would that Satan slept!)
For heav'nward minds have more ethereal way
To happiness;—and ere yon sun hath swept
The misty sea, broad o'er the earth that wept—
Ere duty calls in life's so varied forms,
These gather manna, which, by wisdom kept,
Sustains the soul mid fortune's hourly storms:—
Brings peaceful days; and dark'ning sin to light transforms.

X.

Here all is peace! and silence whilom steals
Our group among:—and then, to him who knows
The mercy of a silent hour, time seals,
With convalescent strength and sweet repose,
The maniac's tortur'd view;[60] and frequent shews,
In moments of reflection there is found
The countenance serene, which mildly throws
The quiet glance of love on all around,
And marks the hope of cure, by dawning reason crown'd.

XI.

At early hour, we hail the social board:
Assembled there, anon the brief response
Of thanks is past; and, appetite well stored
With what it needs, recurs the latent sense
To intellectual joys, whose rays dispense
Their cheering light, and from some fame-wrought tome
We draw a mental pleasure oft intense:
Or mid Parnassian heights delighted roam,
And gather flowers to deck some listless hour to come.

XII.

But soon the scene is chang'd, and forth we walk
To where, in sweet seclusion's peaceful rest,
The sheltered garden lists our vagrant talk,
As round and round its ample margin, drest
With boxwood's nicest care, we tread, thus blest,
Its gravell'd pathways:—there, with slated score,
Amid that group, some eager one impress'd
By sense of discipline's corrective power,
May count, perchance, his walks and thus deceive an hour.

XIII.

So glides the time, till telegraphic bell
Sounds clear the summons to the mid-day meal;
And sated exercise can wisely tell
What hungry walkers eagerly reveal,
When thus again, as to the board they steal,
In silent waiting for th' accustomed food,
And, with a zest the hungry only feel,
Pronounce each dish in God's own language "good,"
And own delights of sense to all not understood.

XIV.

To idling now—or for amusement some
Will seek the bagatelle's green-surfaced board;
And as the ivory globes to socket come,
With laughing glee the winner's voice is heard
In triumph joyous:—while the mind is stirr'd
To gentle use; till to the ambient air
Again our group is hail'd, and aye preferr'd,
Whether or mead or garden, for 'tis there
We love to change the scene, and exercise to share.

XV.

The fair ones, too, as morn or later hour
Steals round, betake themselves in gentle guise,
From needle or from music's soothing power,
T' indulge a quiet stroll; and doubtless prize
The privilege that gives their tearful eyes
Some brightening change to gild time's sorrowing ills;
Of flowers and trees, and the cerulean skies
Displays the varying charms, and oft refills
The wasted memory with *hope's* refreshing rills.

XVI.

But evening comes; and back to D********'s hall,
Their silent way the several groups now take;
In winter's twilight, or in summer's fall
Of early dew, and for health's golden sake,
Escape the wat'ry air, and hie to slake
Their gentle thirst with China's beverage mild:—
Harmless infusion, without sin or ache,
But simple as the nourishment a child
Sufficeth, e'er this fragrant herb our tastes beguiled.

XVII.

Nor long to some the vagrant moments seem,
Which onward bring them to that welcome hour,
When soothing slumbers and the wild-thought dream
Await the limbs' repose. Mysterious pow'r!
Thy latent secrets, sleep,[61] nor prince's dow'r,
Nor philosophic eye of lore can scan:
Whether to lofty crag, or lady's bow'r,
Or mid Arcadian scenes of pastoral Pan,
Blythe fancy wing the dreaming soul of sleeping man.

XVIII.

Thus night steals on; and one by one now cease
The passage footfalls' tread, till last is stirr'd
The wonted watch-step of the chief, and peace
And silence reign; save when some loud-shrick'd word
Of watchful maniac's voice[62] at distance heard,
Rings thro' the hall, and wakes some mournful lay
Of memory's plainings; till the deep-strung chord
Has rous'd, perchance, to him whose fitful day
Was rife with war, of pregnant thoughts a sad array.

XIX.

The morn returns, and punctual as the sun,
The signal bell, at six, proclaims the hour
Of sleep's decline; the race again begun,
All now, as duty or as mind hath pow'r,
Begin the day; and tho' dark clouds may low'r
O'er sorrowing lost ones, yet some breathing hope
Still lives, that reason's health-inspiring dow'r
Of sanity shall yet again give scope
For their accustomed joys, and gladden life's last slope.

XX.

Th' attendants now their welcome tasks pursue;
Unlock each door,—the prisoned ones release:
And to the favour'd convalescent few
Give earlier liberty, and thus decrease
Woe's daily ills. If spring's drear tempests cease,
And summer's dawning sun hath cheered the sight,
Some eager swimmer sallies forth in peace,
To lave his limbs, and 'neath the waters bright,
With plunge luxurious, hail ablution's healthful rite.

XXI.

Ah! little ken ye, whom the busy world,
In Mammon's chace or pleasure's devious maze
Gives not to feel restraint; [63] who, onward whirl'd,
Fain seek in changeful time's ten thousand ways,
Whate'er of business, or of idler's gaze,
May give the hours release, and from you steal
All sense of weary nights or mournful days:—
Ah! little reck ye of poor maniacs' weal,
As, close immured, in vain they raise th' unheard appeal!

XXII.

Again the day begins: again the race
Of wonted duty, or of suffering speeds
The coming hours;—again the week's full chace
Of moments run; the blessed Sabbath's deeds
Of worship and of prayer approach; no weeds
Of idleness nor vice grow in that ground,
By Grace thus hallow'd; all that mercy reads
Of good in man aneath the gospel's sound
Is sweetly heard, and here love's swelling anthem found.

XXIII.

To those, whom still the fever'd brain denies
To join the assemblies of this holy day,
The garden's healthful range not less supplies
Th' accustomed walk; and though no idle play
Hath place, yet books and exercise allay
Th' impatient spirit of those restless ones,
Whom nought can tame, save in that righteous way,—
By actions kind and prayerful orisons,
Where wisdom mildness seeks, and fitful anger shuns.

XXIV.

But now wears gently on the day of rest,
And with the evening bell, assembled see
The chief and family: while there imprest
By the same feeling of deep sanctity,
The several members need none other plea,
To meet their master at the wonted hour,
And with him bend the heart's submissive knee
To that great Source of love, of truth, and pow'r,
Whose smile gives joy e'en when earth's rudest tempests low'r.

XXV.

And here too join the chief's domestic fold,
Those convalescent ones, whose docile minds—
To them more dear than India's health-bought gold—
Ask hence refreshing change; while mem'ry binds
The peaceful scene, and happier future finds
A blest memorial graven on the heart—
A sweet remembrance of whate'er reminds
The thankful breast of peace, these scenes impart,
And which ne'er yield, in life's best hours, to joys of art!

XXVI.

There is indeed a harmony in praise,
Which the true followers of Christ only know:
And well I ween those softly swelling lays,
That through the mansion's distant chambers flow [64]
In heav'nly strains, their sacred unction own
To Jesus' grace within; nor hath a chord
From Handel's lofty spirit gladden'd so,
When, at command of priest or monarch's word,
"Creation's" choir through echoing aisles or halls is heard!

XXVII.

He only knoweth, Lord of heaven and earth,
How this wrapt soul with list'ning love hath wept
In secret praise to Him who gave it birth,
And e'er, amid each threat'ning danger, kept
The wavering heart! And what, if overstept
The joys which thee, dear Fox, or noble Penn,
Would cause to start, and from such strains have leapt
Your prison-bounds! Oh! grant that, yet again,
Silence may soothe the spirit, nor ask the songs of men!

XXVIII.

And ah! to you sin brought not wars like these:[65]
Your course in glory, though in suffering, ran;
No fevered brain, distorting all it sees,
E'er rous'd your foes, and broke each heav'n-born plan
For Christ's own cause, in saving thankless man;
But, onward urged by truth's resistless force,
Your righteous paths in Jesu's power began,
Undevious held; nor mindful, in that course,
Of man's weak threats, his prison-bars, or bootless curse.

XXIX.

Oh! I revere the spirits that forbad
Each sensual joy's excess of sound or sight;
And though soft music's witching strains have had
A soothing influence o'er this anger'd sprite,
And festal board, with sparkling goblets bright,
Hath held, erewhile, this sinful form in chains
Of fever'd bliss, and dimm'd the moral light;
Nor less the splendours of the world,—its veins
Of gold, and glare, have to the soul brought Satan's gains;

XXX.

Yet do I know, that sight, and taste, and sound,
Are of that "flesh" which Heav'n shall never see;
That, till our hearts with Christ within are found,
'Tis not the worldling's, nor the tempter's plea,
Can unempoison joys,[66] where jollity
Attunes the harp, and dance, and idle song,
Give to the passing hour its treach'rous glee,
And drag to future wretchedness along
Sin's willing victims—gay, but ah! a thoughtless throng!

XXXI.

Ask ye the course a Christian soul must take,
If the sweet strains of harmony denied,
And, for a latent-fancied danger's sake,
We give up all that tends to lust or pride?
Say, is it for a mortal to decide
What others do?—Enough for him to know,
That in a ball-room's glare, the secret chide
Of conscience would annoy his presence so,
That *your* rare bliss would be a veritable woe![67]—

XXXII.

If, scatheless by Apollyon's fiery darts,
Or young or old, the manly or the fair,
Can trust, in scenes like these, their joyous hearts,
And from them speed to orison or prayer,
With the same zest that steep'd their feelings there?—
By virtue chasten'd, if a concert's lays
Attune the heart to peace, and you repair
To lated couch with undiminished praise
Of God—not man—a miracle attends your ways![68]

XXXIII.

But, muse, return; for much remains to tell
Of scenes that mark Samaria's house of woe:
And, ah! of ills that Adam's race befel,
Since sin, that worst of "robbers," caused to flow
From human hearts the griefs which mourners know,
Nought can with mind-destroying lust compare;
For Jesu's gifts to other wounds bestow
A sov'reign balm, imbued with heartfelt prayer;—
But madness shuts the soul, and truth not enters there!

CANTO IV.

Sketch of various male characters known to the author in different Establishments.

CANTO IV.

I.

Experience is the pastor of the wise,
And yields to man the blessings truth imparts;—
Come, then, fond muse, and in song's magic guise,
Retrace thy footsteps 'mid grief's sorrowing hearts,
To walls unscal'd, and where the timid starts
In dread of maniac's mystic deeds and name;
In silence there, engage thy gentle arts
To sketch the features, and prolong the fame
Of mimic kings; since harmless is *their* pride-fed flame.[69]

II.

Yes! from the list of human ills to cull
Such evidence of man's poor fall'n estate,
That thoughtless ones, or dullest of the dull,
May know that He, whose powers alone create
The lofty forms of reason's proudest state,
And give to mortals, semblances divine,
Can these fair "towers of intellect" prostrate,
And mar the beauty of wit's noblest line;—
Can raise the weakest up, or spoil pride's bold design.

III.

Nor heeds it where the muse's vagrant wing
With retrospective flight the bard conveys;
Enough, if from her stores remembrance bring
The vivid transcript of those mournful days,
When first this form, inur'd to madmen's ways,
Was plunged within the breathings of despair;
Taught, by the aid of sympathy's soft lays,
The power to read of other hearts the care,
And feel, e'en now, the chains which countless sufferers wear.

IV.

Yes! earlier days have given him saddening proof
Of crowded cells, and intellectual woes;
And thrice, alas! his steed's unconscious hoof
Hath borne the minstrel, wishful of repose,
To scenes of ill which few dare ken, save those,
Whom love or duty urge to penetrate
The sad seclusions, where life's current flows
In drear monotony's benumbing state—
Scenes[70] that the hand of Fuseli might celebrate.

V.

Adjacent to proud London's ancient walls,
These limbs, to fearful custody consign'd,
Endur'd a conflict that the soul appals,
E'en in the lapse of twenty years;—nor mind
Of Herculean strength, could, thus confin'd,
Re-breathe uninjur'd liberty's sweet air;
The vigorous frame, to ruffian hands assign'd,
In vain could aid the intellect's right care;
And bad to worse he came, while lingering sadly there.

VI.

What else could spring from chains and dungeons dire?
(For not alone with crime do these unite,)
This anger'd form, in retrospection's ire,
E'en now recalls the peace destroying sprite
Which roved his fancy through, and deadening quite
All reason's power,—left the demented one
In worse than ignorance's Stygian night;
Where, nor the light of Jesus' heavenly sun
E'er struck the eye, nor on the ear, faith's orison.

VII.

All vain the effort, to constrain by force
The impetuous mind, or stay its fierce career;
And conscious then that 'twere a vain resource,
'Mid anger's fitful tempests, thus to steer,
Some guardian angel, (ah! to memory dear!)
In mercy pointed to where Ouse's stream
With gentle current winds that terrace near,
On which Sol's earliest and resplendent beam
Shines o'er York's vale with peaceful ray and rest supreme.

VIII.

Her various aid—the walk, the sight of all
That city famed for art's refining grace,
Can give to him whose vagrant footsteps fall
Its streets and hills among;—and friends had place
In the attempt to gild the rich fraught face
Of novelty;—but, ah! nor walk, nor sight,—
Nor yet a brother's, or a sister's chace
Of sympathetic thought, and love's soft light
To cheer the mental gloom, could lay the saddening sprite!

IX.

Oh! there are few who ken the pangs of him,
From the dear scenes of joyous mem'ry torn,
To halls, where Satan's fallen angels grim
Hold o'er the mind the stings of grief and scorn;—
Hence not a thought, from eve to dewy morn,
Which sin's dire curse and lustful pride of self
Assail not;—and woes to maniacs only born,
Give awful proof—some Luciferian elf
Hath seiz'd the soul's lost seat, and there bestow'd his pelf.

X.

Come S******[71] then, since death hath seal'd thy doom—
Those oft-told tales of battle now are o'er;
And time hath ta'en thee to that peaceful tomb
Where rest thy fathers. Say, can we deplore
Thy fragment mind's associated store
Of warlike talk?—'Tis fled, all silent now;
Nor weep we that thy triumphs now no more
Can claim the list'ning ear;—but joy that thou
To heavenly, and not earthly themes art taught to bow.

XI.

What boots it that, the myriad throng above,
Thou sat at royal tables, and the wine
Of monarchs drank—or with that son of Jove,
Brave Wellington, to dare the bastion's mine,
And at the hope forlorn, to make the victory thine.
True, Colonel, thou wert worthy of the race
Of England's warriors;—and with bold design,
Could, from the plain or rocky mountains, chace
The Gallic foe, and give thy comrades fame's proud place.

XII.

Full twenty years of battle and of song,
Thy heart convivial lived in joyance gay;
Nor less thy dearest relatives among
Could pass, in peaceful mood, the idle day,
And give such hist'ry forth as soldiers may,
To charm a sister's—glad a mother's prayer:—
For in thy soften'd nature, joys could play
Of mildest aspect, and sweet token bear,
That home's blest scenes would find thee raptur'd gladness there.

XIII.

Ah! much the muse delighted erst to guide
Thy paralytic form along yon walk,
And, in the eagerness of youth's first pride,
To hear thy broken tales and lisping talk
Of Spanish fields and siege, where thou didst balk
The cunning foe, and turn'd their glittering host
With brilliant check;—and proudly thou wouldst stalk
To new-made camps, in simple guise to boast,
That duty's race was run, and thou hadst lov'd it most.

XIV.

But, ah! too often and too long did he,
The God of Bacchanals, thy form delay,
And at the board of martial revelry
Thy peaceful bosom wound;—and rudely pay
Thy strength athletic, and that upright play
Of vigorous muscle, with a sad arrear
Of after woe;—and in thy future day
Extort, full oft, compunction's burning tear,
That thou from palace halls had fall'n to fate so drear.

XV.

Oh, sons of joy, beware!—there is in health
A snaring luxury of sense, that well
May stimulate you to display its wealth
Of manly powers;—an eagerness to tell
Of thrice-fill'd bottle; and, alas! to sell
Your heav'nborn peace for triumphs at the board!—
Ah, little reck ye what to him befell—
The theme of this fraternal lay, whose hoard
Of manhood's terrene bliss, in banquettings was stor'd.

XVI.

But still we ask not of the Christian man,
To dash the wine cup from his timid hand;
Nor urge that modern "abstinence's" plan
Is what to all hath Deity's command;
Nor, much as well we love the eager band
Of those who crowd this hydra-headed fame
With China's feasts—and many a visage bland
Of friendly sister—church or chapel dame
Assemble to adorn the scene, and *self* inflame.

XVII.

Say not there's sin in all who cannot go
Your full career, or own the lights that guide—
Since Jesus bid the aqueous fountain flow
In wine's delicious stream, and to the bride
Of Cana gave his smile, and bid the tide
Of Hymen's joy run innocently gay.
Nathless, a blessing we can ask to bide
Upon your labours—fervently can pray
That yours and all such toils may haste Immanuel's day!

XVIII.

But think not ye, the Bacchanalian sons
Of joys convivial, that we plead for you.
Oh, scan not thus, ye sin-encrusted ones,
That lay of him who, to his Saviour true,
Seeks e'er to bring to man's still closer view
That only cure of every mortal ill;
Which if, through fleeting time, our steps pursue,
As with a seraph's voice it asks us still,
Would bend the pride-full heart, and break the stubborn will!

XIX.

And this must be—whether the chalic'd wine
We drink or dread;—no half accomplish'd boon
Of morals chang'd, or temperance' design
A blissful peace to give, can e'er attune
The sinner's heart;—unless or late or soon,
Its all to God be given:—and though we grant,
That he whose abstinence at virtue's noon,
Gives pledge at eve of age's healthy plant—
Yet stay the motive here—and lures of earth enchant!

XX.

For, if to sensual comforts ye essay
To lead your flock—your short-sight judgment errs:
'Tis only at conversion's heav'n-born day
That He within—the infant Jesus stirs,
And draws by grace from earth's e'er ceaseless whirrs,
Each better hope, each inward taste of peace,
Alike unconscious of the robe or furs
That deck the outward form; sad sin's release
Comes from a deeper source than morals can give place.

XXI.

But deem not novice in this field of woe,
Ye feast-fraught sons, the minstrel thus who sings;—
For late his hours full many a month did flow
'Mid scenes of reckless ill—and memory brings
Strong tide of facts, and all abhorrent things
Which drunkenness engenders; but he found
'Twas not by force of reason's tongue, or king's,
To chain th' inebriate soul;—that Satan's bound
Of lawless will, bids scorn the Gospel's heav'nly sound.

XXII.

By love and patience—brotherhood of pain,
He sought these ruffian sons of ill to tame;
Nor was his labour always spent in vain:
For, by the bed of sickness, love's soft flame
Could warm the heart, and patience, milder name
Each plaint subdue; and though his short career,
These scenes among, gave evidence, (the same
His reason would to all make full as clear,)
Too slight of what he loves—yet is his judgment here

XXIII.

Unchangeably confirm'd. He asks no voice
Of man to tell him what his duty calls
This heart to render;—what the instant choice,
'Twixt those whom Temperance's marble halls
Can dangerously excite when fame befalls
Their philanthropic deeds—and him we see,
Who, taking Jesus for his guide, recalls
Full many a scene of hopeless misery,
He enter'd oft to talk of grape's forbidden tree.

XXIV.

But S*********, thy impatient ghost will cry:—
"What means the lay thus tediously outspun?"
Ha! well I see thy form in memory,
And would in mercy those e'er bid to shun
The cup of woe, whose moral strength undone,
Like thine, poor Colonel, by the social snares
Of wit's loud laughter and convivial fun:—
And this the minstrel confidently dares
In faith to ask, and mingle with his patriot prayers.

XXV.

If then thy first death-blow the goblet gave—
Thou limping friend of many a listless hour—
Say what o'erturn'd that noble figure brave,[72]
Whose travell'd days in India's palm-girt bower
Have passed a joyous course—and from that hour
Of Brahmin prayer hath scann'd the scene around—
Say what th' exciting cause that bid thus lour
The murky clouds in madness' bosom found,
Brought thee from Scotia's hills to Ebor's ancient ground?

XXVI.

Cassius!—thyself alone canst tell;—for thou
In pierceless silence, tho' in love, didst dwell;
Yes oft! in vivid memory, as now,
The muse recalls how many a tale did tell
Thine evening's talk;—and what o'er field or fell,
Thy vagrant footsteps tended; yet e'en then
Thou held'st a mute mysteriousness, that well
Might cherish fancies that thou wert of men
Some "great unknown," and doom'd no hall to see again.

XXVII.

Thou know'st the vision of thy bardic friend,
That from the index of a rich stored mind,
And semblance to a kingly head, did wend
To this, so fertile brain, a tale entwin'd
With thy lorn presence, and which aye might find
Fit theme for a romance. Thy prospects fair,
From out the halls thy fathers' skill did find,
Might well, so thinks the bard, thy sufferings spare,
From scenes like these, the looks and accents of despair!

XXVIII.

But, muse, forbear!—thou know'st how inly skrinks
His timid soul from every prurient gaze:
And though his manly brow bids gazers think
That all was courage, and unheeded days,
Yet ah! within our Cassius' breast there lays
The sleeping nymph—keen Sensibility!
And, reckless all of censure or of praise,
Thou check'd the strain of converse that, too free,
Wound Edwin's heart around thy latent mystery.

XXIX.

Enough to know that, like himself, the pow'rs
Of fierce excitement did, at times, enrage:
That in some sudden and immadden'd hours,
By erring ones induc'd, the nerves of rage
Were strung to fearful conflict; did engage
Not singly, but full many a sinew there,
To curb thy fury and wrath's pride assuage:
Nor once alone was cast thy lot of care
In legal chain, or drunk thy lips of deep despair.

XXX.

For other scenes thy native land among,
Had known that fearful presence, but in vain:
And now to Ebor many a year hast clung,
Loth to subject thy tortur'd form again
To man's inflaming folly—though, ah! as when
Thy portly mien in furious guise was brought
To Ouse's bourne, and fierce destruction then,
Of whatsoe'er within thy reach was caught;
So ir'd, alas! that high ton'd mind with anger fraught!

XXXI.

Blest peace be with thee, Cassius, once so mild—
Thee, whose bland accents and e'er guileless play
Affection lov'd, as though 'twere of a child;—
And many an evening hour or happier day,
Have we to chess, or to the field, our way
In merriest mood oft tak'n, and with ball
And cricket bat, well learnt those cares to stay,
That in the world our joys had canker'd all,
And vainly bid us on or wealth or wit to call

XXXII.

For time's oblivious power to soothe each care!
Here blythe as boys their school-tide hours between,
Our vagrant moments happily did flow,
And whether at the social board or green
Of well-trod field, nought but delight was seen.
Peace be with thee!—Though, alas! I fear
That if not wanting faith, as once I ween
The muse had thought,—yet ever sorrow's tear
Will flow till thou hast found a Christian's solace here—

XXXIII.

Till every hope and every act of thine
Be bas'd in glory to th' Eternal One,
And Christ's own hand give thee the heav'nly wine
Of purifying grace;—and truth's bright sun
Aid thee thro' life's bewildering paths to run
Thy destin'd course:—not that the muse would say,
There is no fear of God,—of virtue none!—
Ah no!—for well remembers he the day,
When child-like thou, as there the sacred volume lay,

XXXIV.

Didst, at his bidding, mildly take the book,
And from the Mount's beatic Sermon read
That code divine, with solemn voice and look:—
Yes! from that hour the minstrel's heart did plead,
In many a pray'r for thee, his friend indeed!
Would that at D********'s hall thy form were now,
My lov'd companion; and as heretofore, in need
Of relaxation or society;—ah! thou
Could sweetly give relief, and chase each angry vow!

XXXV.

Cassius, farewell!—and yet methinks 'twill be
The minstrel's portion once again to join
His fate to thine;—and thankfully would he,
This very hour, his lonely lot entwine
With thee, the friend of Providence divine.
For what but that unerring voice of love,
Whose ways mysterious, seeking to combine
Our every ill for purposes above,
Could so have chain'd this heart, and bid its pure thoughts move.

XXXVI.

And who is this—the son of Smeaton's friend,—
The child of parents, loving as upright—
O'er whom the weight of twenty years now bend
His prison'd form, and almost shut from sight
The brother and the son?—though loves as bright
As e'er from fire-side circle's hearts did steal,
Still flow from all whom kindred ties unite
To thee, thou suffering one;—and often seal
Assurance of a hope that time may yet reveal.

XXXVII.

Yes! I have hoped that liberty's sweet hour
Is fast approaching, and with gentle care,
A change of scene and med'cine's skilful pow'r
May haply yet thy long-lost soul prepare
For life's full joys—and 'gain permit thy share
Of social bliss, and intercourse restor'd.
God grant it so!—and if this heart's deep pray'r
Can aught avail, at exercise or board
To lend love's aid—shall D******** peace afford.

XXXVIII.

But pass to him, that youthful visage wan,
Whose active limbs, with tiger-like rebound,
Can urge, in practis'd skill, the bold game on;
And though not oft of speech the endearing sound
Is heard from him,—yet there are sometimes found,
Looks of serenest calm;—and sometimes too
His sonorous voice, by eloquence oft crown'd,
Would, to this list'ning ear, the page pursue
Of Holy Writ, and brighter hopes inspiring view.

XXXIX.

And, like Cassius, he was once at sea;
O'er India's ocean swept his early way;
And with a parent, whose authority
Held o'er a rich domain most righteous sway:—
Th' Indostan cities trod, and in youth's day,
Mingled those splendid scenes among, which give
To eastern climes more than an earthly play,
And mark full well how few of those that live,
Ken others' woes, or pomp's bright dreams of pow'r believe.

XL.

But oh! nor these, nor England's flowery meads
Could to the witless child mind's light restore!
Back to the shores of Albion's isle he speeds;
Nor long at home, as when the voyage before
He lingered still around his father's door,
And ranged the park, or sought the woodland wild:
All, all was bootless!—and alas! no more
Could parents, relatives, this guileless child
Of idiot darkness, bear;—'twas then by love beguil'd,

XLI.

They brought him to that blest and favour'd spot,
Where rich seclusion gave his hours to peace:—
And, save when in the cricket's runnings hot,
His lofty form—as summer's joys encrease,
From morn to eve, though rains or fall or cease,
Would tread yon terrace, and its shrubs among,
Wander with vacant look. Nor had decrease
Of mental dimness, to his soul that clung,
Shewn yet one step, when he, the minstrel's louder tongue

XLII.

Had fled those scenes and join'd a world of strife—
Nathless, no anxious thought thy fate attends,
Afflicted brother;— an angel spirit's life
Is in that bosom resting; and though friends
Can little do to give thee light, God sends
His glorious Son, the Saviour of the world,
And He thy every step with love defends;
Nor, when against thee death's last bolt is hurl'd,
Banners more gorgeous than on Indian shores unfurl'd

XLIII.

Shall tend thine entrance to the realms of bliss,
And give thee victory's immortal crown;
Then on a world of misery like this,
Thou'lt look in triumph, not in sorrow, down!
For then nor man's impatient will, nor frown
Of anger shall e'er cross thee: and the tears
That now await thy mourning heart shall own
That there is alchemy of love in fears
Of earthly growth, and bliss in sorrow's wearying years!

XLIV.

Another there is seen, with fixed eye,[75]
And oft with tremulous shake of body too—
A large and silent Quaker, whom we try
In vain to lure in speech, or walk, or view;
Fast by one spot, his eyes intent pursue
Some fancied boon of ever coming good:
The cause we know not; but the mind all through
Mysterious was, nor yet is understood;
For years had waned, and still the silent Quaker stood

XLV.

The selfsame spots among;—one hour 'twas here,
Another, there; and vain th' attempt to move,
Or from the house, or from th' appointed sphere:
Each hour seemed destin'd to its separate rove;
And vain was aye each effort to reprove;—
Peace be with thee!—but, ah! with thee we mourn
A wife and parents, whose unchanging love
Still brought them to that melancholy bourne,
Where thou wert roaming, vainly waiting hope's return!

XLVI.

One other ward and gallery of woe
Oft tempted this enquiring step;—for there
Were rich reduc'd; and learning's classic flow
Of language, science, and the muses fair.
Yes! one aged man, well skill'd in pray'r
Of France or Spain's mellifluous tongue,
Could teach the convalescent mind; and where
Less gifted souls that mixed group among,
Sought knowledge, kindly he their lessons strung.

XLVII.

Another linguist, too, was suffering sore
The fearful ills of madness and of pain:
To language now, or to museum's store
Of sembled life—in hope there to regain
Lost reason's powers and virtue's peaceful reign.
For, ah! like thousands on ten thousands told,
This youth had wander'd where sin's follies vain
Of worldly guise had ta'en a reckless hold
Of vice, and plunged his youthful form in Cyprian fold.

XLVIII.

Abhorrent sin! the lust of sensual love!—
If in these walls a hundred souls were pent,
Whose hidden grief from sins and crimes above,
Above all number, to the heart had lent
A maniac's woe, that from a mind intent
On fame, or study of that written word
Of holy truth, have reason's kingdom bent—
Full twice a hundred in those halls are heard,
Whose spirits passion slew! whose bosoms lust hath stirr'd!

XLIX.

One other yet must claim a transient glance,
Known years agone to him who strings the lay,
And long in destined bonds that much enhance
The hope of future peace, that sad one's day
Hath pass'd in walled bounds;—asylum's play
Of stated hours of walk, of meads, of all
That ekes dull time, and bids the lorn one say—
"Oh! when shall I those peaceful hours recall,
When will alone shall guide, and fear no maniac's fall?"

L.

A fitful and most wayward life he pass'd;
And when reverse of fortune bid him seek
An humble lot, with reckless, self-will'd haste,
The shores of Penn's domains 'neath powers so meek,
He wildly sought, and many a tale can speak
Of what Columbia does and aims to do:
But all prov'd only that his mind was weak,
And from the past, the retrospective view
Of stores of wisdom—pride subdued—alas! but few!

LI.

Another, nearer scene attracts the lay—
And here the bard his lengthen'd verse pursues,
E'en on this spot—and portraits of to-day
Present their varied features, and to choose
Is easy.—First in rank, the Captain, muse,
Pourtray;—he who with Lyttleton would draw
The vengeful sword;—and did he dare refuse
That lordly title, would impugn the law,
And muttering all the day, show aye the mind's sad flaw.

LII.

But who, with placid look and soothing voice,
Unbending stands so firm and constant there,
That naught can move, or give to other choice
The virtue that the pebbles seem to bear,
On which th' accustomed step and wonted prayer
Are daily urged?—But, muse, be not severe,
For much thou lov'dst to note his anxious care
When praying thus, to give love's latent tear
Of blessing, to each member of his household dear!

LIII.

Yes, H******, thou in much recallest him,
Who 'bove yon Ouse's flood now walks the grounds
Of Ebor's hall;—ah! for no spectres grim,
In either case, with fancied sights or sounds
Your angel spirits fright; but in the bounds
Almighty mercy gives your stainless souls,
In patience range;—and L********* responds
To virtues inly felt, and heart where rolls
The tide of innocence, though reason ne'er controls.

LIV.

And he, that younger captive here confin'd,
Whom in the busy world we kenn'd before;
Say by what process of the tortuous mind,
Hath his sad destiny thus seal'd the door
Of present freedom?—True they said 'twas more
His eager hopes, built baseless on wild schemes
That lured him to gold's false but flattering store,
And poison'd thus the intellect's pure streams:
Yes! made a wife to mourn the loss of good supreme!

LV.

But whose the form dejected, bending low,
That erst was cheerful as the bird of morn?—
From whom the full-fraught tongue ne'er ceas'd to flow,
And many a tale of by-gone days adorn
With graphic interest;—but now so lorn
It almost burdens him, alas! to speak;
And yield reluctant e'er few words return,
To tell how fares it:—but his features meek,
Still woo the minstrel's love, and milder thoughts bespeak.

LVI.

And there is mystery, intensest too,
In that man's tale; for many, many years
Have pass'd within asylums' bounded view,
Since to the freedom of life's dawn appears
The outward world; and, ah! in bitter tears,
Full many an hour has track'd that time along;
For he, by law, had forfeited—so fears
The sympathizing bard—that freedom long
Exchanged by mercy for a maniac's mates among.

LVII.

That gallery—sufficeth it?—Or 'gain
The muse his pallet take, and bid one rise,
Whose portrait 'mid the countless sons of men
Now sleeps in dim obscurity; whose eyes
Have seen of life no scanty range—the prize
Of God decreed experience. What! although
Grey locks approach, his health the storm defies,
With stouter frame, and more exuberant flow
Of joyous confidence than youth itself could show.

LVIII.

But other lays and more extended verse
May yet,—if Heaven prolong the minstrel's life,—
In fitter strains those varied scenes rehearse
With fortune's sad vicissitudes so rife,
That without parent, offspring fond, or wife,
The orphan bard unmov'd, unbid, can sing
Much of the world and earth's unceasing strife.
From memory's stores the deep-fraught lays can bring
That prove the man, by man esteem'd, a worthless thing!

LIX.

But of these scenes of melancholy fate,
Where maniac's tear, or maniac's laugh can tell
Of sin's untimely loss—of madness' state,
And all the woes that innocence befell,
When first by Satan's lures,—fresh dipt in hell!—
The youthful form to lustful pleasure gave
Its temple fair, and virtue sadly fell;
Where Jesu's mighty arm alone can save,
But only save from death, and self's eternal grave!

LX.

Suffice it that, thus sinning, ill hath tracked
The fall'n one's path, and thrice in bonds immured
This mind and body, with their every act,
Full many a month of wearying woe endured,
Ere yet by doctors and committees cured—
Or thought so—he his long-lost freedom gain'd.
Though walls and bars not always have ensured
His eager form; and thrice, though not unpain'd,
Hath he—the bard—his wrested liberty regain'd.

LXI.

Yes! twice from Ouse's side, through well-girt bars
Of window small, his tortuous frame he wound,
And without noise or laceration's scars,
From metal or from glass, with one rebound
Safe reached the earth, and manumission found.
But ah! how brief the space!—In that same day,
At the lodge gates, the rattling echoes sound
The captive's quick return!—again to pay
The meed of patient watchfulness 'gainst future play.

LXII.

And once from D********'s noble hall and woods,
With easy flight, the truant minstrel strays:—
Yes! on thee, peaceful C**********, intrudes
With eager haste and love-releasing lays.
But there, too, Providence—(to whom the praise!)—
Assigned to thee, T********, the duty clear
To ask of her, the mistress of past days,
The power to seek, in time's yet future years,
Some other love;—though A*** still to thee as dear!

LXIII.

And what th' incipient cause of all this haste—
This wild impatience of confinement's chains?
Reader! some day, in deeper memories traced,
Will prove, with truth's diviner aid, the pains
Inflicted by well-meaning ones; the gains,
In each so treacherous capture, to *their* peace
Have brought the minstrel sorrows nought restrains!
And retrospection serves but to increase
The full conviction that those errors erst will cease;

LXIV.

That having drunk of woe th' empoisoned cup—
And having traced the spirit's latent power
In each surmounting ill—and lifting up
The bard's adventurous thoughts to Jesu's hour
Of retribution and of gospel dower,—
Some future day may yet to these declare
That, though o'er Edwin's prospects tempests lower,
And drive the spirit almost to despair,
Yet dawns the day of triumph o'er disease and care!

LXV.

Then let us pause, and numbering with the few
Whose features here the bard hath dared pourtray—
The joyous and the sad, whose scope of view
Extends to some less melancholy day,—
Mark how th' alchemic graces richly may
Convert all sorrow into future good;
And from a thirty years' eventful way
Draw the sweet incense of deep gratitude,
For trials sore the sufferer little understood.

LXVI.

So blind are we—are all—who seek not there,
Where Christ alone gives peace, and love, and joy,
The bliss of wisdom's life!—but with false prayer
Ask or of wealth or learning to employ
Their boasted powers in blessing man:—alloy
Most earthly, if by grace and Jesus unrefin'd,
They bring their cankering dross;—the veriest toy
Of childhood were much fitter for the mind,
Than these unblest by Heav'n,—for fame alone designed.

LXVII.

And what of rank or pleasure, toil or ease,
If all but centre in the self of man?
Oh! where is virtue's sense of truth, if these
Can so encumber us, so mar the plan
Of gospel mercy, that ere yet we've ran
One-half our mortal course, a load of ill
Hath weighted every year;—nor yet began
The firm resolve, with prayer our hearts to fill,
And seek by Jesu's strength these tempests wild to still!

LXVIII.

Not less of thee, Insanity's dread form,
Its distant birth, to sin and self-love traced,
Shall wax in countless woes, than doth the storm
By clouds electric fed; and while ungraced
By Him, our glory's "Hope," all vain the haste
To gather gold, or fame, or rest, and there
To build our house of bliss!—by fancy paced
In durance firm; but, ah! say where
That terrene house when rains and winds tempestuous tear?

CANTO V.

Sketch of various *female* characters known to the author.

CANTO V.

I.

Where?—ah! where a language shall we find,
To speak the woes of madness that betide
The softer sex, and seize their gentle mind
With wildest phrenzy and with maniac pride?
Unseated reason, now no longer guide
Of their endearing love;—alas! the soul,
In guise abhorrent, and in accents wide
Of purity, stoops to the drear control
Of demon thoughts, where sin's deep torrents ceaseless roll!

II.

Ye angel powers of truth and love, descend,
And aid the muse in his unapt essay
To show, nor age nor sex one mind can 'fend
'Gainst madness' sore attacks!—that fearful day
To youth, to beauty, and to fortune may
In saddest guise still come, and inly shake
The mental throne, and bid the lightnings play
Of wrath divine;—thy self-wrought blessings shake,
And schemes of earthly bliss 'neath maniac horrors quake!

III.

Oh! lovely partners of our joys and cares,
The muse can weep, e'en while this lay he sings!—
For 'neath his window now, the plaintive airs
Of female song, Ophelia's madness brings
To memory's ear, and through the pain'd soul rings
The knell of reason!—Oh! yet pause awhile,
Ye who in mansions meet for lords—nay kings,
Spend aye your hours in learning how to smile
'Mid lassitude's disease, and Time's stern hours beguile!

IV.

Ask ye if highest gifts of intellect,
Of art, or taste, by every care refin'd,
Can your soft bosoms from those woes protect,
Where madness tortures and where sorrows bind?
Ah no!—if ye not ken that, as the wind
Comes whence ye know not—in like manner goes—
So the unbidden serpents yet may wind
Around you soul-destroying chords, and woes
Insanity entails;—yes, bring you life's worst throes!

V.

Just then as ye, the syren sons of joy,
Have drunk with heedless, perhaps with sated bliss,
And from relentless truth with sin's decoy
Have sought the glories of a world like this;—
So, with a tenfold fear, those serpents' hiss
Your hearts with terror's visions shall inspire,
And 'mid those mansions where no freedom is,
The senseless mind with restless latent fire,
Shall mourn its days away in sobbings and in ire.

VI.

Oh! vainly think not that for you ne'er opes
Th' asylum's gate;—that titles or that gold
Can save you from some future hour's lost hopes!
Of reason scathed, and of madness' hold
Upon your writhing form. Nought can enfold
The mind's accomplishments, nor these avail
To stay the dread decree!—God's wrath hath told
That some ancestral parent in the vale
Of by-gone years hath sinn'd; and thou, their sins bewail.

VII.

Storms, such as sweep all visionary peace
From thy self-glorying thoughts, oh! stricken fair!
Bid the relentless gale of woe not cease,
Till prostrate at the throne of reason there,
Thy graceful mind—thy earth illumin'd prayer—
Alike are cast.—Ah! seek, then, while ye may,
That higher crown—that self-possession rare,
Which gives to beauty, as to reason's day,
The victory Christ bequeath'd, and leads to truth's blest way.

VIII.

Ah! who comes thus in laughing mood attired,
With echoing voice and footsteps bounding on?
As though, by eloquence of feeling fired,
Her happy sprite had sought some orison,
And to the list'ning ear in gladness gone,
Some blythesome thought or sweetest lay to pour—
And radiant with her own delights, the wan
And wasted sister there to give some store
Of joy;—unclose of reason's self the mental door.

IX.

Oh! I have often watched thy rapid walk,
Thou maniac mother of a beauteous throng
Of offspring fair,—and marked the frequent talk
With other minds; yes, I have heard thy song,
In Italy, or Spain, or France's tongue,
Sweetly commingling with the harp's soft tones;
And oft thy friendly smiles and accents 'mong,
Have passed a lively hour; but the sad moans
Of husband and of child all happiness dethrones.

X.

How many a time on thy fair front, oh York!
Where gravel walk and lawn-like slopes invite,
This step hath trod,—and there in busy work
Of talk with her, whose animated sight
And ear could make that lovely scene more bright,
Have pass'd the hours away. That group among,
Who with us paced in gentle footsteps light,
One form was always found;—but ah! nor tongue
Nor smile had she!—'twas silence all, and all was wrong.

XI.

But whose that stately mien and antique dress?—
Some village squiress of the rural scene
Perchance glides there, and inly fain would bless
Th' inferior ones who round her, and between
The house and lawn-like walks are constant seen,
With condescending smiles and love to greet
Some favour'd name with call so stern, that e'en
The bard hath startled much the sound to meet
In loudest guise, and language too not always sweet.

XII.

At yonder window, see, a dame presents
Her portly front;[86] well fitted to ally
With learning and scholastic folk;—no scents
Or graceful garb attend our scrutiny,
As, vainly gazing through the panes, we try
To read her character in outward look.
But so, Christ's mercy will not thus pass by
Her patience and her woes;—unread her book
Of life by man, His love her cause well undertook!

XIII.

Remove the scene, and, D********'s groves among,
The bard shall find fit portraits for his lay;
And with a Stella's pen give memory tongue—
Some sad recordings here, with mild display
Of truth's fair light, bring to the listening day
Some mournful sketches of those maniac forms,
That hour by hour take melancholy way
Those groves among; whose mental storms
With sorrow rife, no anxious musing care deforms

XIV.

With added fury, or unkinder cheat,—
For here the mild, the gentle Stella reigns,
And in her dominance the graces meet
Of love, forbearance, and the endearing pains
Of soothing sympathy. Her smile regains
Its cheering look, when through the impatient heart
Some yearnings steal, and woman's gentle veins
Less wildly throb, when by her tones addrest,
The convalescent soul finds aye sweet friendship's rest!

XV.

Come, then, the minstrel aid, ye muses fair,
While with love's trembling hand he tunes his lyre
To Stella's notes, so vividly touch'd there,
Where first her brother bard did pleas'd enquire,
If 'mid the souls that here soft care require,
Truth's portraits of the love-enlightened few,
Would not beseem the verse; and yet not tire,
Nor idly please, on retrospection's view,
Those who may deign to scan and read these numbers through.

XVI.

First, then, we sketch, with gentlest hand of love,
That fated fair,[87] whom twice thine eye hath sought;
Whose mental gifts, the myriad crowd above,
Show well a mind with eloquence of thought,
A cultured pen, and hand by practice taught
To draw sweet sounds from music's heavenly chords,
Or teach in strains of unfeign'd love—not bought
Alone by gold, blythe France's vivid words
To those around; these tasks her well-fraught mind affords.

XVII.

But, ah! the clouds of madness sometimes lour,
And dim with error's mist the mental eye!
Sometimes the fiend possessing her hath power
To give wild thoughts of serpent-form, and try
Her gentle spirit with phantasy's dread cry
Of passion's dominance, and hated fire!
Ah! well, my sister, didst thou say—"How high
Are judgments of our God!—his awful ire
How past our search!" But let Him still our love inspire!

XVIII.

Alas! the ills of poverty attend
Lorn child of sorrow and of noble mind!
A mother's hand no longer can extend
The gold of earlier years; but thou wilt find—
Nay, hast found in a L****—generous as kind,
A father's love, a home for sorrowing woe;
And while his good deeds, thus enduring, bind
The soul in gratitude and love—let flow
The streams of past regret, and Christ will peace bestow.

XIX.

Next, to the minstrel's tablet now comes forth
A younger fair;[88] both elegant in mien,
And rich in man's regard, and mental worth;
Distinguished then, at least, when reason's queen
Holds wise control, and all is smiling seen.
But when, alas! the maddening fit comes on,
Too fearful were the looks—the words—I ween,
For Stella's boldest nerve. Hate's myrmidon,
Which then hath place, its wild career doth madly run.

XX.

But thanks to grace, to Stella, and to love,
The poor demented one is gone: for cure
A second time hath come;—a new remove
From D******** to the world, bids hope endure
Through other and through worse disease—secure
In principles of love, that gentle soul,
With growing energy and firmness sure,
Will future lost ones equally control,
And bid through grief's torn bosom streams of peace to roll!

XXI.

But maidens all were these;—the next, alas!
To reason lost, the sad repentant wife;[89]
For her a husband's name sufficed as pass
To win her strong and eager love; but rife
With sorrow, and with envy's serpent strife
Their wedlock days! For first a father's pain
Must prematurely call her home—a life
Held only for a momentary strain
Of vision—soon at rest the body's pulseless vein!

XXII.

But this not all!—The husband, maniac too,
Was lingering out, in wretchedness and woe,
At other homes, his life's last trying view
Of union thus unblest! Nor long the flow
Of sorrow and of time!—Death came, but oh!
Where is the living one? whose lengthened days
In D******** once more pass, but still to know
In lucid moments agony's dread gaze
On erring love; and show of Heaven, nor fear, nor praise!

XXIII.

Say, what a lesson here is taught to those
Who thoughtlessly their fates and rites entwine,
And idly hope a married life to close
With golden joys and pleasure's sweetest wine!
Who seek in wealth or matron state to shine
'Mid social crowds, the world's gay scenes among:
With mammon's lures religion to combine,
And give to dissipation virtue's tongue;
Yes! prove how well to earth's low bliss they vainly clung.

XXIV.

To thee, dear Stella, she could inly mourn
The errors of her life, and sadly tell
How near hypocrisy's so hateful bourn
Her earliest day was spent;—how folly's spell
Of fashion and of dress her hours befell;
And while religion on the lip was heard,
No vital change e'er came; the thoughts rebel
Against the conscience; and, by envy stirred,
Each vagrant wish its snake-like passions often reared.

XXV.

Dreams of another world, and impress wild
Of great ones, and of Christ, steal 'cross her brain;
And now, despair's too melancholy child
Deems all is lost,—that she can ne'er regain
Her forfeit peace,—in misery and pain
Of anguished memory must linger still,—
Thinks those around not mortal, and her vain
Entreaties for God's mercy only fill
Her breast with sobs, her eyes with tears, and heart with ill.

XXVI.

But whose yon beauteous form, so graced in youth
With loveliest smiles and looks so passing fair?[290]
Ah! she hath been from childhood's earliest truth
Of thought, in D********, or in scenes elsewhere,
Aye lost to reason! She with idiot stare
For hours will sullen sit, or self-willed lie
The floor along, and e'en the anxious prayer
Of mild entreaty will for long defy;—
Nor dress, nor walk, save 'neath compulsion's vigil eye.

XXVII.

Sometimes, howe'er, her 'gain restored sense
Shews evidence of love to those around,
Affectionate and gentle, can dispense
Her sweetest smile on Stella's soothing sound
Of bland entreaty, till with labour crowned,
That Stella's smile reflecting hers, can raise
A sympathetic feeling—yea, surround
The maniac girl with transient joys, and days
Of fitful happiness:—but she to God gives praise!

XXVIII.

Another comes[91]—a matron too—but quick
To search out faults, and criticise aught wrong
In dress, or word, or accent, till quite sick
Of such transcendant gifts of tongue,
Our Stella fain would seek less noise among
Her muter charge, until the fit had pass'd,
And then would listen to the fair one's song;
Her letters scan, and thence would gently cast
Some compliment but due to virtue and to taste.

XXIX.

Eliza, fair one!—lovely, but alas!
Deep plunged in th' abyss of madness and of woe,
Approaches last,[92] and well indeed might pass
For one whose gentle mien and lively flow
Of converse would to casual guests bestow
Full evidence of perfect self-command.
But, Stella, thou hast much of cause to know
The vagrant fancies of her mind—the hand,
Quick to possess her notion's rights, forbids the stand

XXX.

Of too great forbearance; and needful 'tis
To check ofttimes these visionary rights;
For she not knows whether or hers or his,
Some book or article her look invites;
And, whether Stella's or the chief's, she fights
With tongue full armed for all her fancy sees.
But say, when reason, once restored, unites
To outward grace the thoughts and words that please,
We own Eliza one of beauty's prodigies!

XXXI.

Then, too, thy bosom, sensitive to all
A mother's love, a mother's anxious care,
Sighs for the home where orphan children call
Thy wonted presence; and yet D******** fair
Could well thy form delay, for aye are there
That loved thee and esteemed thy latent worth.
Yes! e'en the minstrel's self sometimes did share
Thy animated converse, and woo forth
The beaming smile or jest of virtue's harmless mirth.

XXXII.

And thou art gone—a husband's sacred claims
Deny thy longer tarriance here; but say
If not too early thus to brave the flames
Of dangerous excitement, and to play
With life's aye tempting bliss, until the day
Of strength mature arrive, as safely then
To duty, children, husbands, thou mayst pay
All that a mother and a wife again
Can render to her home:—but such the ways of men!

XXXIII.

And though 'tis hard to judge a husband's love,
And plain that naught but true affection craves;
Yet is, alas! this dreadful ill above
All common woe;—and he that heedless braves
The risk of a relapse, and maddening waves
Of sudden wrath or undistinguish'd hate,
Takes e'er a burden, that no wisdom saves
From pressing sorely on his peace, nor waits
Disease a moment;—swiftly borne to thy drear gates!

XXXIV.

Still would we pray for thee, oh, beauteous fair!
And hope, (though faint indeed the hope,)—that thou
Mayst never know relapse; but round thy chair
Yon lovely group, as oft in prayer they bow,
May ask a blessing on their mother's vow,
To love and care for all that gives them peace.
Ah, yes! the minstrel could with joy e'en now
Receive the assurance that thy wish'd release
Hath brought thee stable bliss that knows not of decrease!

XXXV.

The gallery's closed! the poet's palette art
Hath finished what in venturous guise he sought
Of individual sufferings to impart;
And of the temper and the wayward thought
That tends the sorrowing mind by madness caught;
Of truth some fearful tokens to convey,
And show, that when afflictions press—nor aught
That med'cine seeks, or soothing love can say,
One wave of maniac woe can man's weak wisdom stay!

XXXVI.

Ah, well with thee, lov'd Stella, may the bard
Sigh o'er these ornaments of social life;
And, meditating on a fate so hard,
Grieve inly that thus paralyzed a wife,
Or husband, brother, sister, friend,—so rife,
With mental pangs, or worse, with senseless ill,
Should spend their days and years in fearful strife
With demon powers, that ever working, still
Possess the soul! defying man's most practised skill.

XXXVII.

But thou hast said—and, Stella, we are one
In all that marks thy judgment's heaven-taught mind—
That when arraigning thus what sin hath done,
Or God permitted to assail or bind
In chamber'd darkness man or woman kind,
Full well our chasten'd hearts should ever feel,
That 'mid life's deepest woe can Jesus find
The spirit out, and, in the future's weal
That truth—"the Judge of all doth right"—shall erst reveal.[93]

XXXVIII.

The task is well nigh done, of ills to paint
What many a year of truthful sight hath given
The minstrel's memory; and though not faint
Or weary with the task, some higher leaven
Must now attend his strain; and grant, oh Heaven!
That they thus far who travel on, may still
Attend the verse, and, as the bard hath striven
With conflicts past, and sin's unchanging ill,
May list the muse when future joys his heart shall fill.

XXXIX.

One parting lay, howe'er, fond love demands
To bid the manlier sex hold pause, ere they
In reckless passion's haste, lay lustful hands
On those, the angel ministers of day!
Whose smiles, whose powers, whose very loves convey
Truth's evidence, that nature has decreed,
That we our kindest, gentlest homage pay
To woman's form! and in the blissful deed
Of marriage—helpmeets find in every hour of need.

XL.

But say, ye cells and walls of mansions drear,
If much of sorrow ye could not unfold,
Your captives fair among, and many a tear
In secret shed, o'er wrongs our crimes have told
To listening time—as when, with passion bold,
We sought and woo'd, and won some graceful form,
And with the breathings of soft words have roll'd
The virgin's innate fear away; 'mid storm
Of fluttering sighs and thoughts have brought the serpent worm!

XLI.

Ah, yes! too well the victim fair could paint
Fierce passion's love, from truth and virtue loose,—
Could mark the sinner[94] who, with voice of saint,
Soft stealing o'er her virgin soul with noose
Of lust-encircling thoughts, by demon's use
Deceives her gentle bosom to believe
His protestations true, nor yet refuse
To infamy's vile wish each charm;—nor grieve
That to his base designs she'd dared her all to leave.

XLII.

Oh! wretch detested!—in whatever shape
Thy outward guise,—or noble, rich, or mean,—
Thou, who a Christian's sacred voice couldst ape,
And give to virtue conduct only seen
When she is there; the vicious hours between
Assigned to every luxury of life,
Where earth-born glories madly intervene
With church devotion, and with duties rife;
Perchance, too, outward decency with lust at strife!

XLIII.

Oh! if on earth there dwells a fiend sincere,
(Sincerity of devils' love of sin!)
Seek not elsewhere; the demon form is here;
Nor needs an angel's eye to look within,
And tell what base-born projects now begin
To work his heart depraved and head accursed,
As when, by gentle confidence let in,
A father's or an uncle's door he burst
With infamous design, though smiling still as erst!

XLIV.

Yes, Stella!—we in verity could speak
Of desolated hearts,—of love's sweet gift
To worthless souls,—and innocence so meek,
Surrend'ring freely thoughts that aye would lift
Her being up to bliss!—*her* world's full drift
Of happiness—or such as seems to man—
Might bear the hand of truth itself to sift
Her motives and affections in the plan
Which beaming fancy builds for self and love to scan.

XLV.

And are there those who glory in the wreck
Of purity, and ardent flame like this?
Oh! that some scorpion his heart might check,
Ere yet the fated child—(destroyer's bliss!)
Hath steeped her innocence in sin like his!
Where are the laws for wretches such as these?
Whether a title shield the name, or 'tis
That gold defends their wickedness—why tease
The want-urged, famish'd thief with law's fierce penalties,

XLVI.

And suffer to escape the heavier guilt,—
Seduction's hell-born crime,[95] and misery
Of her, the hapless victim? To the hilt
Of legal sword, I'd plunge in breast of thee,
Minion of lust!—base myrmidon of glee!
Such as alone in Satan's dark domain
Sounds forth its chaunts of horrid revelry,
And triumphs in some youthful virgin's pain
Of agonis'd remorse, when he his purpose gain.

XLVII.

But, muse, forbear!—and may thy God protect
The hand that thus in virtue's fearless song
Dares to assail the joys that they expect,
Who seek for bliss this world's bright stream along,
And slighting conscience—slighting Jesu's tongue,
Reckless of all but their own selfish will—
Whether the pure or sensual fair among—
Set virtue at defiance;—bid sorrow fill
A woman's future cup, and yet live sinning still.

XLVIII.

Say not the theme is alien to the lay
The Bard has chosen;—for full many a tale
These woe-girt walls in secret could display,
Of man's abhorrent lust —of sinner's veil
Of outward decency, and words that hail
From unsuspecting ones a false esteem
For man's applauded favourite. But the gale
Of righteous wrath, when He, our King Supreme,
With powers divine shall come, will rend the viper's seam!

CANTO VI.

General exemplifications of aberrating minds—And the singular and often sublime conceptions which attend the ravings of maniacs.

CANTO VI.

I.

Thus far the bard hath travelled on his way,
With descant song upon woe's wearying scenes;
Yet still remaineth it in verse t' essay
Some earnest search for cause that supervenes,
To mar fair reason's structure;—and since means
Of cure have tended his past lay, let now
The freer thought run forth, that intervenes
When meditative minds for truth avow
Their prayer to justify God's ways and bid man bow!

II.

But, this side Jordan, little shall we find
To gratify or stay the doubting soul:—
From what we see of matter or of mind,
Must man aye draw his pictures of the whole,
And with faith's giant strength, from reason roll,
Much of poor self's fond judgments;—else, ah! we
But idly blunder without truth's control,
And from the regions of mind's mystery
Bring naught but mist and infidel disquietry.

III.

But who the mystic union shall declare,
Of soul with body[96]—mind with matter sown;
And from the intellectual powers so fair,
Announce the seat of reason's fleshly throne?
Whether the brain, the blood, or nerves do own
Th' ethereal tenant as their special life;
Or immaterial and immortal known
By scripture, and by spirit's inward strife,
As but the occupant of forms with sorrows rife.

IV.

What minstrel's pipe is to the air it breathes,
And music of its tones to skill of man,
So are the poet's gay or mourning wreaths
But instruments by which his fellows scan
The fertile thought, and hail the latent plan,
Which from the heart or head doth flow;
But dream not that the bard's rich number can,
To bones or muscles, blood or veins, e'er owe
That life divine, which thought and reason only know.

V.

Both are distinct, spite of the logic frail,
Of man's anatomising brain, and all
That we can ken, through being's mystic veil
Is that, alike to poor and rich befall
The self-same woes,—alike the great and small,
To dread disease of body, and of mind,
Are subject ever;—and since Adam's fall
Nor earthly son nor daughter shall we find,
Exempt from ills of sense, and woes of every kind.

VI.

Yes! He *alone*—the sinless Jesus! knew
Exemption from the curse: none other—none
Have sin eschew'd:[97] and here the cause we view,
Of all the pangs that round man's life have grown.
The anguish'd body—mind's unseated throne,
And perpetuity of pain to those,—
Our future race,—whose deep and thrilling groan,
For ills inherited, might well disclose
To minds observant, hated sin's inherent woes.

VII.

Yes! 'tis to sin alone, in every form,
The bard with dauntless song, dares then proclaim
That madness and disease, and passion's storm,
Owe their descent; aye, and while this enflames
The body and disturbs the soul, nor names,
Nor prurient logic's vain attempt to peer
Within the mysteries of God,—nor claims
Of learning to a patent entrance here,
Can other source invent,—can other cause make clear.

VIII.

This truth to demonstrate the bard yet hopes,
Some future hour, and in his later verse
To shew that, without mysteries or tropes,
The coming ages shall of Christ rehearse
The glorious triumph o'er that awful curse;
And in that proof the truth itself appears
Too obvious for a doubt; nor language terse
Of poet, orator, or doctor, clears
Our subject,—still is sin the parent of our tears.

IX.

Yes! from that sacred book the muse shall take
Such evidence of future peace and joy,
As proves that when Christ's glorious rays shall break
Upon the dawn of after-time, alloy
Of sorrow shall no longer man employ,
To search the body through, or mental frame,
For cause of ills whose agonies destroy
Our souls' terrestrial peace, and reason's flame
Convert to maniac griefs, and sin's last woe proclaim!

X.

For, ah! say what the curse exceeding this—
When from alike the Bible, or the creed
Of Mahomet, with paradise's bliss
Of sense and sensual joys—these lost ones read
No solace to themselves, but thoughts that breed
New phantasies, and deepen the disease.
Oh! at this moment would mine heart could bleed,
A cure to spirits twain, now in the lees
Of maniac's dreaded woe, that know nor rest nor ease!

XI.

Would that this moment some seducer's ear
Could listen to the cries that rend my heart
Beneath the poet's cell—could but they hear
Ophelia's witless tongue anon impart
The ravings of demented sin, which art
In vain may soothe—for time and truth alone
The oil of comfort there can pour;—man's part
To watch the dawn of reason, and repentant grown,
Of conscience-stricken souls ere truth regains her throne.

XII.

Think not the muse with speculative brain
Is dreaming o'er the woes which maniacs know;
In his own form the madman's latent train
Hath throbbed too oft, nor yet too long ago,
For time to test the miseries that flow
From inborn sin and passion's reckless sway.
Ah! gentle reader!—mournfully not so
The minstrel sings; his bygone years display
A full fraught meed of mental woe's sad sorrowing day!

XIII.

And much of marvellous fact could he declare,
Of mind's elastic force and memory's power—
Aye, to himself a miracle! since there
Arose so suddenly—as 'twere an hour—
The tongue of France,[98] and from that lofty tower
Full many a lay of Gallic song or verse
His teeming thoughts did skill-less lips empower
With untaught melody to sing;—rehearse
Blythe scenes of other lands, and tell of praise or curse.

XIV.

Whence came these magic powers?—by what arm
Unseen, upheld, and tuned to unknown song
The mental apparatus? Whence the charm
That in the very depths of woe, along
The joyous day, and others' griefs among,
Could elevate to fancied scenes of bliss,
And from the height of his sonorous tongue
Proclaim, as oracle, a world like this,
Beneath the phantom realm of joys he claims as his?

XV.

Who can the anguish of that heart foretell,
When from the heights of mundane glory's power
Come depths of misery—depression's hell!—
Such as alone the maniac's woe-fraught hour
Could realize. This, too, is sin's sad dower!
Thrice,—yes, thrice, this mourning spirit proved
That when the clouds of melancholy lour
O'er minds once happy in the scenes they loved,
The later woe is worse than all their passions moved!

XVI.

And why these clouds?—To some 'twere joy to think
The mental reign approach'd and peace restored:
But little reck ye that on reason's brink
Are awful depths, by many a heart explored;—
And that same spirit which erst God adored,
And with its fellows, worshipp'd Heaven's designs,
Now lost to faith — on self's poor floating board
At sea in all its thoughts!—thus inly pines,
And 'whelm'd in agony, with Satan's snares combines.

XVII.

Some sage inventor of a cause for all
The dealings of Creative Love with man,
May, from these facts bewild'ring, boldly call
Their judgments evidence that God's own plan
Could mended be!—with philosophic scan
At hourly miracles, fearlessly declare
There's nought mysterious since the world began,
To those, the learned, taught to dive with care
Nature's decrees!—see *second* causes every where.

XVIII.

Say, then, thou Solon of this boasting age,
Whether thy name, like B*******'s[100] loudly sung
In modern themes, and intellect's fair page—
Or more obscure, thy destiny among
The marching myriads with fame's brazen tongue,
Pouring their deist anthems on the world,—
Say, if thou canst, how he whose bold hand flung
Denouncing verses, and in numbers hurl'd
Rhyme's lightning-bolt, and truth's bright flag unfurl'd.

XIX.

Say is it that with inspiration new,
Creative Pow'r has deign'd t' expand the soul,
And sudden brought to faith's prospective view,
The boundless powers of thought, the deep'ning roll
Of meditation's feelings?—Given control—
Unfelt before—o'er memory's wide spread page,
And from earth's little part, display'd the whole
Of God's unchanging love through every age,
From Adam's adult youth, to days of sophists' rage.

XX.

All, all in vain, thy idle wish to trace
What Heav'n alone can know, or truth's not here,—
And boldly justifies the bard, that grace
By Jesus meted out,—the tongue, the ear,
As open at that Pentecost appear
The miracles bestow'd;—or heav'n-born love,
Which soothes, and dries the wounded spirit's tear,—
These are the gifts, thy prurient powers above;
And blindly thou wilt walk till faith thy pride remove.

XXI.

Yes! little ken ye, sages of the soul!—
Ye men of intellect 'neath banners high,
Where ceases man's, and where 'gins Heaven's controul
Of mental powers.—Metaphysics' eye
Hath not yet pierced the awful mystery
Of life, nor intellect's proud part therein.
We grant that WILL through all can boldly vie
With grace;—but ah! unless the whole within
Christ's arms enfolded are, all, all is yet but sin.

XXII.

The muse hath dared, and now repeats the strain,
That madness' self and all its sorrows dire,
Is from the poison'd blood,—the sin-dyed vein!
And idly we philosophy require,
To show the truths of God's avenging ire
On sinful Adam and his self-will'd race.
In babe-like humbleness thy task inspire,
And all things then—in nature, Bible, grace—
Shall to the eye of faith shew righteousness and peace.

XXIII.

Great are the mysteries that mock our gaze,—
Of ALL, as that which Paul[99] hath erst declared,
But body, soul, and intellect's fair maze,
To man's weak sight hath never yet been bared:—
And vainly then six thousand years hath stared,
With self-presuming eye Heaven's work among,
To search in second causes how He cared
For his stupendous gifts of sense, of tongue,
Of nature's boundless stores, and Jesu's heavenly song.

XXIV.

This very spirit loathes thy self-born pride,
Thou child of genius, or of meaner art,—
Whom self-conceit, and confidence can guide
Through time's still onward and diviner part
In the great scheme of raising man's dead heart!
Say, whence thy gifts, so eloquent and rare?
Didst thou create the talents to impart
With pencil, pen, or voice, those gifts which bear
The impress of God's love—but still enhanced by prayer!

XXV.

Thy creed!—'tis study all—and patience gains
Those terrene glories that on fame await:
And he who strives, though godless be his pains,
Shall surely reach the high—the envied state
Of those whom love can win, and flatteries wait,
To crown with shouts of human praise their deeds
Of mathematic skill,—with force narrate
Each war-sped scene; to him who only reads
Of human causes—lo! the fruit—'tis only weeds!

XXVI.

Yes! fruits of pride and weeds of self-conceit!
Such as a Newton grew not, but as meek
In fame's supernal courts, where only meet
Th' illustrious sons of highest gifts, who speak
As from the thrones of ages past—doth seek
To scatter gracious truths o'er later days;
And this above aught else—that man is weak,
And of his proudest intellect, the rays
Of genius are but Heav'n's own gifts—and God's the praise!

XXVII.

If of himself the minstrel may set forth
Th' experience of vicissitude and time,
He could, indeed, display the latent worth
Of chastened minds,—where truths the most sublime
Expand their amplest verge, and swiftly climb
His loftiest thoughts among; yes, inly give
A rapture, which nor eloquence of rhyme,
Nor rhetorician's art could bid to live
In accents worthy of the theme—then cease to strive.

XXVIII.

Bow then, my soul, in adoration deep,
And of thy God's benignant love display
Those gifts o'er which no angel's tear need weep;
And gladdened by the light of truth's bright day,
Shine only with Christ's sanctifying ray,
And hymn to God the glory! Thus be mine
Led on to fame, or to more silent way
Of those, the blessed ones. Be, Jesus, thine
That I with them in love my blissful hours may twine.

XXIX.

The highest glory of the noblest parts
Is aye the same; though stronger in retreat,
More splendent where the Christian's soul imparts
Each influence pure, and perfume's latent sweet!
Nor needs, for love of Him, that sorrows meet
On sinner, or in learning's field. Ah, no!
Full well the minstrel can with gladness greet
A brother bard, or bid the bosom glow
Towards science' sons in lonely guise, as where throngs go

XXX.

And yet not always thus; for he hath strayed
Through many a path of life's so various field,—
Hath seen in cities proud the good displayed
By patriot souls, and all that grace can yield
T' improve our race, and man from sorrow shield;
And panting with a sympathetic love,
Would fain essay the mind's blest powers to wield,
And soaring far the crowd's low thoughts above,
Thus urge his fellow-men these sacred truths to prove.

XXXI.

But deep, I ween, have been the plungings o'er
Which in the stream of life have whelmed him oft,
And prayerfully he seeks to ope the store
Of memory, and with her breathings soft
Attune this minstrel harp to themes aloft;
And of God's goodness to display the height;
Reach depths too where more heartfelt sorrows waft
Grief's latent sighs; but in more cheering light
Of future years to prove that all of God is right!

XXXII.

And next to powers of grace—of Jesu's love—
Comes discipline,—child of a hardy race!
Yes! far all other human gifts above,
This is the attribute whose steady pace
Of thought—of habit—gives to virtue place;—
That aids truth's efforts, nor destroys the nerve
Of body, nor of mind the gifts; then trace
Through all the hours our purposes that serve,
And say if recklessness or discipline most swerve.

XXXIII.

Oh! madness drear!—sad offspring of disease!
Much of thy woe the bard, with fearless lay,
Would boldly trace to things that idly please—
The habit unsubdued—the unfraught day—
Or vicious walk where worldling souls display
Their hell-born triumphs—or intemperance, thou
That peace hast slain, and given to maniacs' way
The shattered mind!—as, S********, swiftly now
Attends thy ghost to shew how wine the mind can bow.

XXXIV.

Then in thy prayers ask for a chastened mind,
That yields to duty's present call each hour,
And with subjecting force can inly bind
The vagrant thought; the spirit's wayward power
Can to the past add peace's blissful dower
For future days, and open deep'ning streams
Of ever-flowing love—yes! on thee shower
Heaven's purest joys; not baseless, as in dreams,
But stable as that sun whence Jesu's glory gleams!

XXXV.

If to an earthly form the minstrel bowed
In adoration of its power divine,
Full sure, oh discipline! with thee this proud
Rebellious heart would seek to intertwine
Its purest thoughts; for buoyant health is thine
Of spirit as of body. He could sing
A devious lay of hours and days that shine
His life's path 'mong, and to fond memory bring
Traits of his character first formed by labour's king.

XXXVI.

For labour without discipline is nought,
And much of time and energy we lose
In anxious care and fear's e'er-restless thought,
Unknowing which of labour's means to choose;
Whether the instant moment, or refuse;
And thus oft miss the hour by grace designed
For every act of industry, or views
More purely abstract, such as Milton's mind
In labours deep and prayerful hope alone could find.

XXXVII.

To thee, fair D********! much these verses owe
For hours of seeming agony, when time
Sped heavily, and the captive's tears would flow
Fast o'er his ruminating thoughts, and crime
Of murmuring against decree, the prime
Of his mind's power thus shut him from the world;
And while the throes of energy sublime
Wrapt e'er his soul, to maniac's prison hurled
His cherished hopes, and bid truth's banner then be furled.

XXXVIII.

Nathless by alchemy of Christ's eternal love,
The rainbow-tints of heav'n-born hope still shine;
And, raised the earth and man's weak will above,
This heart still throbs with extacy divine,
Nor mourns the change from yonder railway mine
To chambered cell, or brick-bound vault like this;
For solitude and peace here can combine
The luxury of thought's untrammelled bliss,
Safe from th' obtrusive step, or gossip scandal's hiss.

XXXIX.

Yes! well of thee, repose's ivied cell!
May he, the bard, in fluent numbers tune
His grateful lay. If Penn or Tasso tell
How much the discipline of heart full soon
Can elevate, e'en when yon silver moon
Casts aye its lambent rays on prison bars—
Or thee, Kirke White—no idle thoughtless loon—
Could sing that "dungeon walls," nor tyrants' cars,
"The energies of mind can cramp," nor where those wars

XL.

To darkness dragged the Christian captive bound,
Could man's dread arm more than the body chain?
Th' aspiring soul still spurned th' accursed ground
On which thy cruel tyranny in vain
Essayed to 'strict its flight; its heav'nward strain
Still soared in dauntless song or tale divine;
And when, Cervantes, thee, mid want and pain,
To cruel hands thy bending form consign
To prison doom, thy "Don" immortal still could shine.

XLI.

Ye martyrs, too, for Christ who wept and bled,
Firmly had ye His crucifying power
Sustained, and 'mid the dungeon's precincts read
The glorious truth!—Then comes th' avenging hour,
When man's intolerant laws no more shall lour
O'er Christian lands; be yours the glory then
To seal with martyrdom our blissful dower
Of liberty, and nobly thus again
Restore a conscience free, and Heaven's good will to men!

XLII.

If other bards and other pens have sung
Th' alchemic good which 'tends thy misery,
Confinement hard,—well may this grateful tongue,
Blest D********'s ivied cell! proclaim from thee
The blessings in disguise which nurtured me
Through many a bitter—many a weary day!
And now, with grace's chastened minstrelsy,
That boon, with fluent verse, would he repay,
And to the world resound his loved and early lay.[101]

XLIII.

Deem'st thou the scene deserving a record,
And of its space and objects, though not new,
Yet joying ever the hour when prayers accord
His nightly entrance, and shut out from view
All, save what, to peace and virtue true,
Brought e'er association's blissful train,
And, with morn's clarion bird, bid me not rue
A Saviour left, and peace once madly slain
By thee, false Peter!—though by love restored again.

XLIV.

Scarce three steps long, or two in breadth, is here,
A brick-roofed cell, with walls and floor the same;
No window—but through metal bars the clear
And bracing air doth come, and tame
The anger'd spirit; but, alas! t' inflame
With after-thoughts too oft the vexed soul;
Not seeing then that in our haste to blame
Weak man's decrees—'tis God's divine control
That bids time's sorrows flow,—its myriad stars to roll!

XLV.

For plate's recess 'twas used in earlier days,
But now a nobler purpose 'gins to break
Upon its cell-like walls;—and Heaven's the praise!
That to this heart, albeit unused to quake,
Its prisoned space hath brought a peace that spake
Of blessings as of griefs. At evening hour
Shut in,—with sound e'en Morpheus' self might wake
The door swings to, and with no feeble power
The maniac bolts turned safe, brought evening's peaceful dower.

XLVI.

Ah yes! full many an hour of anger's strife
This bleeding soul in sorrow pined away,
And to this prison cell, with blessings rife,
Returned secure, delighted to survey
Its unapproachable recess, and pray
That none might suffer agonies like those
Which pierced his heart, and marred life's passing day,
For happiness or usefulness; his woes
Still deep'ning with the dawn, as golden Phœbus rose.

XLVII.

But, thanks to time, to patience, and to prayer,
The scene is changing; and thus taught to wait
The hour decreed for liberty's sweet air,
And unrestrained by bonds 'neath madness' gate,
Once more to flee the captive's mourning state,
And prove—if verse of mine some day may prove—
Whate'er the cause which timid friends await,—
Excitement—joys unnatural—and remove
From life's so common tract—all, all is of Christ's love!

XLVIII.

Insanity, in vulgar sense, my spirit spurns,
And with defying accent bids declare,
Or friend, or foe, or relative that yearns
O'er Edwin's sufferings;—or even where
Imprisoned thus unrighteously, the stare
Of keeper or of surgeon fixed could see
More closely his defects and pangs—yes! there
He would defy all evidence that he
Was to the world insane; nathless 'twas God's decree!

XLIX.

And, grateful for the love that since hath grown
Within thy walls, dear D********, seeks not now
To ponder o'er the past, or idly moan
O'er scenes beyond recall.—Then, Father, thou
Who keep'st my soul, teach me in love to bow
At thine Almighty voice!—and thus the ill
That man hath 'gendered shall in truth avow
That sufferings, by grace divine, can still
Mind's angriest storm—yes! grief with peace the bosom fill!

L.

But bid the smile return, oh muse! and sing
Of evening's chambered walk, and morning's lay.
Will patriot throats to patriot dinners bring
A joyous crowd, and bid their loud tongues play
The thrice huzza!—and vainly thus display
Or loyalty, or revolution's aim?—
Be thine the task, oh Christian harp! away
From revel's dangerous scenes to win a name
For unseen deeds of labour—not unworthy fame!

LI.

Go, doctor!—surgeon, go!—and 'mid that crowd,
Watch the infuriate eye—the language cursed
By utterance profane—of talents proud,—
Convince thyself—from horror's cries that burst
Upon thine ear—if there excitement first
In the array of passions, doth not goad
The reckless maniacs in their deeds accursed,
And yet these 'scape; though ye by smiles have woo'd
The bard to D******** and to Y***'s unblest abode.

LII.

Yes! he's away!—or A******, S**********,[102]—ye
Who, heedless of all consequence, thus join
These madd'ning crowds, are wrong; and yet shall see
That vain your boasted efforts to refine
On Heaven's own law; or check that force divine,
Which onward rolls to those prophetic days,
When mobs and mobbing patriots' boasted line
Shall be extinct,—and dead the fiendlike praise
Of Chartist throngs; yes! sleep their last, their loudest lays.

LIII.

Back to thy peaceful cell, oh muse, return,
Nor wound thine anxious breast with themes like these.
Describe anon, the Bard whose thoughts thus burn,
As silent now, the foot-fall ceas'd, and ease,
Woo'd by his pillow, bids the minstrel please
His wakeful mind, by sleep or thought's deep thrill;
For here nought but the distant murmurs tease
His irritable sprite,—with grieving fill
His British heart for England's democratic ill.

LIV.

Lo! there he rests, sweet sleep his eye hath seal'd,
And scarce a dream o'er this so healthy frame
Steals with some fancied scene from memory's field,
Ere yet again the memory's orient flame
Invites the vigorous mind to verses' fame;
And on that nameless stand by window bars
Behold his form.—He asks not man's acclaim
Upon this favour'd spot, where conflict jars,
Or B**********'s low hum his peace no longer mars.

LV.

Farewell to thee! blest refuge of my soul,
Thou ivied cell!—where thus in anger's hour
My Saviour did, in many a rapturous roll
Of memory's wave—unfold example's pow'r;
Or flow of soothing time, when erst did lour
In deepest anguish, sorrow's clouds of woe,
And thus thy minstrel energies empower
To bid the lay in cadence rude to flow,
And from his lonely harp a heavenly influence go.

LVI.

Example did I say!—Ah yes! not blood
Of faith-taught martyrs, but the tortur'd frames
Of later days, when Cromwell's self withstood
The hate of kings, and patriot zeal inflames!
Or England's sons not his and Milton's names
Alone with hopes transcendant,—but alas!
As now, a reckless mob its law proclaims,
And nought its scrutinizing eye can pass
Which stems its pow'r—free thoughts of every class.

LVII.

Yes, noble Fox![103] thou who, with Paul's high zeal,
Did to the listening throngs throughout the land,
Sound forth a gospel strange, that with truth's seal,
Soon mark'd of Christian souls a growing band,—
Who could the laws and will of kings withstand,
If in that will, or in those human laws,
They saw not Christ's unansw'rable command:
Yes! dauntless Fox! for righteousness' cause,
Thou didst endure in dungeon's gloom man's tyrant claws.

LVIII.

And thousands more in patience' guise have borne,
Of Royal or Protector's pow'r the chains;
And some 'mid sufferings too severe and slow
Have seal'd in death their faithfulness and pain:
Shall he then—prisoner of to-day,—whose gains
Within these walls are countless, thus bewail
A cross probationary; or mourn the stains
E'en anger makes; for he that book can hail,
Which saith, "Be angry and sin not;"—in silence veil

LIX.

The mournful past, and ere the muse her wing
Plume for a far more heav'nly flight, display
In accents of profoundest joy, the spring
Of thine own peace;—and to the wide world's day
Declare thy faith unchanged, that they who pray
Without all doubt, shall of their God receive
A double portion of His gracious stay,
To nourish hope, and bid them e'er believe
The hour yet comes when virtue's sons shall cease to grieve.

LX.

Yes! Father of supernal bliss, to thee
The minstrel here a tribute fain would raise,
To tell of godliness the mystery;
And with the anthem of resounding praise,
Fill to life's brink his heart's so grateful lays,
That thus to man, and man's unseen descent,
The coming offspring of time's purer days,
This verse may show of Christian truth the bent,
And build for Christ the minstrel's spotless monument.

LXI.

And ye, the lorn ones of this mansion's halls,
Or elsewhere breathing, 'mid asylum's gloom
The atmosphere of woe,—to you he calls,
As with a voice from resurrection's tomb,
Proclaiming such to be your ceaseless doom, —
If Christ ye ask not—as the mental light
Pours on your souls—for grace from sin to come,
And re-invest your spirits in those white
And radiant robes of righteousness with glory bright.

LXII.

In vain ye seek of med'cine or of man,
That cure which from your Saviour only flows;
In vain ye strive 'gainst Heaven's eternal plan
To cure the leprous soul. 'Tis he who goes
Child-like to Jesu's throne, that only knows
The past redeem'd; and sees the future's joy
With more than renovated hope,—and sows
The heart with goodly seeds 'tis Christ's employ
To tend through life, and hail its fruit without alloy.

LXIII.

For me,—when I forget the glorious sound,
That to this soul, in many an hour of grief
'Mid these lone walls, where echoes loud resound
The captive's anger'd voice, and blest relief
Found in those songs, did bring in whispers brief
The strain, "Be still and know that I am God!"—
Oh, may that Power, in wrath on me, the chief
Of thankless sinners, lift his chastening rod,
And doubly sow with thorns the path which erst I've trod—

LXIV.

A path with sorrow and with change so rife,
That if vicissitude be earthly bliss,
Nor parent, brother, nor e'en meekest wife,
Curs'd with a faithless husband whose false kiss
Betrays th' adult'rous crime—a life like this
Can shew more fitted for experienced good
Of woes to joy transmitted, than could his
Whose devious lays are these, for he hath stood
Full fifty summers on the earth; and thrice his blood

LXV

Swelling with strong excitement, man's weak fears
Have prisoned him; disarming all his rights,
And pouring o'er his joys the bitter tears
Of undeserved tyranny; with blights
Of temporal prospects. But ah! Heav'n requites
Man's timid soul with powers restored to those
Whom he hath deign'd to love; and leads to fights
And Christ's sure victory o'er all his foes;
And oh! that they are such the future shall disclose!

LXVI.

Then let the past suffice, and now essay,
Proud harp of mine, the loftier strain that waits
Thy future theme, and to that coming day,
Lead on the audience of thy song, to gates
Of Zion's city, where our Christ translates
Each child-like spirit to eternal joys:—
With Gabriel's flight approach, and happier states
For unimperious man describe—alloys
Of sin or sorrow come not there;—nought that destroys.

LXVII.

Scenes that man fondly hopes—but prophet's lyre
Hath sung; and safely may the muse take flight
To realms of peace, where Christ's millennial fire
Burns e'er his altars on; and Heaven's own light
Illumes each new born soul,—and mantles white
Of Eden innocence, again array
The dwellers of the earth;—extinguished quite
Each spark of hate;—and envy's gangrened day
Gives place to Gospel love, and Jesu's milder sway.

CANTO VII.

General reflections; — conclusions referring to the fulfilment of prophecy, and to those future and glorious days, when such possessions and imbecilities of mind shall cease, and cloudless truth and unsullied purity reign over all.

CANTO VII.

PART I.

I.

Jesus! who didst all prophecy inspire![104]—
"Ere Abraham was, I AM,"—could Godlike say:—
Descend, and fill with Heaven's immortal fire
The bard's yet latent hope's seraphic lay!
Teach him of time's remote but onward way,
In descant deep to sing!—and mortal men
To wake from hateful sin's destructive sway;
Returning to fair Eden's groves again;
Thou, Jesus, hast the minstrel loved, aid yet his pen!

II.

Redeeming Lord!—This bardic hand to thee
Owes all its strength—its energy divine;
And if in past or present's minstrelsy
Was sought in fervent prayer the grace-built line,
How much, alas! of weakness must combine,
If in the future disregarded thou!
Come, then, Immanuel! Heaven's own graces twine
Around this harp; and while we inly bow
To thine eternal power, oh! give each lay as now!

III.

But first essay o'er present scenes to scan,
And mark the progress God thus far decrees,
'Mid man's advancing and stupendous plan:
Survey the works which, with consummate ease,
Science can scheme, and labour, as it please,
Accomplish. For of learning or of art,
None other days can shew such fruits as these;
Or to the wondering student's mind impart
More rapturous hope than now are seen in London's mart!

IV.

Nathless of all the arts of later days,
None can e'er rival thee—creative press![105]
For thine, like Aaron's rod, absorbs all praise,
And of all deeds—the greater or the less—
Nought should we know, or vainly, idly guess,
Save that thy leaden tongue, with magic voice,
Sends e'er intelligence; and happiness
Derives from thee its extacies most choice,
For thy minutest type can bid the soul rejoice.

V.

Fain would the bard a votive anthem bring,
And sound with minstrelsy the blest acclaim
Of that "Society"[106] whose head, nor king
Nor queen of earth commands; but Jesu's name
And Jesu's power its heav'nly deeds proclaim!
Alike on alien lands, as here, bestow
Of gospel love the breathings and the flame;
Bid mercy in ten thousand streamlets flow,
That erst the doubting sons of sin disdained to know!

VI.

Heav'n prosper thee, as heretofore, till when
Around the globe no sterile spot remains,
But where of Him—our Christ with mortal men
Instructed—all shall read truth's holy strain,
And realize the day when sin and pain
No longer vex the saints on earth; but joy,
And peace, and love, and everlasting gain,
In Paradise's realm, without alloy,
Shall hail the ransomed, and their bliss-fed tongues employ.

VII.

England![107]—if nations may of glory boast,—
If of ages, yet in embryo womb,
The Bible err not—from thy blessed court
There go, and still shall go, till time's last tomb
Engulph the latest sinner that may come,—
Strains such as, since this nether world began,
None other nation can in truth take home,
Save thou alone; for thine the glorious plan
To search the earth, and Bibles give to heathen man!

VIII.

But ah! how much of God-defying sin
Still flows thy streets, thy busy marts among!
Is't not, alas! full time that *thou* begin
In earnest zeal, with missionary tongue,
To sound that gospel *here*, which long hath hung
Neglected in our Britain's isles;—to preach
Of truth's first principles,—of love that clung
While yet unmindful of the words that teach
Return of love, and Christ despied as out of reach!

IX.

What would avail thine energies to thee,
Proud nation of the world!—if Heav'n should send
Some fearful scourge, and bid thy circling sea
Bear on its breast a hostile fleet; or lend
Some other plague, to make thy greatness bend?
Another Nelson may not be, nor gale
Of cholera, as erst its way did wend,
So lightly leave its deadly breath, or hail
So few to death's dark bourne, and bid thy proud heart quail.

X.

Deem'st thou the muse morosely bent on gloom,
To sadden aye a future of delight—
That thus, while all is smiling round, thy doom
He dares surmise? Go, worldling's angry sprite,
And read thy Bible!—it will shew the right:
Whether the bard, who, with grief's trembling hand
Sounds forth the strains of sorrow's dark'ning night,—
Or thou, with type and railway at command,
And pride elate, proclaiming blessings to the land?

XI.

Yes! next the press, we grant those powers twain,
Expansive steam, and metal-covered way,[108]
Of modern days the marvel;—and the main
And safe dependence of the throngs who say
That "knowledge gained is power!"—But the day
Will surely come when, till these gifts divine
Be sanctified by grace, man vainly may
Of type, or press, or railway boast, till line
Of Adam's sons be changed, and Christ our hearts refine.

XII.

Oh! I abhor—yes, in my soul abhor
The maxims of this heav'n-forgetting age;
Who, with the elements of grace at war,
Claim for their intellects' rebellious page
The power, Almighty's energies to guage,
And think that science or that art can give
Those inborn virtues[109]—foes to pride's deep rage—
Which bring a peaceful bosom here, and live
Through endless life with those, who, child-like, can believe.

XIII.

Knowledge is good—yes, heavenly and divine,
While kept subordinate to God's decree:—
That they, who of th' eternal kingdom's wine
Shall drink hereafter, must in feelings be
Changed from the pride—the weak conceit of thee,
Minion of the world's dread smile and gaze!
And come to Christ, with child's simplicity,
Such as, Sir Isaac—'mid thy glorious days,
Thou cherished, and of Heav'n heard more than mortal praise.

XIV.

I loathe thy vaunted honours, learned one!
Who givest not creative power the due
Which, while on earth,—nor less when bliss is won,—
All must surrender, who would right pursue
The path that leads to joy's immortal view,
Nor linger 'mid earth's gold with pride-fed eye!
For aye this difference time's last ages through,
That Newton breathed in bliss, because on high
His grace—and thou all other strength than SELF deny!

XV.

Want we aught other evidence of ill
Than what, from sight, these angered spirits feel
Each Sabbath that to all returning still,
'Mid days of Bible-press, and missionary zeal,
Revolving come, and on each spot reveal
The countless sins of those whose terrene rule
Marks them, alas! what idly we conceal,
The "march"-led sons of intellect's last school,
And hastening, as we fear, to future wrath's sad goal?

XVI.

Yes! mourning, 'tis our lot, each Sabbath day,
Near D********'s woods a busy throng to see;
And Satan's self, converting Heaven's blest way
To deeds of wickedness and jollity!
Say'st thou no good from evil can be free,
And that, or railways cease, or Sabbath days
Must needs be broken thus, and this to thee
No violation![110] Mend thy godless ways,
And humbly seek in prayer thy truthless heart to raise!

XVII.

Nor here, alas! proud Britain, is the stand
Of temples scoffed, and aye to pleasure given
The Sabbath's rest! The rich, the great, profane
And give to roads, to song, to wine, what Heaven
From Adam's boon of time hath wisely riven;—
On labour six bestowed, and one on prayer;
Nor thus with man alone hath kindly striven,
But rest commands for beings every where—
The stranger in thy gates, or cattle in the lair.

XVIII.

Alas! for those whom fortune's glittering wealth
Hath yielded power to sin without control;
Who heed nor peace of mind, nor body's health,
So they through Sabbath hours may proudly roll
Their chariot wheels; or bid the wine-filled bowl
Its dire libations pour! Yes! thrice accursed
Ye sinners rich of England's pride-fed soul;
For well have prophets told—aye from the first
That Sabbaths broken cause impending storms to burst:

XIX.

Ye live 'neath Christian laws, and Christian queen;—
Go to your Bibles then, and learn that He
Who bid that volume speak, can swift, I ween,
Pour down His wrath;—and plainly ye may see
By Jeremiah's strain, what fate shall be
The lot of those who hearken not to laws
Sent forth for all of men—for thee, for me:—
"Then will I kindle fire," saith God, "because
Thy gates are entered, and thy beast its burthen draws.

XX.

"That unextinguished fire shall erst devour
Thy palaces, Jerusalem!—and in woe
Thou ceaselessly bewail th' avenging power
Of Him from whom thy countless mercies flow!"
The curse, though not the words, is even so,
As he who looks may see,—'who runs may read:'
Then wise ones cease not; 'mid yon sinners go,
With voice of thunder, fitting those who heed
Jehovah's word, and for His holy Sabbaths plead.

XXI.

Yes, England! well the muse may deeply mourn
This proud defiance of thy righteous Lord;—
As vainly now thy nobles madly spurn
The word of prophecy;—but He whose word
Declares that nations are but dust, shall hoard
Against the day of judgment every thought
Rebellious; each defiling act record;
And when at last with Dives sad ye 're brought
To the award eternal, rank avails you nought.

XXII.

Say, then, what hope remains our Isle to bless,
Since they who guide the vessel of the state,—
Prime ministers, and such as with address
Find entrance into courts;—at banquets wait
Th' applause and smiles of underlings or great,
And deem the Sabbath a most fitting time
To deal out politics, and schemes narrate!
Oh! if to rob of paltry gold be crime,
Heaven's hours to desecrate, ah! sure is guilt sublime!

XXIII.

Then onward press, ye few, whose embryo law
For stinting poorer folk in Sabbath deeds,
Full oft hath struggled into being,—draw
An equal line for him whose sin thus leads
The noble, rich, or great to sow the seeds
Of dissipation's curse on Heaven's own day:
Those high-born sins—luxurious plenty's weeds,
Which tangle human hearts, and choke the way
To Christ's pure kingdom, yea and bid him cease to pray.

XXIV.

A brighter day o'er England's proud career
Is dawning yet. Lo! death hath sped to light
Of Heaven, the monarch to his people dear;—
Hath given to William, Jesu's mantle white,
And bade him with his father's tongue unite
In mansions Christ prepares, with endless song
To join the chorus of those myriad angels bright,
Who ever 'neath th' eternal throne, along
With the redeemed of every age, their hymn prolong.

XXV.

And what avails the sigh for goodness lost?
Say why, oh muse! thus led to mourn o'er those
Thy tears can ne'er recal. Enough! Death's cost,
However great, may yet restrain the woes
Thine anxious bosom fill. For England owes
Its youthful monarch to a sainted one;
From royal Edward's[111] sister's bosom flows
A purer stream of thought than late hath run
Through sovereign breasts. 'Tis well her uncle George hath won

XXVI.

The goal of Death; for anarchy and strife,
Now recklessly prevailing through the land,
Would sure have made our palaces more rife
With latent fears, had his unfit command
Still ruled Britannia;—and in vain his bland
Benignant mien, and elegant address,
To calm the rebel waves on England's strand,
Which need a power divine to stem, and bless
A Christian monarch with a nation's happiness.

XXVII.

Then hail to thee, VICTORIA!—monarch dear!
For many a heart has throbbed with patriot joy,
When thou the throne of Brunswick's race, so clear
From rival claims and envy's base alloy,
Did welcomely ascend;—and throngs employ,
Devising how a people's bliss to tell:
Oh! may no future indolence destroy,
For want of care, the fame thou bear'st so well;—
No hasty choice of men, that kings so oft befell.

XXVIII.

The task is great,—the effort noble too,—
To sway with equity and peace these isles;
But be thy glory e'er to God in view,
And with His gracious, all-sustaining smiles,
Safe through each scene of Satan's countless wiles
Of worldling ministers, or lures of gold;
Of consort's wishes,—if his heart reviles
Our English modes, and would aught else uphold;—
Through each, through all, may Heaven's pure truth thy heart enfold.

XXIX.

Then, England, joy to thee!—thy rank, thy wealth,
Shall, as it did, the world's applause ensure;
And long for her decrees and every health,
Our British souls unite to make secure
Her lofty state;—and late as time endure,
Show forth to other lands what God hath done
For those who seek Him *first*, with bosom pure,
And ask His sacred smile,—the victory won,—
To welcome them where shines Immanuel's glorious sun.

XXX.

Yes! fain the muse in heavenly strain would sing
Of thy predicted future, fair young Queen!
And to thy throne this votive offering bring,
That yet on England's ground may still be seen
A Christian bard, whose humble guise and mien
Fears not, with Jesus for his stay, with those,
The Byrons and the Scots, or Moores between,
To approach thy royal presence, and as flows
The strain of praise, to ask the smile a queen bestows.

XXXI.

Anon the past, in deep Lethean stream
Of by-gone ages, let the minstrel shun;
And to those brighter realms, where Jesu's beam
Of mercy shines, and glory's race is won,
Full swiftly speed time's course; and, duty done,
Explore the sinless days of future year;
But first a thousand worse must silent run
Their hours away; and Christ's own reign appear
Triumphant round the globe;—nor sin nor woe is here.

XXXII.

Yes! to millennial scenes of perfect joy
Thy heav'nward flight, Parnassian muse, essay;
And with angelic powers each verse employ
The coming glories of time to pourtray,
When, with the sun of each returning day,
May light and peace, and happiness attend
All human hearts, and countless spirits pay
Their orisons to thee—the sinner's friend—
Christ Jesus!—Lord of Lords—and being's life and end!

XXXIII.

Yes! He, 'the King of Glory!'—at whose voice
The 'everlasting doors' of life shall raise
Their hindering frame, and 'gates' of pride rejoice
To welcome thee!—and with unceasing praise,
Thy deeds to number. Yes! with rapturous gaze,
Attune their golden harps to songs of peace,
Of joy and love divine; with seraph lays
Recount their own glad steps, and with increase
Of Eden's bliss, bid never sight of thee to cease!

XXXIV.

Ah, yet again let Israel's psalmist sing—
Beloved of God, though not by sin unstained—
Through worlds proclaim it:—"Lo! I come to bring
Peace on the earth, and happiness regained
By blood of mine; and when through me attained
Salvation's boon, and sinless purity,
And mercy by self-sacrifice is gained,
Then will thine eye, oh man! enraptured see
O'er sin, and death, and grave, and hell, the victory!"

XXXV.

Yes! Zion hears, and Judah's daughters joy
That thine eternal judgments sway the earth;
That 'light is sown' for Israel to enjoy,
And 'gladness for th' upright in heart' hath birth
In all her lands! Then, sainted ones, go forth,
And breathe of Zion's Captain songs of love!
Of Him whose power—whose soul-redeeming worth,
No tongue can fully tell, or learning prove;
Yes! vain the noblest gifts—save Heaven's own fire doth move.

XXXVI.

But dwell not, muse, o'er prophets' sacred ire,
Whether Isaiah sound the mystic song,
Or he—the plaintive one—with trembling lyre
Proclaim the judgments that to sin belong;
And ere those days await earth's sinful throng,
Sound forth the curse of self, of lust, and pride,
And 'lofty looks of man' gold's heaps among
Shall be abased—nor 'haughtiness' deride
That Lord who o'er thy glories pours his vengeance wide!

XXXVII.

Then shall his day your oaks and cedars tend,
Proud 'Bashan' and proud 'Lebanon,' and you,
Ye 'ships of Tarshish,—pictures' gay that lend
To earth-fed man such 'pleasant' hopes and view;
His 'loftiness' shall Jesu's frown subdue,
And all his self-born 'haughtiness' lay low;
His 'idols' shall the 'moles and bats' pursue;
To 'clefts of rocks' shall man then trembling go,
And mourn when God 'shakes terribly the earth' with woe!

XXXVIII.

Then surely comes to pass, in those last days,
The lifting of Christ's house the hills above;
And 'nations then shall flow,' with anthem'd praise!
The myriads say, 'Come ye,' and in His love
Go 'to the mountain of the Lord,' to prove
His goodness—learn His ways—His footsteps tread;
For 'out of Zion' God's own law shall move,
And from Jerusalem his word be read;
While prouder nations he shall judge with thunders dread!

XXXIX.

Their battles and their strifes he will 'rebuke,'
And 'beat their swords' to shares of peaceful 'plough,'
The warrior's spear to vine-man's 'pruning-hook;'
And nation shall no more—as hapless now—
'Lift up the sword 'gainst nation;' or then bow
The youthful mind in war's forbidden lore;—
The Marlboroughs and Buonapartes, and thou,
Of modern times the chief, shall then no more
Find Wellingtons to ride 'mid victory and gore.

XL.

Nor let the muse forget that then, nor vice,
Nor pride of loftiest grade, shall England stain!
No M******** [112] sway, at virtue's sacred price,
Her counsels then; nor modern R****** [113] pain
A Briton's heart, some fancied good to gain;—
But 'in that day the branch' of Zion's King,
'Be beautiful and glorious;' and for the train
Of Israel's flock, each 'fruit' and blessed thing,
'Be excellent and comely'—such as angels bring.

XLI.

Yes! then 'shall come to pass' that Zion's prized,
And he that, in our Israel's borders blest,
Remaineth firm, shall holy be baptised,
And 'mong those in Jerusalem, imprest
Immanuel's name! When Zion's daughter, drest
In laved garments of Christ's spotless love,
And 'purged the blood,' Jerusalem that 'prest,
With sin's polluting weight, till from above
The spirit's judgments come, and fire her silver prove.

XLII.

Then on each dwelling place of Zion's mount
And 'her assemblies,' shall the Lord create
'A cloud and smoke by day'—her sons recount,
'Mid 'shinings of a flaming fire by night,'
The glories that her proud 'defence' await—
A 'tabernacle's' shadow in the day,
To veil the soul from sins inflaming heat;
'A place of refuge' safely to convey
From storm and rain around;—for 'gallant ships' a bay.

XLIII.

But first again the prophet's lyre complains
Of Moab's wrath, and haughtiness and pride;
And bids that 'Moab howl for Moab's' stains
Of sin-engulphed peace; and then shall guide
To Israel's altar, but the saints deride
The fruitless prayer, and he 'shall not prevail;'
And when three years have Moab's glory tried,
The 'remnant small and feeble' we shall hail,
Till Satan's bands no more her heavenly courts assail.

XLIV.

Yet once more that Bardic spirit fired,
And swept, with hand prophetic, o'er his lyre:
Yes! with an energy by Christ inspired—
By Him who said with no unwonted ire,—
'Ere Abraham was, I am!'—Isaiah's fire
And judgment voice, did of time's later days
Thus awfully pourtray the fate;—and higher
Than Homer's or than Milton's epic lays,
Build monument of song to God's eternal praise.

XLV.

"Behold the Lord, He maketh void the earth,
And turneth upside down each self-born scheme;
Of all that there of Adam's race have birth,
He scattereth wide, and breaks the palace beam:
Yes! as with people, so the priest shall seem;
And with the servant, so the master too;—
With the maid, the mistress like beseem;
And as the buyer, sellers so we view;—
Lenders and borrowers shall usurers pursue.

XLVI.

"The land shall all be desolate and spoil'd,
For thus the Lord hath spoken by his word;
The earth shall mourn and fade away;—man foil'd
In all his earthly hopes;—and loudly heard
The wail of woe, and pride's rebellion stirr'd,
By Jesu's wrath shall languish and shall fade;
Defiled all earth's inhabitants;—the herd
Of rich and noble faint;—and learning's trade
Of mending God's decrees, by ignorance displayed.

XLVII.

"The new wine mourneth;—languisheth the vine,
And all the merry-hearted deeply sigh;
The mirth of tabrets ceaseth;—nor do twine
O'er minstrel lyres, joy's blissful poesy;
The noise of the rejoicing ones,—the cry
Of Bacchanal's loud chorus too is still;
Yea, ceaseth it, the harp's light joy, nor try
Those mirthful songsters goblets then to fill
And sing with glee, for bitter is that drink and ill.

XLVIII.

" The city of confusion levelled lies,
And every house shut up that none come in;
The cry for wine fair virtue's form defies;
All joy is darkened, and man's laughter sin;
The city, desolation,—while within
Her gates, destruction's swiftest arrow smites;
And well may they who dwell—the lost—begin
To tremble for their self-bought proudest rights,
For in that day the Judge of all their sins requites.

XLIX.

" Ah yes!—when thus amid the land be seen
His vengeance sore—like as the olive tree
In shaking;—as the grapes their damsels glean,
The vintage done, their eye lift up and see,—
Their tongue sing heaven's eternal majesty:
Yea! from the sea, all these shall cry aloud!
Wherefore glorify the Lord in fires,—He!
Even the Almighty One, of Israel proud,
Whose name is in the sea's far isles, and city's crowd.

L.

" Sing!—from the farthest verge of earth is heard—
Even glory to the righteous! But I said
My leanness—oh my leanness!—wrath is stirr'd;
The treacherous have dealt treacherously, and fed
Themselves with treachery! Then shall be read—
Behold! fear and the pit and snare on thee,
Oh habitant of earth!—and if sore dread
Bid thee from noise of fearful sounds to flee,
The pit awaits thy certain fall and destiny!

LI.

"And he that from the pit doth come, the snare
Entraps; for open are the windows high,
And earth's foundations shake, as there
'Tis broken down, and moved exceedingly;—
Yea, clean dissolved! The earth shall reel and be
Like drunkard—yes! like cottage be removed,
And heavy its transgression;—for, oh see!
Its fall is doomed;—and ne'er again be proved
By birth to sin, the luxuries and lusts it loved!

LII.

"And in that day shall come to pass th' event
Decreed by lips divine:—the high one's host
The Lord shall punish, and to kings be sent
The mandate of his vengeance—but not lost;
For, like as prisoners gathered to their post,
Or in the pit—shall there be gathered too—
But visited ere many days at most!
Then shall the moon confounded be, nor true
The dial's sun!—but all disturbs not Israel's few!

LIII.

"For then the Lord of Hosts himself shall reign
In Zion's mount and in Jerusalem;—
Yea! gloriously amid His ancient's train!"—
Thus sang the prophet heaven-inspired, to them
Of Tyre; and 'mid their pearls, and gold, and gem,—
Their ships of Tarshish, and their merchandise,
Did vainly strive sin's torrents deep to stem,
And bid them from voluptuous couch to rise,
And seek their God, ere yet in death He sealed their eyes.

LIV.

Yet once again that sacred tome explore,
And from the bardic prophet's lays sublime
Extract gay Babylon's blythe song;—once more
With Jeremiah's plaining accents climb
Those fearful heights of woe, which future's time
Shall bring on her, the city of the dead.
Yes! in that prophet's boldest, loftiest rhyme,
Let Britain's—let all nations' doom be read—
If God be not adored, and hateful *self* be fled!

LV.

"Thus saith the Lord of Hosts:—Israel's sons
And Jacob's children were oppressed!—and all
That took them captive;—pride's foul myrmidons
Fast held them, and refused their prayerful call
For liberty. But oh! on them shall fall
Disquiet sore; for their Redeemer 's strong—
The Lord of Hosts, His name! He will appall
With thorough pleadings of truth's cause,—nor long
Withhold from rest, but chase the Babylonish throng!

LVI.

"A sword is on Chaldea's hateful tribe,
Saith God the Lord;—and on thy name so vile,
Besotted Babylon!—nor can princes' bribe,
Nor wise man's lay, redeem th' avenging pile
Of your recorded sins and lust-born smile!
A sword is on the liars, who deceive;—
A sword is on the mighty man;—oh isle
Of past iniquity!—sin's mote receive
Within thine eye; for thou dar'st not our Christ believe!

LVII.

"A sword is on their horses, and upon
Their chariots swift; their mingled people too—
Her in the midst, the sword shall God put on;—
A woman's weakness man shall then subdue.
A sword is on her treasures,—her golden view
Is spoiled, her jewels robb'd, her splendour gone;
A drought is on her waters,—nor pursue
Her streams their course:—for idols have their throne
This land amidst: and deep the treasure-lovers' groan!

LVIII.

"Therefore the savage beasts of earth and isles
Shall dwell therein—the owls too there shall dwell;
Nor e'er again of man's love-beaming smiles,
Shall ling'ring habitant the future tell;
Nor voice of bard e'er sing what there befel
Thy land, Chaldea; nor in latest years,
From generations past to time's last knell,
Of generations yet to come,—one dweller's ears
Be sooth'd with nature's melody—all waste appears!

LIX.

"As Sodom and Gomorrah God o'erthrew,
And they, the neighbouring cities of the plain;
So saith the Lord, no human steps pursue
Thy paths, nor son of man a dwelling gain.
Behold! a people from the North shall pain
Impart to you; a nation great, and kings
Be raised up from earth's remotest main,
To hold the bow and lance,—and battle brings
Its meed of blood;—and for sweet mercy, hateful things.

LX.

"Their voice, like seas shall roar, and they shall ride
On horses,—and in battle's proud array,
'Gainst thee, who dared the God Most High deride;
Yes, thee! oh, daughter fair, and loosely gay,
Of Babylon accursed! and in that day
The sin-encircled king himself shall quake,
At hearing the report of them, and pray
His God offended. Yea! his hands shall shake
With feebleness when Heaven his forfeit crown shall take!

LXI.

"Yes! anguish shall seize hold of him, and pangs
As in a woman's travail! Yea, behold!
He shall come up like lion as with fangs,
From Jordan's swelling to the strong man's fold!
But I, the Lord, will make these vaunters bold,
Suddenly flee; and where the chosen one
I may appoint to govern her? Who hath told
Of one like me? Or who the times hath won
From God? Or where my Shepherd, the appointed one?

LXII.

"Hear, therefore, ye, the counsels of the Lord,
That he against proud Babylon doth swear;
Yes! hear the purpose of his changeless word
Against Chaldea's land; for surely there
The least of Zion's flock shall draw, with prayer,
Their children out; yes, surely, Israel's God
Shall make their habitation for a lair
Of desolating lions, and his rod
Their houses rase, and wild beasts range where men once trod.

LXIII.

"And at the noise of Babylon's defeat,
The earth is moved; and great the nations 'mong,
A cry is heard!"—So sang in accents meet,
Lorn lamentation's Bard; but deeper song,
And heavier woes are form'd amid the throng
Of poetry's deep thoughts in truth's bright page.
Yes, modern one! take but thy soul along
The verse inspired of him, Ezekiel sage,
Or Daniel,—'twill elevate thy wondering age!

CANTO VII.

PART II.

I.

But ere the vent'rous muse her flight essay
To scenes millennial—time's yet future joys—
Isaiah,—fairest, brightest of the day
Of prophet age,—the minstrel 'gain employs,
To cull a warning lay, and blame the toys
Which yet too oft our modern fair ones seek
T' amuse the passing hour. Of the alloys
Of sense and earth-born bliss, with boldness speak,
As 'neath the grace befitting spirits pure and meek!

II.

"Rise up, ye women, that at ease remain!
My voice, ye Zion's careless daughters, hear,
And let my speech your prayerful audience gain!—
Many a day, and many a mournful year,
Shall trouble seize you, and the flowing tear
Proclaim your grief, ye heedless daughters fair!
For aye the vintage fails; nor shall appear
The wonted gatherers! Tremble, lest despair
Chase far your ease;—yes! tremble—make your bosoms bare,

III.

" And on your loins gird sackcloth;—for your fields,
Ye shall lament their pleasantness;—the vine
So fruitful too. For lo! your land, it yields
But thorns and briers. These too shall idly twine
Around your joyous dwellings; and the wine
Of revelry flow hence no more within
Your joyous city!—for the palace fine
Shall be forsaken, and the city's din
In silence lie, and serpents foul shall dwell therein.

IV.

" Its forts and towers shall be as beasts' dark dens,
And joy of asses wild. Yes! for your sheep
A pasturage, until the spirit kens
A renovated scene, and centuries sleep
Thy ruins 'mong;—with Pentecostal sweep
The Spirit from on high shall then descend!
The wilderness its curse no longer weep,
But fruitful field become; and forests bend
O'er fruitful field's exchange—till time itself shall end!

V.

" Then judgment in the wilderness shall dwell,
And righteousness in fruitful field remain;
The work of righteousness be peace, and well
Time see, for endless days th' effects—the twain
Of quiet and assurance! blessed gain!
My people, they shall dwell in peacefull hall,—
Shall in sure dwellings sleep and rest attain!
When it shall hail, and winter's snow-storm fall
The forest on,—your city shall be safe from all!

VI.

"Oh! blessed, saith our God, are ye that sow
Our heav'nly Zion's pearly streams beside;
And blessed Him that bid their cattle go,
The feet of ox and ass to Jordan's tide!"
Thus, by Him inspired, whose kingdom wide
As space,—eternal as the heav'ns above,—
Isaiah sung; and if that sacred guide—
The Bible—still be sought in faith and love,
Thy peace, oh sinner, thou mayst here in safety prove!

VII.

Enough of woe—enough of pride and sin—
The minstrel hath foreshewn. The curtain draw,
And of that brighter day the notes begin,
When truth and love shall be our Zion's law;—
No pride in women, nor in man a flaw.
Her rivers pure, and all serene her skies,
The rich, the great shall now no longer awe
Their fellow-men;—but Jesus conquering rise
O'er Israel's foes—the proud of earth, and vainly wise!

VIII.

Once more, oh Giver of all gifts! the muse
Asks thy diviner aid, to sound to earth—
To man, in these that earth's yet embryo views,—
Those glories which thy full designs give forth!
Give him to sing Jerusalem's newer birth,
And of those latter days by prophets told
Resound again time's once-revealed worth!
When Israel's tents of Heaven's refined gold
Shall erst appear, and God her fainting sons uphold.

IX.

What! though this globe a belt of sin surround;
Nor o'er its spheric map our eye can see
From pole to pole—from east to west—the ground
Where Christ's beatitudes yet reverenced be;—
What! though from Zembla's icy cape, to sea
Of Hindostan;—or South Pacific's space
Of ocean wide—nor isles, nor main are free
From sin and Satan's all-polluting race,—
Almighty love the plague can stay and sorrow chace.

X.

Yes! He, the Omniscient One, to furthest verge
Of earth's remotest bounds, can, in one day,
Rebellious battle crush; and guilt's last surge
Bid sleep the isles among. Of Him, oh say!
Is it not writ, a thousand years display
To his eternal view but one day's deed?
One day, to Him in latent blessings may
As rich be deemed, as when the historian reads
A thousand years of woe, and anarchy's cursed seeds.

XI.

Does thy bold doubting heart then say:—If thus
A God beneficent, and wise, and good,
Could this supernal boon impart to us,
Why, since the days of earth's recorded flood,
Hath man been mourning on, and ill withstood,
If He, the Lord of all, had thus decreed
A heavenlier state?—Blind man! when understood
The secrets of th' Infinite; thy soul may read
Christ's latent love through all!—a mystery indeed!

XII.

Till then, in humbleness and silence bow,
At what nor mars thy peace, nor gives thee bread;
For in thy Saviour happily mayst thou
Thy peace restore—by healthful labour fed:
Then silence, man; nor dare His vengeance dread
By speculations dark, and deep, and wild:
Those sacred words how many a soul hath read,
That when the giant PRIDE is slain, the child
Of promise comes!—Yes! on their faith hath Jesus smiled.

XIII.

Oh vain conceit!—philosophy accursed!
In thee to dare the secrets of a world—
To think that when thy airy bubbles burst,
And rays prismatic have thy globules pearled,
Thou canst, with reading laws of comets whirled,—
Of bubbles coloured—or of motion's force,—
Read also all of Him those stars that hurled,—
Man's vision gave;—and in ethereal course,
Rolled suns and planets through yon sky,—of all the source!

XIV.

Then, poor conceited man! thy pride restrain,
And learn like Locke or Newton to esteem
Thy lore as dross—*thy* science as a gain
To Satan's converts,—till the piercing beam
Of Christ within shall, on thy soul, a gleam
Of heavenly light bestow:—and thou no more
Forget thy God;—nor in time's idle dream,
Imagine thou canst his decrees explore,
Who built the world!—be learned still, but Him adore!

XV.

Oh yes! be learned still; let science run
Her glorious race, and art her good display:—
Religion frowns not; Christ's millennial sun
Will shine on deeds which far surpass to-day:
Yes! future Watts and Arkwrights, Peels and they,
Who by the railway's speed of swiftest flight,
To man rich blessings yet unknown convey;—
Telfords and Stephensons shall bid their light
Of science blaze on future sinless regions bright.

XVI.

How simple then the process of the wise,
Who hold their gifts as talents only lent,
Who bid, each day, their orisons arise
To Him who with these earthen vessels sent
Such God-like minds; and when on wisdom bent,
They bow submissive to that inward grace,—
That present Jesus, who by Jordan went
To rescue man: then, then, the heavenly race
Of virtue is begun!—their souls shall see God's face.

XVII.

But ah! ye proud, ye self-enthroned kings
Of learning, and of science bright, beware
Lest in that future fearful day, which brings
To Israel safety, 'whelm in black despair
Your Pharaoh hosts;—and Satan's deep-laid snare
Of earthly fame, and man's triumphant boast
To rule o'er second causes, bring ye care
Beyond escape; a care which all your host
Of art's sweet luxuries, shall Heaven's pure blessings cost.

XVIII.

Then turn, ye godless ones, and now believe
With Israel's prophet, that who thus defer
Their self-born glory to the Lord, receive
A ten-fold blessing;—and that 'mid the stir
Of myriad sinners, who, unconscious, err
In vice's train,—ye gifted and ye few
Who hallow learning, and on art confer
A nobler grace, if ye to Jesus true
Remain, His love irradiates more the mental view.

XIX.

Yes! once again Isaiah sings 'that they
Their feet who from the Sabbath wisely turn,
And cease their pleasure on that holy day,—
And with an inward efficacy burn
The lamp of heavenly grace;—their bosoms yearn
To honour Him, by calling a delight
That sacred Sabbath;—and aye nobly spurn
All self-born thoughts and pleasure's sinful light;—
All words profane,—and aught that could Christ's babe affright.

XX.

Oh, then! (but not till then!) will God bestow
On you, ye sons of intellect and art,—
Ye P*****s, and ye B*******s—B*****s[114] too,
With all the train of learning's crowded mart,
His heavenly meed of 'perfect peace;' your heart
Refine, and bid you then triumphantly to ride
O'er earth's high seats; with Jacob too take part
And feed with heritage of his; till pride
Subdued, as children ye become, and Christ's your guide.

XXI.

Alas! more need, on this momentous theme,
To call the rich, and, ah!—the artist[115] throng,
To scenes of Sabbaths broken; since the beam
In their beginning eyes is growing strong,
Each week's return; for what by habit long
The mind has ventured, comes at last to be
But one, our various seeming *claims* among;—
Till liberty of action thus left free,
Bid holiness and ordinance, if not virtue, flee.

XXII.

Deemest thou the muse unreasonably severe,
And that the studio, or the rich man's hall,
Is sacred ground;—where nor the listening ear,
Nor prurient eye, nor Sabbath's morning call,
Entitles thee his industry, and all
His genius owns, thus proudly to arraign?—
When on this sin-girt world's terraqueous ball,
Thou prove that art or wealth can thus attain
Unfading peace, so living on,—I'll cease to pain.

XXIII.

But it no prophet's sight needs to descry
What evils national await the lands,
When thus their Sabbaths godless men defy;—
For gold or fashion stretch unhallowed hands,
And touch forbidden works, which God commands
None to essay on this his sacred hour:
Yes! ye directors and committees' bands,
Whose railroad attributes give you the power
To run or stay,—Heaven's wrath shall be your Sabbath dower

XXIV.

Are there so weak, who from example take
Their measure of the Bible's law, and go
To France or Turkey, or where boors awake
To Christless rites, the Sabbath's dues to know;—
To land of revolutionary woe,
Where Voltaire's, and where Robespierre's dark deeds
Of hideous mien—shew Scripture's deadliest foe,
And anarchy's fast friend;—whose accent pleads
For liberty of sin—for rank rebellion's weeds?

XXV.

Go ye to her, that beauteous country, France,
To read of Jesu's holy walk the spring?—
Or will ye 'mid the Moslem's houries dance
Your Sabbath noon away;—and think to sing
A roundelay of joy where harems bring
Voluptuous victims to your sated lusts?—
If such be your report of him—the King—
The conqueror of sin—let him who trusts,
Such standard of devotion, heed not sages' busts!

XXVI.

For whether in your libraries, or halls
Of state, the sons of genius proudly swell
Your decorated palaces and walls;—
And heads of Solon, Locke or Newton dwell
Around your splendid galleries, all's well
In your esteem,—and time goes proudly on;—
Nor reck ye of such vulgar scenes as hell,
Nor Lucifer's transcendant myrmidon—
SELF-LOVE!—your thankless God of intellect's proud sun!

XXVII.

But, muse, forbear!—nor longer tempt thine ire
With hateful man's rebellious deeds of pride:—
Once more to holier themes attune the lyre,
And seek of Jesus the rapt soul to guide
'Mid scenes of bliss where love and peace reside;—
And the great scheme of God's creative will,
Shines forth in days when Christ shall aye preside
O'er earth's restored joys:—and bounteous still
To Zion's sons and Zion's daughters, goodness fill!

XXVIII.

For ah! that goodness scarce conceals of life
The lowest surface;—and the fated glass,
By man upheld, with sorrow's poison rife
Ne'er reaches half our longest days. Alas!
'Tis we alone that err, and idly pass
From day to day—nay, on from year to year,
The Bible's truths as impotent;—o'erpass
Its simplest mandates, till life's close appear,
And wonder then how much of sin's remorse is here!

XXIX.

Yes! muse, forbear the worldlings' hateful theme,
And ere the harp in silence sweet shall cease,
Give to those happier days, when Jesu's beam
Of radiant glory hail the blest increase
Of standard-bearers in the cause of peace,
Of love, and truth, and learning's righteousness;—
Yes! give to man from sin and woe release,
And sing, from Heaven's own page, how He will bless
Earth's new Jerusalem,—and seal man's happiness!

XXX.

"Thus saith the Lord:—In mine appointed time,
I heard thy cry and brought thee heavenly aid:
And will preserve thro' heights and depths sublime;—
Yea! for a people's covenant I made
Thee to establish earth;—and desert glade
For heritage, that thou in power mayst say
To Gentile prisoners,—go forth;—from shade,
Sin's darken'd sons mayst freely hail away,
And bid to shew themselves, and feed on God's high-way.

XXXI.

"Nor biting hunger—fainting thirst, be there,
Nor sun's hot rays to scorch thine humbled face;
For God himself shall hear thy welcome prayer;
In mercy lead thee, and thy sorrows chase!—
Yea! by the waters he will bend thy pace
And make his mountains paths;—his valleys raise;
And Zion's children come from far,—embrace
Those from the north and from the west; and praise
Resound from Sinai's sons,—from Israel's far highways!

XXXII.

"Sing, oh Heavens! be joyful, oh thou earth!
Ye mountains too in rapturous anthems break
Day's silent air!—for Jesu's second birth
Awaits the world!—and God, whose terrors shake
The isles and seas, and bids the sun to quake,—
His chosen ones will comfort;—and bestow
On Israel's sons a mercy that doth wake
The slumb'ring nymph, sweet gratitude,—and bow
The heart rejoicingly, and bid love's tears to flow!

XXXIII.

"What tho' 'twas Zion said, The Lord doth me forsake,
And all forgotten, Israel's deepest woes?"—
Cease mourner, cease, and blessed comfort take
From promises assured;—song that flows
In Heaven's own music, as from Prophet goes
The language of rebuke.—'The sucking child
Can woman's heart forget?—or son of throes,
In travail borne, remember not, when smil'd
Its infant soul, and pity by contempt revil'd?

XXXIV.

"Yes, woman may her infant babe forget;
Nor have compassion on its feeble cries;—
But I—the Lord—hath ne'er forgotten yet
Thee, the beloved of men!—lift up thine eyes,
Oh Zion, blessed one!—for God will prize
Thy heart's best peace, and grave thee on His palm;—
Thy walls and palaces shall yet arise,
And round thy dwelling, holy Jesus, calm,
Await thine eager child, and yield love's sacred balm.'

XXXV.

"So bounteous too, the Giver of all good,—
Thy land for Israel's numbers shall be small;—
And Zion's habitants around thee crowd,
And loudly for more space shall Israel call;
So countless then the throngs in tent and hall!
Then too, to Gentile lands shall prophets go,
And plant Christ's banner on the Moslem's wall;—
Shall in their arms, their new-born sons bestow,
And on their shoulders, daughters bear to bliss below.

XXXVI.

"Yea! kings thy nursing fathers too shall be,
And queens thy nursing mothers!—yes! shall bow
To thee, to Jesus, and to God;—shall see
Thy glory;—lick the dust beneath, and shew
That I, the Lord, am God, and blessings vow
To those who wait for me;—and all thy foes
Shall fall; nor shall the mighty ones, as now
So fierce, hold yet their fray;—but shall repose
Submissive to my voice, and patient hearts disclose.

XXXVII.

"Thine enemies on their own flesh shall feed,
And with their blood be drunken as with wine;—
Then shall all nations, words and powers read
That plain declare, the sovereign rule is mine,
And I thy Saviour and Redeemer's line
Unite in God, in Jacob's mighty one."
Thus sang, in accents strong and lays divine,
The prophet;—and anon his brighter sun
Blazed o'er the page, and told his blissful song was done!

XXXVIII.

Blissful indeed, when thus his heav'n-taught lyre
Could sing of Israel's glorious latter days;—
"Awake, awake! put on thy strength, oh sire
Of endless generations, Zion's praise;
Put on thy garments beautiful, and raise
Thine arm, Jerusalem;—whom I have nam'd
The holy city!—for in all thy ways
The uncircumcised, or they by sin inflamed
Shall come no more; for thou sin's wand'ring ones hast tamed.

XXXIX.

"O from the dust, Jerusalem arise,
And shake thyself;—in peacefulness sit down;—
And thou, O Zion's daughter, captive prize!
Be loosed from the bands thy neck enthrone;—
That all may know my power and name, and own
That I, the Lord, am he that speaks!—yea, I!
Th' Eternal One!—nor longer shall the frown
Of Egypt or Assyria scare;—nor fly
From other Pharaohs, Israel's later progeny.

XL.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are
The feet of them good tidings who shall bring!
And publish peace 'mid nations erst at war;—
Yea, tidings good proclaim, and Jesu's wing
Encanopy the land!—Salvation sing
And publish; and to Zion's hosts shall say,
Behold, behold, Immanuel is thy king!—
And God, thy Lord, in that immortal day,
Shall reign supreme o'er Zion's boundless way.

XLI.

"Thy watchmen too shall lift their joyful voice,
And in blythe chorus heav'nly songs resound!
Yes! they, as eye to eye shall see;—rejoice
That Zion is restored and Israel found!
In rapturous joy break forth;—together sound
Your hymns divine, ye places desolate
Of fair Jerusalem!—For God hath bound
Himself by promises, then to translate
Thy mourning ones, and comfort—yea, redeem—their state.

XLII.

"The Lord His holy arm hath bared before
The eyes of all the nations;—and earth's end
Shall see our God's salvation, and restore
To every land its fruitful soil, where bend
The lofty trees;—and other Edens lend
Their beauties and their rich fertility:—
But many are the marvels God shall send;—
Him first, our Christ, whose high, whose blest degree
Shall silence kings, and they, unheard of things shall see.

XLIII.

"Who hath believed our report?—to whom
Hath been revealed the arm of God, the Lord?
For He, our Jesus, shall grow up, and come
Like tender plant before him; yea, abhorred
By man,—nor form, nor comeliness afford
His aspect mean; and when Him we behold,
There is no beauty in our Christ adored,
That we his presence should desire;—is't gold
He brings to cheer fair Zion's sons of Israel's fold?

XLIV.

"Ah no!—of man rejected and despised!—
A man of sorrows and acquaint with grief;
And we our faces hid, and hearts disguised:—
Despised was He,—and we esteemed the leaf
Of propheey, unworthy our belief!
Surely our woes, our sorrows he hath borne,
Yet we esteemed him stricken;—nor relief
For smitings of his God awaited;—lorn
And lone, afflicted was our Christ to life's last bourne!

XLV.

"Yet he, for our transgressions, bore the wound,
And for our dark iniquities was bruised;—
Our peace's chastisement on Him was bound;
And with his stripes though healed, we yet refused
His blessed voice;—all we, like sheep, abused
His love, and fled; and each, to his own way,
Hath turned impenitent:—till God excused
Our failing hearts, and did to Christ convey
The iniquity of all;—transfixed on Calvary!

XLVI.

"He was oppressed;—He was afflicted;—still
He opened not his mouth;—and, lamb-like, brought
To slaughter's carnage, or to shearer's fill
Of richest fleece, in silence came;—nor aught
Said He, the Saviour of the world; no thought
Escaped his sacred lips; but dumb to all,
From prison and from judgment he was caught
By Israel's sinning ones;—but who can call
His generation, or declare what shall befall?—

XLVII.

"Cut off from out the living's land was He,
And for transgressing people stricken sore;
He made his grave with wicked men;—yea, see!
With rich he was in death, though Israel o'er,
He'd done no violence;—nor aye before
Or men or angels, did the tongue's deceit
Betray a guileful mouth. And yet the more
Pleased it the Lord to bruise Him, and to greet
His patient soul with grief, and bid all sorrows meet.

XLVIII.

"Rejoice, oh barren!—thou who didst not bear!
Break forth and sing aloud, untravailed one;—
For lo, thy bounteous Lord's benignant care
Hath more of children given to Zion's Son
Than her, the wife, by legal triumphs won:—
The place of Israel's favoured tent enlarge,
And let the curtains shield from radiant sun
Thine habitations;—spare not, but give charge
To stretch thy cords,—thy stakes to strengthen more at large.

XLIX.

"For on the right and on the left shalt thou
Extend,—and Israel's chosen seed enjoy
The Gentile's heritage;—a fruitful bough
Shall Zion be;—her cities' throngs employ
Their myriad harps t' attune life's sacred joy:—
Fear not, bless'd ones, for not ashamed shall be
Thy virgin daughters; nor shall sin's alloy
Confound or put to shame; thy youth too free
Forget;—forget thy widowhood's reproachful glee.

L.

"Thy Maker is thy husband—Lord of Hosts
His name;—and thy Redeemer too is known—
The Holy One of Israel:—Jesus boasts
With chorusses around Heaven's highest throne
That He, the God of all the earth, alone
Is called. The Lord, oh Zion! thee hath hailed;—
In spirit grieved, and, desolate, thy moan
Lamenting, heard; when, as a wife, bewailed
Thy youth, a youth's refusal,—peace thy soul regaled.

LI.

"For a small moment, saith thy glorious God,
I did forsake thee, but with mercies great
Will gather thee. In wrath I held a rod,
And, for a moment, hid my face, to wait
Thy love's return;—but oh! that blissful state
Of mercy's everlasting kindness true,
I will extend;—and joy shall thee await,
Saith He, the Lord,—thy bless'd Redeemer too:—
Then fear not, for eternal Eden is in view.

LII.

"This promise is, as Noah's waters were;—
For as I swore that they no more should waste
The verdant earth, so never wrath shall stir
Thy Saviour's bosom, and again in haste
Rebuke thee;—yea, the mountains shall have passed
Away; the hills too be removed far;—
But ah! my kindness still thy soul shall taste,
And peace's covenant, on heaven-borne car,
Descend from Him whose mercies true and changeless are.

LIII.

"O thou afflicted and with tempest tost,
Nor comfort know'st!—behold, thy stones I lay
With colours fair, and thy foundation's cost
Shall be of sapphires rich, and light of day
Through agates beam; thy gates, the glorious way
To Zion's hill, carbuncles shall adorn,
And all thy borders pleasant stones display;
Thy children too, be taught at early morn
In righteousness;—and peace in their young hearts be born.

LIV.

"No weapon prospers that is formed 'gainst thee,
And every tongue that judgment of thee dares,
Shalt thou condemn. To sons of Zion free,
This is the heritage;—God's blest servant shares
My righteousness, saith He, the Lord of prayers:—
Ho, every one that thirsteth then, and come
To Zion's waters;—He whose treasure wears
The poor man's share, come buy, and to thy home
Bear wine and milk, and gold-less, eat Christ's honey comb.

LV.

"My thoughts, saith God, are not, oh man, as thine,
Nor ways like yours, saith Heaven's eternal king:—
Far as yon sky, ye learned ones, do mine
'Bove your low ways ascend;—yea, my sons bring
From loftiest realms of space, Christ's offering:—
My thoughts, in truth, as Heaven this earth transcends,
Thy thoughts excel; for as earth's watering,
The rain and snow come down,—with harvest sends
Aye to the sower, seed,—and eater, bread;—so lends

LVI.

"The Great and Mighty One, his heavenly word
To mortal man:—nor shall it void return,
But safe accomplish what He deigns t' accord
His sacred will; and prosperous breathings burn
In Zion's hearts; for joyful shall ye yearn
O'er Judah's peace.—The mountains and the hills
Break forth in song;—umbrageous forests turn
Their vocal tops to Him; while gladness fills
The valley through:—for ever past life's care-born ills.

LVII.

"Then, ah then! shall Eden's curse be staid;
And for the thorn, the fir-tree shall arise;
And for the brier, come the myrtle's shade;—
Yes, these shall be unto the Lord most wise,
For Zion's name; and the acclaiming skies
Shall hail the change, as everlasting sign
That ne'er again shall Israel's beaming eyes
With tears be fill'd; nor Judah's daughters pine
O'er mercy's promise lost;—all, all is joy divine.

LVIII.

"Arise and shout! for Jesu's light is come,
The glory of the Lord shines forth on thee;
The waiting Gentiles from their distant home
Thy light approach; and kings shall come to see
The brightness of thy rising! o'er the sea
Extend afar thy sight, for gladly they
Themselves shall gather, and to Zion flee.
Sons come from far, and daughters hail the day,
When at thy side they're nursed, and thee their offerings pay.

LIX.

"The wolf and lamb together then shall feed;
The lion too, eat straw like ox or sheep;
And dust shall be the serpent's food indeed:—
For loathsome then, its folds encoiling keep
Their desert place; nor woman longer weep
Her Eden sin, but bruise his fangless head!—
Then shall the earth in halcyon slumber sleep,—
Nor sinners more my holy mountain tread;
Nor yet destroy nor hurt redeemed Israel's bed.

LX.

"Then shalt thou see,– yea, and together flow:—
Thine heart shall fear, and be enlarg'd with peace,
Because the sea's abundance he'll bestow,
And Gentile forces come to thee;—nor cease
The camel droves in multitudes t' increase
Thy store; of Midian and of Ephah too,
The dromedaries come; and the decrease
Of Sheba, shall to Zion's raptured view
Bring store of gold and incense, Heaven's high praise to shew.

LXI.

"All the flocks of Kedar then shall range
Thy pastures, blessed land! Nebaioth's ram
Shall minister to thee;—no longer strange
Thine altar;—they shall come, and change the lamb
Acceptably;—and he,—the great I AM—
The palace of his glory, glorify!—
Who are these, that mid the heavens so calm
Fly as a cloud;—as to their windows high
On joyous wing the tender doves thus gladsome fly?

LXII.

"Surely the isles for me shall, patient, wait;
And Tarshish ships from distant seas shall bring
Their sons; their silver and their golden state
These Gentiles also bear, and to the king
On Jacob's throne, give faith's pure offering
Unto the name of Him, the Lord thy God—
The Holy One of Israel!—whose bright wing
O'ershadows thee; and Christ, who bleeding trod
The stage of life,—adored, shall chase affliction's rod.

LXIII.

"Strangers' sons thy city's walls shall build,
And earthly kings then minister to thee;
For in my wrath thy sinning ones I kill'd:—
But now hath mercy's favours flowed from me;
Therefore, too, thy gates continually
Be open; neither shut by day nor night;—
That to thy folds the Gentile force may flee,
And kings be brought;—all else shall perish quite,
And nations without thrones be whelm'd in Satan's fight.

LXIV.

"The fame of Lebanon shall come on thee;
The fir-tree and the pine, and hard-stemm'd box,
Together come;—and beautify for me
My sanctuary's place;—and on the rocks
Of Zion's hill, far from all ruthless shocks
Of power satanic, glorious shall be made
My feet's immortal place;—and he who knocks
With suppliant hand, and bending comes in shade,
Shall blessed be; on him shall mercy be display'd.

LXV.

"All the despising ones, themselves shall bow
In humbleness to me; and thee shall call
The city of the Lord!—and Zion, thou
To Israel's holy one build up thy wall!
For though, in earlier days, thy memory small
Men had forsaken,—hated and despised,—
And none went thro' thy palaces, or hall
Of sires;—thy joy shall yet be undisguis'd,
And excellence eternal be esteem'd and prized!

LXVI.

"Then, Zion thou, the Gentiles' milk shall draw,
And kingly breasts shall gladly nourish thee;
And thou shalt know that I, the Lord of law
On earth, and princes' boasted equity,—
Am thy Redeemer!—and that all from me
Flows forth—the mighty one of Jacob's sons!
For brass, gold will I bring;—for iron, see
The silver bright;—and brass for wood;—for stones,
Behold the ductile iron now thy mandate owns.

LXVII.

"Thy officers of power will I make peace,
And thine exactors, holy righteousness;—
Fierce violence no more be heard, and cease,
Within thy borders, wasting and distress:
But thou shalt call—oh glorious happiness!
Thy walls salvation and thy portals praise!
Phœbus no more thy dazzled eye shall press,
Nor full-orbed moon give forth her lambent rays;—
The Lord shall be thine everlasting light of days!

LXVIII.

"Thy sun no more shall set, nor moon withdraw
Its beams from thee; for thine eternal light
The Lord shall be; and thou, in prostrate awe,
Shalt see thy day of mourning ended;—night
Decreed to death. Thy people then upright
The land inhabit; and for endless days
Be God's own branches, and his work requite
With glory;—a little one a thousand raise,
And small, a nation strong. The Lord will haste His praise."

LXIX.

So sang the Prophet Bard of Israel's race:
And if, oh thou! whose eyes these verses scan,
Truly of God desirest wisdom's grace,
And yield'st with heart believing to His plan,
E'en *now* that glorious Zion hath began
Her work within thee;—and thy listening ear
Shall own how great the danger lest that man,
To whom the Bible's inspiration clear
Is sent, should lose his Heaven from coward fashion's fear.

LXX.

Fashion's fear!—even so; thou reckless wight,
Whom gold, or rank, or learning can ensnare
To base forgetfulness of God!—and light
Of intellect, but ill can self-love spare
To guide our heavenward course;—or lift the prayer
Of child-like humbleness;—and yet if words
Of Holy Writ, and Jesu's truth be there,
Not all your millions of unsheathed swords,
Can turn one tittle of that wrath, which vengeance hoards![116]

LXXI.

Oh! trust for once, poor self-exalted thing!
A poet's deeply monitory lay;—
Vain all your triumphs till to Christ you bring
Your earthly crowns, and penitently say,
"Lord! worthless I; to thee most humbly pray
To give a heart of flesh for this of stone;
To chase all fears, and blot my sins away;
On reason's seat, faith's sovereign peace enthrone,
And fear's dark doubtings be henceforth for ever flown."

LXXII.

Worldling of high, or wit of low degree,
All stand the same[117] in death's impartial court;
The beggar too, shall as his monarch be,
When trembling pride receives its mortal hurt:—
Then too, alas! will come your sovereign's sport:
For ye are Satan's subjects, and your pride
Must bow at *his* behest; his the dread forte
At agonised remorse, to laugh, and chide
With loudest scoff of hell, the fool that bade him guide.

LXXIII.

Oh! let a brother sinner thee implore,
Who readest here the minstrel's page, to ask
If under human laws, and kingly store
Of earth's best wisdom, thou canst idly bask?—
Nor e'er thy conscience-stricken memory task
With nought rebellious to the King of Kings;
The palace halls frequented, and the cask
Of Bacchanal's deep stream; or virtue's wings
By lust defiled;—say, what the verdict conscience brings?—

LXXIV.

Yes! ye who tended to his kingly grave,
The last of Guelphic race by death o'erthrown;—
Say, was there in that pageant aught could save
From God's descending ire, and misery's moan
At long forgotten mercies? If, nor throne
Of Williams or of Georges, could bestow
Exemption from sin's retrospective groan,
Where, ah! where, will your lorn spirits go
For peace at last, if ye no Saviour's ransom know?

LXXV.

Oh! list again what Heaven through John declares,
When of the last dread days, inspired he sung;—
And told, ere yet blest Zion's princess wears
Her bridal robes, strange woes the nations 'mong
Should sweep the land. Thus saith the angel's tongue:—
"As thief behold I come. Thrice blessed he
Who watcheth well;—whose spotless garments hung
Securely round his form, that none may see
His shame and nakedness,—display all purity.

LXXVI.

"Into one place he gathereth nations round,
And when that angel—(seventh and the last!)
Poured out his vial, lo!—the trembling ground
From Heaven's high temple heard, as with a blast
Of Gabriel's trumpet,—'It is done!—all past!'
Then were there voices; and the thunders roar,
And lightning's vivid arrows, through the waste
Affright the living; and of earthquakes sore,
A greater one is here than e'er shook earth before.

LXXVII.

"The city too was then divided twice,
And all the concourse of the nations fell;—
Great Babylon's remembrance, and her price
Of God-defying glory:—He will well
Repay with wrathful cup what erst befell
His sorrowing servants, and wrath's fiercest wine
Burn their proud lip;—yea! every isle shall tell
By flight, distress;—and mountains too, combine
To leave their solid place, and all their pomp resign.

LXXVIII.

"At that dread hour of God's avenging ire,
Will fall on man, a great destroying hail;—
And then as now, shall men their bosoms fire
With blasphemy of rage;—yes, sore bewail
That scourging plague—that devastating hail!"
Again the isles hear Revelation's voice,
And frighted worldlings pour their descant wail;
For then, alas! to them remains no choice
Of good to come,—untaught with Jesus to rejoice.

LXXIX.

"Another angel came, with seraph power
Descended swift, and 'mid unearthly light
Shed forth his glory, crying, 'This the hour
When Babylon the great is fallen quite;
Yea, fallen!—and become of evil sprite
A loathsome dwelling, and for devil's hold
Of spirits foul;—a cage, with horror dight,
For every unclean bird;—the plague-struck fold
Of man's low pride;—of lust, of blasphemy and gold.'

LXXX.

"Her rampant sins have reached the eternal throne,
And God remembereth her rebellions well;—
Yes! now requites the martyr's dying groan
With double portion of reward;—and hell
Receives *her* chosen ones. What times past befell
Of persecution's deeds, shall He return
With cup twice filled by Satan's demons fell:—
How much did erst her glory proudly burn
And she deliciously reposed—fill up death's urn.

LXXXI.

Of torment and of sorrow give as much
As she of sin's voluptuous rivers drank;
For she hath dared each mentor's faithful touch
To spurn, and say, 'Behold my queenly rank
The nations 'mong;—no widows' wailings dank
Oppress mine ear;—no sorrow shall I see!'
Therefore shall her treasure's faithless bank
Be broken;—in that day her plagues shall bring
Pale death and mourning sad, with famine's ruthless king.

LXXXII.

"In that dread day, with God's avenging fire
She shall be burnt; for He who judgeth all,—
The Lord!—is strong, and in his heavenly ire,
Will bid earth's king bewailingly to call
And her lament:—yes! to their palace wall
Each royal race shall turn, and loudly mourn
Their fornication and luxurious thrall
Of life corrupt;—when as her turrets burn,
They see her smoke ascend, and o'er her beauties yearn.

LXXXIII.

"Standing far off, in fear's remorseful groan,
And at her torment crying loud and long:
'Alas! alas!—that city Babylon
Is fallen!—that great and mighty city—strong
In battle, and in learning, art and song:
Behold in one short hour, her judgments come;—
And merchants, earth's remotest isles among,
Weep and mourn o'er her;—from their distant home
Send forth lamenting strains o'er her ill fated tomb.'

LXXXIV.

"Yea! merchants of her spoils, shall weeping stand,
And they whose wealth from Babylon did flow,
Bewail the torment of her guilty land,
And say,—'Alas! that city great, her woe
Excels all earth's calamities!'—shall know
That, in one hour, her riches God destroys;—
And they who to the ocean's depths did go
On freighted embassies of golden toys,
Shall see her smoke ascend and mourn their fleeting joys!

LXXXV.

"Dust on their heads shall cast and wailing cry,
'Alas! alas! that city grand, wherein
The rich were fed with gold, and ships on high
Filled with her costliness;—the curse of sin
Hath 'whelmed her quite;—and desolate within
She prostrate lies in one sad sorrowing hour!'—
But ah! ye holy ones, let now begin
Your anthems and rejoicings; for her power
O'er you hath ceased, and God's avenging judgments lour.

LXXXVI.

"Most true and righteous are His unseen ways,
And He hath judged thee, Babylon the vile!
His prophets and apostles of all days—
Who shed their blood for Christ, in death could smile
And pray for those who martyred them;—erewhile
By Him forgotten,—or that seemed so,—
Are now avenged; nor shall her gems and gold
Beguile the messenger of wrath and woe,
Which, in that coming hour, shall God on her bestow!

LXXXVII.

"These things accomplished,—lo, I saw heaven ope,
And on a horse, white as the snow's first flake,
Sat Him, the faithful and the true, whose scope
Of princedom and of judgment, earth doth take
The isles and nations o'er;—and battle make,
And vengeance send;—and He, that mighty One,
Had eyes as flames of fire, that ne'er awake
To sorrow more;—His head had crowns upon
Its lordly height;—nameless,—save to Himself alone.

LXXXVIII.

"His clothing was of vesture dipped in blood,
And He was called by saints of God,—the WORD!
Heaven's armies followed him; all they who stood
The shock of persecution,—and did gird
Their forms celestial with truth's flaming sword,
And purest robes of righteousness all white!—
Lo! on their captain's garments see restored
His glorious and His ancient name of light!
Angels, then,—'King of Kings—and Lord of Lords!'—did write.

LXXXIX.

"And I, John, saw the Heavens and earth renewed;—
The first had past away, and I beheld
Jerusalem the fair!—that city, viewed
Descending from on high, by Christ impelled,
And as a bride adorned!—by Him upheld
This glorious tabernacle!—Then 'twas said
Behold Heaven's temple is with men, and well'd
With living waters; and by Jesus fed,
Here God himself shall dwell, and be their holy head!

XC.

"Yea! from their eyes all tears be wiped away:—
Nor death, nor sorrow, crying nor despair,
Nor flesh's pains be found;—the former day
Hath passed! and He that ever ruleth there,
Did from His throne, in heavenly strain, declare,
Behold e'en I, the Lord, make all things new!—
And thus th' Eternal did his mandate bear,
And bid me quickly write:—These words are true
And faithful;—to thy tents repair and grace renew!

XCI.

"Lo! I am Alpha, the beginning WORD;
And Omega, the end of all things here;
To him that is athirst I will accord
Of life's pure fountain, holy as 'tis clear;
And he that overcometh sin and fear
Shall joys inherit!—I, his God will be,
And he my son;—no temple there appear,
For I,—the Lord Almighty,—will decree
The Lamb its temple there; yea all, his glory see!

XCII.

"Nor sun nor moon blest Zion needs to shine;—
For God's own glory lightens it; and ray
Of Jesu's heavenly crown, with His combine
To give eternal light!—and kings, and they
The great of earth, their honours shall convey;—
The ransomed myriads too, that walk her streets,
Shall share that light resplendent! and the day—
For night is not—no portal shut,—there meets
Each blissful eye; while joy her matin song repeats.

XCIII.

"He there displayed a limpid river pure
Of life's immortal spring, as crystal clear—
That from the throne of God, the Lamb, secure
From sin's polluting stains, did then appear!
And in that city's midst, the timeless year
Shewed by the river's brink, the tree of life,
Which yielded fruits, and leaves to dry the tear
Of sorrowing nations, and their bosoms rife
With griefs, in power to heal—and stay sin's deadly strife.—

XCIV.

"No curse satanic there, but throne of God
And Christ, the spotless Lamb, be proudly raised;—
And saints and martyrs—they who erst had trod
The narrow path, and Jesu's offerings praised,
Shall serve Him ever;—and as there they gazed,
Shall see His face, and on their foreheads sealed,
His name be found!—dark Lucifer's be razed!
Behold, saith Christ:—'I come and quickly yield
The blessings which my holy prophets have revealed!'

XCV.

"Thrice blest art they, the sayings here that hold;
For lo I come! yea, quickly come, and will
With righteousness award time's meed;—the gold
Of the eternal mines, to those who still
Hold fast their faith in me;—and wisely fill [prayer;
Their lamps with oil, their hearts with grace and
And as their works partake no sin-fraught ill,
They to the tree of life have passage there,
And Zion's pearled gates shall enter without fear!

XCVI.

"I, Jesus, have mine angels sent e'en now,
To testify, throughout the church's bound,
These sacred truths!—and with a holy vow
To seal their birth:—when Israel shall have found
That I the root of David am;—around
My rays be seen;—the bright and morning star!
And then the Spirit and the bride's sweet sound
Of 'Come' be heard;—and they that righteous are,
Shall echo 'Come!'—advancing on Immanuel's car!

XCVII.

"And now the book is sealed, and he that dares
To add to these the prophet's heaven-taught strains,
Shall of the plagues here written, and the cares
Of mental woe, receive his prideful pains;—
Or if of truths this sacred page contains,
He aught abstract or mar, his future part
In life's immortal book no more retains
His Judge;—but Christ shall bid that soul depart—
From out the heaven-built walls of Zion's holy mart!

XCVIII.

"And He that of these things doth testify
Now saith: 'I come! yea, surely, quickly come!'
And he whose venturous wings of faith outfly
All other prophets, said:—'Lord Jesus, come!'—
And then with apostolic love, for some
Of Israel's favoured ones, asks grace divine!
Yes! for his seven-church brethren sought their home
With special grace to bless, and peace entwine
Their hearts around, and in one heavenly bond combine!"

XCIX.

Reader! of thee the bard entreats belief,
That these predicted and thrice glorious days
Shall in the world, as in the Scripture's leaf,
Be realized ;—and that thy soul delays
Not to believe that, as Christ's sceptre sways
O'er *other* woes, and gives a fairer field
To future throngs, sure then no longer stays
One MANIAC'S HALL !—but mind, as body, yield
A spotless intellect,—by darkness unconcealed!

C.

Yes! then exalted shall that man be known
Who gives to Christ his talents thus refined !—
And noble, as irradiant, virtue's crown
Appear to all, as triumphs then the mind
O'er powers, unfelt before—by Heaven designed
For higher use;—the humble and the wise,
Anon rejoicing in perennial light,
Shall, thro' their conquering Saviour's beaming eyes,
Read Eden's bliss restored in truth's immortal guise!

CI.

And now the minstrel's task is well nigh done;
Nor heedful he what man's contemning voice
May say, if here the approving smile be won
Of Jesu's heavenly love :—'twill more rejoice
The Bard's adventurous muse, than loudest noise
Of fame's but mortal tongue; and aye impart
Nor plaudit nor rebuke. For his the choice
Of maniac theme, and his the practised heart
Those woes to feel, and give to sorrow verse's art!

CII.

If to *thy* soul—lorn, sorrowing one !—be sent
In mercy here some latent balm of peace ;—
If o'er thine ills these lays, not idly spent,
Shall breathe relief, and hope's fair dawn increase, —
And haply bid thy plaintive sighs to cease,
'Twill serve to raise to Christ—thy saving Lord,
A suppliant eye to ask of him that ease
Thy soul demands, and ransom to afford
Its sin-bound state ;—this boon to prayer he will accord.

CIII.

Oh !—vain all self-sought cure of mental ill !—
For while on earth sin's rampant powers shall reign,
Weak reason's stream, and intellect's proud will
Distorted aye shall be, and maniac's pain
Be thine—oh man !—Yes ! Madness yet will gain—
(So dares the muse in faith to prophecy) !—
A more extended sway o'er earth's domain ;—
And till the soul's deep fount we purify,
That growing ill the body's healing will defy.

CIV.

Then, harp, farewell ! and to thy God, oh bard
Of England's far-taught tongue, commit the lay ;—
For He thy trembling step shall safely guard,
And through the world's wide waste in peace convey
Thy lengthened numbers. In that future day
Of righteous retribution, shall restore
The muse her rights ; her unjust woes repay,
And bid her, with thanksgivings, to adore
The hand that from her griefs, of joy hath dealt her more.

cv.

Once then again, dear soothing harp, farewell!
Bard of the isle!—ask silence to arrest
Thy lingering song;—and bid the evening knell
Of labour's curfew bring thee peaceful rest;—
Calm on thy pillowed memory's faithful breast,
Yet untold mercies leave, ere thus again
Thy harp,—by future's prayerful tongue addressed,—
Sound forth some grateful lay to Him, of men
The Saviour!—and the guide of Christian minstrel's pen!

NOTES.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note 1. Page 1.

"*Bard of the Isle!*"

With one or two trifling exceptions, the author had not attempted rhyme since the composition of a fugitive piece, written on the Island of Heligoland, at the mouth of the Elbe; — where, as stated in his notes to the "Diary of a Solitaire,"—he spent six weeks in the Summer of 1809;—or upwards of five and twenty years prior to the composition of the present poem.

Note 2. Page 1.

——"*Where ne'er the lyre before*
"*Hath strung its plaining chords to man's worst woe!*"

Surely no physical or mental suffering can be comparable to the loss of reason;—therefore is it that the author thus designates it as "man's worst woe."

In the most fearful of physical diseases, and amidst all the pangs and privations incident to sudden accidents,—so long as the mind retains its entire consciousness,—there will be a greater or less degree of self-possession; nor can the Author fail to add, that in proportion,

as there is a Christian strength and singleness of heart, the bodily sufferings will prove to be, in no degree, comparable to the prostration of reason and of the sources of that chastened knowledge, which is in truth, the handmaid of religion.

Note 3. Page 2.

"And he of Eden too—the Bard sublime!"

Had we not the example of the leviathan Johnson, it might seem presumptuous to record an opinion derogatory to the fame of the immortal Bard of Eden,—the republican poet and secretary. With this example, however, the minstrel of D******** hesitates not a moment, in avowing his inability to admire much that appertained to the personal history and character of Milton. Hannah More, in one of her recently published letters, speaks of Milton and Cowper as the only poets who united a purely religious feeling with their poetry. Few really Christian poets, such as James Montgomery, were then so much in the ascendant of our modern hemisphere, as, thanks be to (we hope) an improving age, they now are;—else in the practical influence of their respective works over the minds and hearts of *attentive* readers, the author has no hesitation in expressing his decided conviction, that the lays of such Poets as Cowper and Montgomery, have done more in humanizing individual hearts, than either Paradise Lost or Regained, or any minor production of Milton's transcendant muse.

Of some of this great Poet's theological and other views,—particularly with reference to marriage,—the author will not trust himself to say more than that he believes a young person would be much more profitably employed in studying his Bible, than musing over the Christian ethics of Cromwell's Latin Secretary!

The fame of Milton has so invested his *personal* identity with a sort of unapproachable halo, that it needs the confidence;—or, if it so please his blind admirers, the audacity, of Dr. Johnson himself, to give utterance to a syllable in disparagement of him.

While, however, the author of these notes thus unreservedly avows his dissent from some of Milton's opinions, every allusion to his works as THE *Poet* of England, and of the first order of genius, sufficiently conveys, he trusts, his conviction that, in this respect, Milton stands deservedly before all other names.

Oh! for his glorious enlightenment, and exaltation of spirit, when, in allusion to his visual privation, he thus sings :—

" * * * From the cheerful ways of men
" Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
" Presented with an universal blank
" Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
" And wisdom, at one entrance quite shut out.
" So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
" Shine inward, and the mind thro' all her powers
" Irradiate; — there plant eyes, all mist from thence
" Purge, and disperse, that I may see and tell
" Of things invisible to mortal sight!"

Par. Lost, Bk. III. line 46.

Note 4. Page 3.

" *That hath not flowed in tributary stream*
To that Book-sea, by man's proud gifts empearl'd."

It is hoped the reader will pardon so novel a compound of expression as "Book-sea;" but nothing short of this would convey the author's own idea of the actual state of the world of authorship;—that is, including compilations as well as originals.

No more interesting subject, in the whole range of England's vast statistical details, could be found than a comparative statement of the book-selling trade now, and what it was, fifty, or—even in the Author's remembrance,—thirty years ago. But he fears, that, on the great question, whether this interminable flow of intellectual streams to satisfy the voracious cravings of our reading public, flows to the right side or the wrong;—to Christ or Belial,—there will be much difference of opinion.

Note 5. Page 4.

" *Madness such as Shakspeare drew!*"

Nothing can exceed the vivid and painful fidelity, as well as beauty, of the Bard of Avon's maniac characters.—The Lears, Ophelias, &c. —but it will at once be admitted, that they are entirely incidental.

Note 6, 7, 8. Page 4.

"Have Addison or Thomson; — Gay or Young."

How few of the wits and poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, were decidedly Christian in the aim and tenor of their writings. — The elegant Addison, with all his acknowledged and welcome influence on the public taste of his day, and with no mean success in his efforts to refine the morals and habits of his readers;— spite also too of his Saturday's avowedly serious papers in the Spectator, and of occasional allusions to Religion,—can, in no sense, be said to be a decidedly Christian writer; such for example, as was the eminently gifted and indefatigable Hannah More. Of the luxuriant poet of the Seasons,—though with many fine passages of religious feeling breathing through his pages, and with a concluding hymn almost unrivalled in the language,—surely it cannot be said that he aimed at being more than the first and ablest of Nature's Minstrels;—or that his object went much beyond mere description, however splendid or exquisite those descriptions are? Of Gay, it is painful to speak in other than terms of admiration, for the "Fables" he has bequeathed us: but what will the reflecting Christian say to his "Beggars' Opera?"

Of Young, the Author would fain record his gratitude as well as praise;—and he doubts very much whether the muse of "darkness, and silence, solemn sisters-twain," is yet appreciated as his Night Thoughts deserve. — Whatever may be the charges brought against the preferment-hunting Dr. Young, "The Solitaire" has no hesitation in expressing his firm conviction that his great work has done more for practical religion in the heart, by directing and elevating our thoughts on the every-day themes of life, death, immortality and friendship—than either of Milton's works.

Well may the Notist say, gratitude, in reference to his own obligations to the "Night Thoughts;"—which, next to Paley's Natural Theology, had more influence in fixing the standard of his more serious views, than any other human production whatever. And well does he remember, during his sojourn on the Island of Heligoland, in the Summer of 1809, sitting up nearly the whole of one night, and reading two-thirds of those powerful and eloquent "Thoughts" without stirring from his seat. This was within a year or two of his first perusal of Paley's admirable and conclusive work; — which was in fact, to him, the providential instrument of converting

him from a state of mind bordering upon absolute atheism, and which beset him from the age of sixteen to eighteen or nineteen.

Note 9. Page 5.

"E'en Cowper pure,—the Bard whom all must please."

It is evident the sensibilities of this truly Christian Poet, were too great, and his intercourse with the general world too limited, to give him the requisite nerve for the effort the D******** muse has attempted to achieve; nor is it likely that his personal rank would introduce him, in the private asylum which he did enter, to the patients indiscriminately—as in the case of the present Author's more humble origin.

Note 10, 11. Page 5.

"Of later Bards, the Byrons and the Scotts."

The Author has already ventured a few free remarks on the first of these favourite poets of modern days, and for the free spirit of his estimate of the *real* standing of Lord Byron,—not in man's but in God's sight,—brought upon himself some tremendous anathemas from the minor critics, who were pleased to designate said remarks as "audacious;" — and to commend the author's attention to the Saviour's injunction of "Judge not, that ye be not judged." It is not in a vain defiance of reviewers such as these, that the Author once more repeats his perfect indifference towards the great mass of them; and will merely on his part recommend that sapient critic to study his Bible a little more closely, before he ventures, in so puerile a way, to utter passages about as applicable as the twenty-third of Matthew to himself; and over which the latter Author would, with all Christian frankness, advise him deeply to ponder.

The writer of these notes has not a moment's hesitation in subscribing, without a single exception, to the remarks contained in the notes to his former little work; and it is with no small pain, that he is now, from a sense of duty, compelled to include the greater portion of Sir Walter Scott's works, as amongst those that were neither penned in the fear of God, nor designed to work his glory; however much He may, in His inscrutable wisdom, over-rule, for a certain faint species of good, the overwhelming mass of publications, of which, in

Sir Walter's works, and as the inciter of imitative pens, the Author of Waverly has been the parent.

This is not the place to enter into the discussion whether novel reading be a blessing or an evil. But, although unhesitatingly taking the latter as his estimate of such productions, the Author will content himself with saying, that, he is quite alive to the negative merit which myriads of good sort of people, professing to be Christians, attach to the labours of Scott,—particularly those founded on, or allied to, history;—viz, that he has done far more than any preceding writer, to refine and improve the taste for works of fiction; and therein must be considered as a great benefactor to the national literature of Britain.

This, however, does not deter the Author from expressing his opinion, from personal experience, of the evil which attaches to all reading of this description. Twenty years ago, some of the works of Fielding, Richardson, Smollett, La Sage and others were familiar to him. But what sentiment arises on the retrospect?—Why, solemnly and truly this—thankfulness to God, that the hand of death had not seized him during this state of indifference to subjects of infinitely higher moment;—the safety of his own soul, and the influence of his example on younger and less experienced minds. Here the Author would seriously put it to his Christian readers,—and of the younger class especially,—to determine for themselves whether the perusal of the Waverly novels, rather than Tom Jones, or Pamela, has, in the slightest degree, contributed to render the Bible,—in such hours as they are pleased, for conscience sake, to devote to its sacred truths, more welcome to their hearts and their tastes. It is not as a novice in the world's school, that the Author expresses his total disbelief of any such assertion, by whomsoever made.

If any evidence be wanted of the danger of such popular writings, surely that evidence is demonstrable in the fact that countless persons have deemed this man, Sir Walter Scott, to be so deservedly the idol of popular and enthusiastic admiration, as to subscribe some fifty or sixty thousand pounds to purchase Abbotsford;—and thousands more to erect a monument to his memory. What, alas! does all this fever of exciting love of man and his deeds, witness to the more sober and thinking Christian? Unquestionably this, that they are all clean gone out of the narrow into the broad way, "that leadeth to" &c.:—let them find the context in the words of Him, who, unlike the foxes with their holes, or the birds with their nests, "had not where to lay his head."

The Author repeats, that it is no light—nay, he admits it to be a very painful task thus, oracularly as it were, to denounce by wholesale, the favourite pursuits of the myriads who, at this moment, may be indulging their leisure over the pages of that extraordinarily gifted man;— but experience and truth will not permit him to withhold the honest expression of his feelings on the subject.

Note 12. Page 5.

To "Death"—a Porteous—

How delightful is it to a thoughtful mind to turn from the contemplation of a character such as Sir Walter Scott's, still blazing forth with its halo of unsanctified applause—to the mild, the exalted, though comparatively obscure fame of Dr. Porteous;—whose station and actual usefulness as an individual, as much surpass those of the Author of "Waverly," or "the Lay of the Last Minstrel," as the unutterably cheerful and pious deportment of the Bishop at the hour of death, did the impatient restlessness of the man who needed,—if public report say true,—the stimulus of a novel to soothe the fretfulness of his latter days.

Let Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter determine,—however guardedly compiled;—let many a letter therein published declare, as compared with the Bishop's in his own Life, and especially in the recent publication of Hannah More's Correspondence, which of these two men stood highest in right estimation.

Note 13. Page 8.

"For Bloomfield holds his yet unbroken spell."

In some recent extracts from the letters of a man of decided talent, the Author observed a very disparaging remark or two on the standing of Bloomfield as a poet; and however popular he may still continue, amongst a certain class of readers, the Author is very much disposed to unite in the belief, that the "Farmer's Boy" has been somewhat over-rated.

Note 14. Page 9.

"Ah! what of Chatterton?—ill fated bard!"

The interest excited by this extraordinary, but mournful son of genius, in the fabrication of the Radcliffe manuscripts, appears, for a time, to have been almost as great as that between the Ossianites and MacPhersonites. And in truth it must have required much greater talents to produce, with garb and thought suited to a by-gone age, a series of poetic compositions such as the seemingly antiquated contents of the oaken chest at Bristol, than would have been necessary, supposing them genuine, for their first production.

But what folly, what consummate absurdity, to seek in this way to catch the notice of the prurient but heartless public!—and where, alas! did it end? The unfortunate youth, conscious of the powers which God had bestowed upon him, but wanting in that due regulation of his ambitious thoughts, and insatiate desires for merely human fame, became disgusted with neglect; and finally, stung to desperation by self-conceit and absolute want, terminated an unhappy life, by an awful death; leaving in his wayward career and pride-sought suicide, a fearful lesson to future aspirants for public favour.

Note 15. Page 9.

"Ah! reckless Burns."

How few, alas! of the noblest class of minds in Britain's long catalogue of Poets, are those on whom, like Young or Cowper, the reader can look with unmingled pleasure. How much of the conflicting combinations of sin and self, with transcendant endowments, is to be found in the history of by far the greater majority of those who hold distinguished niches in the temple of fame. If of any one more than another this remark be true, it is so of the author of "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and of many of the letters contained in his life.

More exquisite purity of sentiment, exalted feeling, and right nobleness and independence of mind, are to be found in what is left us of Burns, than in one half of the flattering sycophancies of Queen Anne's days of wit and wealth. But the Author of these desultory

notes, will only stay to express his entire sympathy with that prominent trait in the Scotch Bard's character—independence of the great.—Oh yes! in the language of truth and earnestness, the Quaker muse of D******** could implore the annihilation of his faculties, rather than prostrate them to the flattering and belying of the rich and the noble of the land,—too often worthless in reality, as conspicuous in rank and station. Burns, with his high-minded feelings of superiority over the paltry distinctions of mere purse and condition, spoke with unmeasured contempt of those weak and pompous souls who deemed their titles of Dukes, Lords, or Baronets, to be a passport to every enjoyment that earth can bestow; and amongst them, that of claiming, out of feigned condescension, the presence at their mob conversazioni, of the newest literary "lion" of the day—and the Bard of "Tam O'Shanter" among the rest. It is not in the act itself, that the Author finds much to blame;—but in the accompanying assumption that a man of genius being thus, for example, invited to the soirée of some great lord or lady, must sink his pretensions to intellectual superiority, and hold himself ready to exhibit his colloquial as well as poetic powers, with the same avowed intent as the fire-eater, or Belzoni's feats of strength, viz. the *amusement* of the company assembled. Let such a man as Burns, or any other equally independent spirit, enter a large party of this description, and feel himself, by the real kindness and friendly demeanour of his noble host or hostess, entirely disembarrassed, and the Author would then admit that he is placed in circumstances peculiarly favourable for the development of his talents, and usefulness in society.

In the right dignity which mind ought ever to hold, in relation to all the adventitious circumstances of either personal attraction, rank, or mere fortune, Burns was a poet of nature's noblest quality;—and could uncompromisingly avow his contempt for the pretensions of the world's most exalted minions—i. e. exalted merely in the sense of high station or great wealth.

But alas! alas! the moralizing "Solitaire" cannot suffer this note in commendation of Burns's nobler traits of character, to pass without reminding his reader of the lamentable truth, that mental gifts, however superior, will do nothing for the poor sinning possessor, unless a higher principle—the principle of divine grace, —reign supreme over all his faculties and affections.

With what pain must the mournful death of Burns be contemplated by a Christian reader!

Note 16. Page 11.

"*Yes, Laureate Bard!—to memory's sight most dear.*"

The reader will pardon the few lines of tributary esteem to one of the most amiable as well as accomplished characters of the present day,—the truly Christian Bard of Keswick. And much does the Author lament that in the midst of a still brilliant and sedulous career of literary labour, the mysterious hand of Providence has seen fit to intercept, for a time,—would that he might dare to hope for a brief time only!—the mental capabilities of his much loved friend.

The Author may fairly rejoice, that, with the splendid but dark productions of Lord Byron's muse, in the form of Harolds, Giaours, Laras, Conrads, and Don Juans, &c.,—still perpetually pouring in fresh streams from the press of Albemarle Street,—a Bard of acknowledged excellence and moral purity, has at length commenced so desirable a task as that of presenting a new and complete edition of his own Poems. Beginning with "Joan of Arc," of which, in a letter to the Author, he beautifully though plaintively remarks:—"I have corrected it with no common care, and though many juvenile faults unavoidably remain, I have left nothing, which, upon any higher consideration than of taste, I can now in my sad and sober moments disapprove."

Note 17. Page 11.

"———*Nor Wordsworth, pure as gold.*"

How greatly is the pleasure of a tour among the lovely and romantic scenery of Cumberland enhanced by the privilege of social intercourse with the master spirits that inhabit that delightful region of peace and seclusion. Such happiness the "Solitaire" was permitted to enjoy during a transient visit of a few days to the neighbourhood of Keswick, in the summer of 1835: when, amongst other short excursions, the Author took a memorable and intensely interesting one with Southey himself, along Keswick water, to the left towards one of the hidden small lakes or tarns seldom visited by strangers;—and then, crossing the hills, descended into Borradale and returned through the gorge. The Author had, the same journey, a practised poney, and after enjoying, at a distance of 16 miles, a lake breakfast with his excellent friend the late Rev. O—— L——, accompanied him in a ramble over the hills behind Ambleside, and sweeping round its

summit towards Langdale, came over its highest point towards Rydal; called and dined with Wordsworth, and had just glance enough both of his lovely retreat—and of his own pure, enlightened, and patriotic mind, to form a satisfactory estimate of the taste and virtues of the man; and to prove the entire harmony of the picture presented by the Poet in his works, and the individual in his every-day life.

Note 18. Page 12.

"Montgomery, thee—with harp not least divine."

Well does it become the Christian and discursive character, to dwell for one moment,—not only on the surpassing beauty of every thing that proceeds from the "Iris" Bard, — but on the pure and lofty feeling of devotion which invariably breathes through the whole of his poetry. The Author, some two or three and twenty years ago, had the pleasure of accompanying a few friends with whom Montgomery was acquainted, to spend the afternoon at his domicile; and the scene and animated flow of rich converse, sustained principally by the Poet himself, is as vividly present to the memory as though it were but an incident of yesterday.

Note 19. Page 12.

"I ween, dear Barton."

The diarist is not without some qualms of delicacy in alluding to a brother in church-fellowship, and speaking favourably of the improving intellectual character of the Society to which he belongs. He ventures, however, to claim the right of exercising an unbiassed judgment on the state of the world around him; and hopes, that without undue partiality for his own, or prejudice against any other class of the community, he may be permitted to record his increasing attachment to the principles of that Society, and belief also of its advancing status in intellectual and scientific attainments.

Note 20. Page 14.

"And richer Akenside."

This Poet seems to be quite gone out of date;—as much so, as Dr. Donne and even the later Bards of Queen Anne:—for who now talks of Dryden, Pope, or the poets of that day? The fresh

and more welcome tide of the Scotts, Byrons, Moores, Shellys, Keats, L. E. L.'s, Hunts, &c. &c., seems to keep back the still and deeper waters of the preceding age. In the interval appeared Akenside's splendid and philosophic Poem "the Pleasures of the Imagination," and yet no one now thinks of finding pleasure there, save those only who know the rich contents both of the subject and the poem.

Note 21. Page 14.

"One half the lays of minstrelsy's false birth
Could, by a Tighe or Akenside displaced,
Redeem———"

Well may the Author associate the accomplished Authoress of "Psyche" with the neglected Mark Akenside. How few of the age of twenty-five in the present day have seen, even if they have heard of, Mrs. Tighe's exquisite Poem. At once chastely philosophic in argument, and richly clad in all the endowments of poetic eloquence.

Note 22. Page 15.

"A Beattie,—Blair."

The reader will perhaps pardon a little egotism now and then.—The Author feels impelled to say, that after having accomplished the versifying part of his labours in the poem of "Madness," he finds an indescribable pleasure in relieving his mind in this way, of many a vagrant thought and memoried incident. It is with an especial feeling of delight that he recalls his early fondness for Beattie's "Minstrel;"—one of the most beautiful and richly sentimental poems in the language. But it may seem less surprising that a certain degree of innate attachment should grow up with the Author's growth, inasmuch as his father even, before the D******** Bard had passed his teens, was fond of quoting the Minstrel in reference to his son;—and in actually giving him the same name, the Author is very much inclined to ascribe it to his parent's admiration of the Scottish Muse.

Certainly, in a deep and enthusiastic attachment to the beauties of natural scenery, and in his love of seclusion, "The Solitaire" claims an especial congeniality with the mind and temperament of his namesake the 'Minstrel.'

In one sense—his father's occasional quotation of the line—

"And yet our Edwin was no vulgar boy,"

was entirely correct, his whole life through.—The Author, now at an age beyond fifty, feels this most sensibly to have been the case. He is conscious that, in his whole nature,—in the structure of his mind, intense susceptibility of his feelings and passionate love of solitude,—there is quite enough to have marked him out from earliest childhood as no common or "vulgar boy." Is this what may, with any fairness, be termed self-praise? The Author ventures to think not; — inasmuch as his father, — a man of no ordinary mind, and for many years a friend and correspondent of the late excellent Bishop of Durham, Shute Barrington, as well as many other of the enlightened spirits of his day,—did not scruple thus to designate his youngest son.

Note 23. Page 15.

"For what weak recourse
Can struggling reason have to scenes above,
Since she, unseated, must in self's dark trammels move?"

It is this melancholy and most affecting fact with regard to the self-immured state of a maniac's mind, that has often and often attracted the attention of the Author, when in the quoit-ground, cricket-field, or a country ramble, he has looked upon the countenances, and watched the conduct and thoughts of his fellow-patients. All, all marks the lamentably debased state of the *spiritual* man:—nothing but what, in some way or other, affects the *body*, i. e. the "self" of the man, seems to have the slightest hold upon either affection or aversion. Many a time has he contemplated the solitary figure of an insane person, walking around the field, absorbed apparently in his own deep meditative musings,—and on touching but with a single word, any one chord of his self-bound soul, alas! you find it all "of the earth, earthy!"

Note 24. Page 16.

"'Tis God himself that saith
On him that sinneth—rich or poor—descends my wrath."

The reader will probably gather enough of the Author's general views of the subject from the preceding note, to be prepared for the expression of the further distinct and decided opinion, that to sin,—either *direct* in the individual sufferer himself, or *indirect* by inheritance from parents predisposed to disease and insanity,—all suffering, both mental and bodily is to be attributed. This is neither a fitting occasion nor place for a deliberate argument on the subject; but the Author, with the Bible in one hand, and the pen in the other, would not hesitate to maintain his position against any one who deems the opinion to be hastily formed. Having, however, said thus much, he feels it right further to say, that till the grace of God change the heart of the patient, male or female, he has no sort of dependence upon any mere human means,—either as to the body's health, or the mind's sanity,—beyond the ordinary and, he admits, not unimportant ones, of seclusion and employment.

Note 25. Page 17.

"Say wilt thou, then, gay trifler, heedless go
And deem that thou no part in grief shalt take?"

Can any one take up a newspaper, and see occasionally a police report, with the extolled and high sounding names of the Marquis of ——, or the young Lord ——, attached to some night charge of wrenching off knockers, or attacking watchmen, &c. and follow these miscalled noble miscreants to their paternal mansions, surrounded by all the luxuries and appurtenances which rank and gold can offer,—reposing on their downy beds of indolence and greedy self-indulgence;—can any one so watching one of these "gay triflers" of the *haut ton*, hesitate to admit that the minstrel is perfectly borne out in the strong allusions he has made to their reckless and heartless indifference to the happiness and sufferings of others; and that, in conduct at least, they shew to the world their sinful confidence that, to them, the swelling flow of insanity's tide is not doomed to reach; or they would not thus set at defiance all feeling of respect for the rights and enjoyments of others.

Oh, ye ill-fated sons of titled insolence and profligacy! Would that the laws were more impartially exercised towards you; and then most sure is the Author, that no blackguard with silk stockings on his legs, and mischief in his conduct, would escape the tread mill;—spite of the elegant card-case which conveys the secret of his birth as a "Marquis," or one of the "honourables" of the land! The Writer is perfectly astounded to see instance after instance of these nocturnal pranks, passed off with simply extorting the real names of the parties, and then levying some petty pecuniary fine. Nothing, were he on the bench, short of either the stocks or the treadmill, would satisfy his conscience as the righteous punishment of these insolent and ruffian coxcombs, parading the streets, and in their drunken frolics, spoiling the property and disturbing the peace of industrious citizens!

Note 26. Page 18.

"Oh! could the bard with Michael's trump but sound
Through London's halls—and ah! through London's 'hells.'"

It requires no extraordinary spirit of divination to say that God's permanent blessing will never rest on this country,—even though the acts of our youthful monarch's reign shall be all directed by that due sense of Christian purpose in their origin and final adoption, which so especially becomes the pure, exalted, and pious education she has received,—till these dens of iniquity are utterly despoiled—their banks and buildings confiscated, and the reckless frequenters consigned to their rightful destiny—transportation or the Penitentiary. No doubt, this sweeping and predictive language will cause strange grimaces and distortions of face; contemptuous coughings and laughings, amongst the high-bred sons of gambling;—but the Author would merely retort in two words—in looking forward to the days spoken of at large in his Seventh Canto—"*nous verrons.*"—Does the poor sinner say, who shall see? Those, the Bard replies, who, taking the Bible for their standard of life, and the Grace of God for the power, by which alone that standard can in any degree be attained, shall, in the latter days, witness the final overthrow of these palace-girt resorts of Satanic avarice.

Alas! how appropriate is the designation of these caves of

"unclean birds and all abominable things"—"Hell!"—the Devil shews himself to be a consummate master of language in this matter; never, since Eve ate the forbidden fruit, or Cain slew his brother, was an expression more fitly used to convey its right meaning!

Note 27. Page 18.

"An anodyne, such as the Papist culls
From out his store of Rome's gold-purchased prayers."

It is with some degree of reluctance, that the Author permits this reflection upon the Church of his Roman Catholic brethren to remain; but under the conviction that were the pure spirits of Pascal, or Fenelon, or A'Kempis, to revisit the earth, they would, as heartily as himself, condemn the prostitution of Church power to venal purposes, he is content that the line should stand just as it was originally struck off.

Note 28. Page 20.

"Harp of the Isle! attune to Jesu's day."

There are assuredly many extraordinary indications that the world is undergoing great and marvellous changes. The almost incredible distribution of the Sacred Writings throughout every land, and in almost every language of the habitable globe;—the rapid growth of knowledge,—not only in England, but in Prussia, Bavaria, Greece, and other parts of Europe, as well as in Egypt, Turkey, and elsewhere;—the improvements in every department of science and art;—the daily extension of railroads, and steam boats;—all seem to demonstrate that, in another generation or two, the world will exhibit a state of things even more wonderful than that which the last thirty or forty years has exhibited. Whether this be indeed "the dawn of Jesu's day,"—the dim twilight of the prophetic ages,—Omniscience alone can say; but the Author is certainly inclined to side with those that think we are on the eve of great and unlooked-for changes: whether for good or for evil, (speaking with man's short-sighted views,—for all will ultimately be well)—the future only can determine.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

Note 29. Page 23.

" And if, as much we fear, the coming age
Shall teem with woes beyond all former pains."

To the easy, amiable, and even religiously disposed majority of the professing world, the author is prepared to believe that his sentiments on some deeply interesting and important subjects, would appear greatly at variance with those of others.

To the many estimable persons, who, being tolerably good themselves, and living in circles guarded by all the privileges of the domestic altar;—where the peaceful hearth resounds with the morning and evening family prayer;—and where the subjects of reading, intercourse in life, and contemplation of Bible and missionary exertions, lead to the notion that England, more especially, is rapidly advancing to the millennial age of peace and purity;—to this large and valuable class, the author fears, indeed, that his own views on these subjects will be unwelcome;—and that it will possibly, at once, sweep from the perusal of his poem a numerous and influential body of readers. It may be so;—and the author deems it wise to prepare his mind for so probable a result, when the nature of his opinions, either through reviews or otherwise, becomes sufficiently known.

But the reader, on his part, is entreated to consider, that he who takes up the Bible with a sincere and prayerful earnestness to obtain a perfect knowledge of God's will;—and which will, we con-

tinually pray, "may be done on *Earth* as it is done in Heaven,"—will assuredly find many things hard to be understood by the natural man, and greatly at variance with the pleasing anticipations of some of these amiable but visionary religionists.

The author will, most probably, return to this intensely interesting subject in his notes on the Seventh Canto, in which he has drawn liberally from the prophetic books of Scripture; and in which he trusts easily to show, to those who accept those sacred writings as the undoubted voice of inspiration and revelation from God himself, that there must necessarily be a transition much more eventful and awful than the world has yet known, ere mankind can be released from the artificial state in which the world and its affairs are now conducted; and be fitted for the paradisaic bliss which it is foretold shall accompany the reign of the Messiah.

When the author sees, in the current history of his own favoured country, a more decided evidence that the rulers of the earth are in earnest in their desires,—not only to ameliorate the temporal,—but to advance the spiritual condition of the countless myriads over whose destiny Providence permits them, as ministers and counsellors of their young and royal mistress, to hold entire control;—when the author sees unequivocal evidences of this kind, he will have greater confidence in the hope that the divine blessing may yet be more wonderfully manifested than has hitherto been the case.

So long as prime ministers and their colleagues are indifferent to the moral and religious welfare of their country;—so long as no effort is made to stretch forth the hand of legal power, and to stay by treaties the abhorrent curses of the slave-trade and slavery in the earth; and at home, the gambling-houses, — gin palaces, —Sunday concerts — state-dinners and travelling, &c., — the mourning "Solitaire" has a growing and unalterable conviction that some tremendous calamity — some awful visitation of the Divine anger, — as certainly awaits England as it did Jerusalem of old!

One word more in the present note on the shameless breaches of the Sabbath. The author, in a subsequent page of his text, has alluded to Railroads, and to the power of Directors to prevent this sad evil of Sabbath travelling. Of the practicability and even policy of this, on the ground of pecuniary consideration, an influential member of the London and Birmingham Direction, published, a year or two ago, a most admirable and conclusive pamphlet, demonstrating,— so far as fair and legitimate reasoning on Christian grounds could

do,—not only the gross violation of the Sabbath every way, in permitting the trains to run at all, but also, that the returns in the end would be improved by it. Oh! that this enlightened but now lamented friend of humanity—a member also of one of the most distinguished families among the philanthropists of the middle classes of this country—had succeeded in effecting his object on this important question when it came to the vote at their own board!

Nor can the author forbear here adverting to the zealous exertions on this subject of the more extensively known brother (Joseph Sturge) of his deceased friend, also a Director of the same board; —and who, failing in his Christian efforts to carry the question, instantly resigned his seat.

Note 30. Page 25.

"For ah, too true! amid the gathering scope
Of mental ills, our gentler sisters grope
Their darkening way in throngs most numerous."

The author believes that the opinion here expressed, as to the greater number of cases of insanity being on the female side, will be borne out by a reference to the average returns of many establishments, both public and private, throughout the country. Were he disposed to hazard a sentiment as to the cause of this predominance, he would certainly venture to ascribe it, in the majority of cases, to the greater susceptibility of the one sex over the other;—and be it always remembered that insanity, under almost every possible form, shows itself more in the feelings and affections, than in the reasoning faculty. For both men and women are often shrewd and close reasoners, when at the same time, the feelings either of love, hatred, revenge—pride, vanity or lust—are fearfully and unnaturally excitable.

Note 31. Page 25.

"Then first, oh thou, by fortune kindly blest,
And led, in sympathetic love for these,
The outcasts of the social world, t'invest
Thy cankering gold in schemes that God may please."

How many are there, who, after a prosperous career in business or professional life, retire at the age of sixty—often at fifty—with an average period of fifteen or twenty years of comparative idleness before them:—for the man who thinks his work to be done, his part

fully acted, and therefore entitled to spend the remainder of his days in Utopian visions of peaceful seclusion, is, if his views rest there, to all intents and purposes, an idle man.

He may be liberal in his expenditure, kind to the poor, and a conversible neighbour; but the author holds these as insufficient to satisfy the strict sense which a Christian ought to possess of his duty towards society under circumstances of fortune and leisure. There are many ways in which the habits of business, knowledge of mankind, and abundance of wealth may, with excellent effect, be brought into public, though not ostentatious, usefulness. Such an individual might at once enlist himself as the patron and active supporter of Bible, missionary or charitable institutions in the neighbourhood;—in which, however plenteous the harvest of individual good to be reaped, the labourers are comparatively few.

Amongst the causes of humanity in which the retired merchant or tradesman might, in some instances, safely enlist his fortune and experience, is that to which allusion is made in the text. In the conduct of an asylum, the office and duties of the superior are simply those of oversight:—having been, in the first instance, careful in the selection of properly qualified attendants, and in the appointment of experienced medical practitioners for stated attendance upon his patients. The actual labour of the proprietor himself is reduced very much to the daily inspection of the patients, and the general economy of the institution. The author is well aware, that what he suggests, implies that the individual so embarking in a scheme of painful responsibility like this, must possess certain qualifications in his personal character which do not appertain to all. A firmness and decision of purpose, blended with kindness of manner, and a real untiring sympathy for those entrusted to his care, are absolutely indispensable. Without the first, his treatment of the wayward entreaties of his patients would engender more mischief than by any kindness could be restored;—and on the other hand, if that decisive course be not accompanied with gentleness and urbanity of deportment, an excited patient soon takes umbrage at the slightest supposed offence;—and a paroxysm of rage might assail his peace for a whole day, merely from the use of some hasty or untoward expression. In addition to these, an extensive acquaintance with human nature from long intercourse in the world, is not only important, but, generally speaking, is one of the advantages that a retired man of business possesses, over the mere inheritor of wealth.

NOTE 32. Page 26.

"*Attendants on thy will.*"

Of all subjects connected with the proper treatment of insanity, the importance of securing suitable *attendants* for the patients, has most deeply impressed the author's mind. Too many, he fears, who, for mere lucre's sake, open establishments of this description, are content with the presence of mere physical force;—that is, of active healthy persons, of strength equal to any emergency which may befall them from an excited or fitful patient.

So long since as 1820, the author's attention was especially drawn towards this point, and he regrets that he cannot even now change, in one iota, the opinion he then formed, with regard to the class of persons usually engaged, in public as well as private asylums, to sustain the multifarious duties of attendants.

It would seem almost to have escaped the notice of those who have the superintendence or conducting of these establishments, that it is not a question of bodily strength only, however indispensable this may be; but that till more attention is paid to their eligibility as *companions*, as well as attendants, these institutions will never be conducted as they ought to be. For although it may happen that in fifty, or even a hundred cases, there may not be above eight or ten sufficiently convalescent to occupy their minds with subjects congenial to their former pursuits;—yet if there be but one single individual of a superior and intelligent mind, it becomes a paramount duty, that the person with whom he or she is brought most frequently into contact,—as of course, will be the case with the attendant,—should possess a mind equal to any subject which may interest or engage the attention of the patient.

Nothing is more calculated to disgust and increase the excitement of a convalescent and sensitive mind, than to be subject to the low, and necessarily ignorant, talk of even the most civil, and for their station in life, the best informed of the class almost invariably chosen to perform the important duties of attendance and companionship. But here, reader, is at once a solution of the whole matter. It is perfectly obvious that, till this view of the subject has sufficiently impressed the minds of proprietors and conductors of these establishments with a sense of its importance, to induce them to engage and to *remunerate accordingly*, a properly qualified

and educated attendant, no competent person would consent to immure himself within the walls of an asylum, and submit to the painful but necessary duty of being almost constantly present with the patients. Till therefore, as to a school tutor, a salary of at least from fifty to one hundred, instead of fifteen or twenty pounds, be offered to such an individual, things must continue to be grossly mismanaged; and a susceptible,—or if it please the medical folks so to designate him,—an excitable patient, must still struggle through his probation of confinement, unsolaced by the presence and mental help of a spirit of his own grade of education and feeling.

Of the importance of what the author has now suggested, his mind is increasingly convinced;—and although unwilling to dwell much upon his own sufferings, he could a tale unfold of the horrors of being subject to the reckless, rude, and barbarous ignorance of attendants, that would make his readers shudder. But he is willing to close the scene, in the hope that his present volume will, in this and possibly in some other respects, attract more of the public attention and sympathy towards this increasingly numerous class of suffering humanity than has yet been manifested.

In mere idiocy or violent madness;—or where the patient is an uninformed person, all that can be wanted is regularity in the performance of an attendant's duties:—punctuality, cleanliness, and cheerfulness, are then the main requisites.

Note 33. Page 27.

"———————— *would in mercy throw*
The gentlest veil."

In addition to the remarks of the preceding note, the author feels that his mind is not relieved without further expressing his unalterable conviction, that till the character of attendants can be universally spoken of as a class of really pious devoted Christians, as well as mere civil servants, no asylum can be what it ought to be. This remark the author adds, under a feeling of uncompromising fidelity to that Jesus who has mercifully aided him in struggling through the fearful probation to which a threefold confinement has subjected him;—and that, not on the ground of being either a maniac or an imbecile, but an excited patient; or in other words, the victim of too great a degree of mental sensibility.

NOTE 34. Page 27.

"*For though not to physician's art, the fires*
Of madness yield their force."

Oh! ye erring physicians and philosophers, who think by cupping and cathartics to dispossess the poor demented minds under your charge, of the mysterious inmate which has disturbed the current of their feelings, and deranged the powers of the intellect! would that your folly may not some day descend upon your own pates—upon your too frequent ignorance of your patient!

On the question of bodily health—of the paramount importance of preserving, as far as may be, the due performance of the ordinary functions of mere animal life, no one could be more strenuous in his advocacy of proper medical attendance, than the author. But *beyond this*, keep your physical nostrums to yourselves. The reader may readily imagine that these strong expressions arise from the author's having often been subject to these absurdities, when he was in the best possible health; when his activity and power of exertion were in full play, and the functions of the body perfectly regular. Such, he laments to say, has been the case;—and if he had not some few sparks of friendly feeling towards the otherwise intelligent medical men who had thus treated him, he would unhesitatingly narrate the details of their absurd proceedings, and idle, or rather evil, results of increasing instead of diminishing excitement. He can meet—if he should perchance again meet them—and greet them as old friends;—but let them beware of touching upon their dogmas about excitement and insanity!

This is all a part of that sadly defective system under which the whole subject of insanity remains.

To such of his readers as feel an interest in what is doing and saying relative to this neglected class of sufferers, the author would strenuously urge the perusal of the short debate 22d of 9th month (September) 1841, on that devoted and Christian Philanthropist Lord Ashley's moving the further progress of the Lunacy Bill.

Of the fearful facts there referred to—and of the truth of which, the author from his knowledge of other cases, has not the slightest doubt—what can—rather, what *ought* to be said in a civilized—much more a Christian country like England? Why, at least, that being known, by no possibility should such things be allowed to continue.

Note 35. Page 28.

"For shunning thee, blythe exercise, man's driven
To moping idleness!"

The author will again confess that the penning these notes affords no inconsiderable relief to a sensitive mind, who has had three months at one time, six months at another, and nearly the same period a third time, to observe, with close scrutiny, the various shades of insanity which, in public and private asylums, have come under his notice;—and on the important subject of bodily exercise, he is fain to express his conviction, that sufficient attention is rarely paid to it. He remembers particularly, at the Friends' Retreat in 1834, noticing the singular deportment of one fellow-sufferer who would either sit by the fire, if winter, nearly the whole day,—or in fine weather, station himself at some corner of the grounds and stand for hours, or only move a few paces. The individual ate freely, and was stout, not to say corpulent;—and so convinced was the author he wanted more exercise, that he once uttered aloud the idea of placing the individual in a child's go-cart and harnessing a donkey, with a boy or keeper to drive it for an hour or two;—and he verily believes that this gentle, though compulsory, procedure would soon have had the effect of occasioning the requisite exercise by a voluntary walk on the part of the patient.

No attendant is fit for his vocation who has not his eye constantly upon the personal habits and exercise of those over whom he has control;—and yet the author fears that, in by far too many instances, this is little thought of, and the patient consequently dreams and exists on from one year to another in a state of bodily, as well as mental, disease.

Note 36. Page 29.

"Fail not to store
Thy table with amusements."

Next to walking exercise, the subject of out-door and in-door amusement is of the first importance. Cricket, quoits, chess, drafts, bagatelle, &c. — and if the establishment be sufficiently large to afford it, the author would unquestionably recommend

a billiard table;—which, in most respectable asylums, he knows is regularly provided, and to which, all gambling aside, no reasonable objection can exist.

It is not by an hour's stroll through the wards or private rooms of an asylum, that the most observing and sagacious mind can discover all the requisites for these mournfully interesting institutions. To be fully assured on these matters—to be thoroughly acquainted with the advantages and requirements of any given establishment, it is necessary that the party should, like the author, be a fellow-sojourner within their walls, and observe from day to day, and week to week, the use made of such amusements as are provided, and their effects upon the minds of a patient. Where, even among the convalescents, there is perhaps little disposition for reading, there is often a cheerful eagerness for some game;—and the author is entirely convinced that whatever sufficiently interests to *engage the attention*,—provided it be harmless in itself,—it is highly important and salutary to encourage in the patient. Of course to the above he would add a library of lighter and more general works — such as biography, history, natural history, mechanics, &c. &c.

Note 37. Page 30.

> "*But sympathy*
> *Can soon discern the bent.*"

Alas! the very expression "sympathy" brings the author with tenfold force of conviction to the importance of the subject touched upon in Note 32. Where is that exquisite, that soothing and winning emotion of the heart—the hand-maid of human friendship and Christian love—to be found in the ordinary class of attendants? In vain too often would the illiterate mind of these persons see—

> "That oft his patient needs a gentle guide,
> To win him on;—nor walk, nor play will he
> Seek of himself always."

Where, but in the breast of a cultivated man or woman can you find those elements of which real sympathy is composed? For the possession of this, there must be, not only an affinity of taste and feeling, but the patient must, if possible, have some one with him to whom he can *look up* as to a "guide, philosopher and friend," in the

absence of those who deem him or her unfit for the protecting care of wife, husband, child or brother.

Note 38. Page 31.

"In the day
Of thy experiment, remember that all pray."

Those who have gone through the Poem without reading the notes, and come back to them as a supplementary matter, will, the author trusts, find evidence enough of his view of the indispensable duty of uniting in this, the most onerous and responsible of all human undertakings, the duty of "praying without ceasing." For such as read the notes *with* the Poem, the author avails himself of this, the first legitimate opportunity of avowing himself of Cowper's school of Christian Bards;—and to express his prayerful determination that no line of his shall ever cause his Redeemer to be ashamed of him in the great day, when the scoffer and the scoffed shall appear at the throne of final judgment.

Note 39. Page 31.

"'Tis not for Bards to sing of creeds or forms."

Atheists and deists excepted, who reject the Scriptures altogether, it is presumed that all, of whatever profession or diversity of creed, acknowledge themselves to be guided by, and to trace their faith up to the revealed will of God. Wherever, therefore, the author finds in any human being, with whom the Providence of circumstances brings him into contact and intercourse, that the love of the Creator and of his neighbour as himself, is predominant in the heart, then indeed is he convinced that it is not for him to say or "sing" of "creeds or forms."

But he cannot suffer this catholic concession of universal love and philanthropy to pass, without adding to it the deep conviction of his own heart, that this paramount love of God and his fellow-being can only be achieved by that sweetly constraining power in the secret of the soul so beautifully spoken of by the apostle as "Christ within, the hope of glory." Whenever therefore, he finds

that the purpose, offices and divine glory of the Saviour and Mediator, are in any degree tarnished by low and insufficient views of his atonement and indwelling grace, then the author would inevitably fear that the heart was not yet right with God—and that His love could not reign paramount in the breast of that man or woman, who, in the all sufficiency of reason, dares to reject the divinity and redeeming love of Christ the Redeemer of the world;—than whom none other name is given under heaven whereby we can be saved.

Note 40. Page 32.

"But tamed
By man's imperfect art, the reckless boy."

To his more distant readers, the allusions contained in the above quotation to one of the march-of-intellect modes of tuition may not be quite so obvious as it is the author's serious wish it should be; and he therefore feels it right to say that for some years there flourished in the immediate vicinity of the populous town of B*********, a large boarding-school, conducted on a system of which the Edinburgh Review thought so highly, as to devote an article several years ago to the express object of setting forth its merits; and thereby, he believes, considerably added to its numbers within a comparatively short period of the appearance of said eulogistic article. Later facts have not realized all that the reviewer opined of its marvel-working advantages in that neighbourhood; and the conductors, with diminished numbers, have subsequently transplanted their establishment to the neighbourhood of London:—but with what results, the author's absence from the neighbourhood for the last two or three years, has prevented his knowing.

All such schemes are, of course, open to the public scrutiny, and to the opinions of the humble denizens of Warwickshire, as much as to the Athenian oracles of the "blue" company of Edina; and the author unhesitatingly takes his stand against this or any other scheme of education which professedly excludes religion from the subjects of instruction or intelligence.

Oh! when will mankind be sufficiently awakened to the awful responsibility of training intellects, as well as hearts, for their after-walk in life? For on that walk, of course, depends the ultimate and eternal destiny of the immortal spirit itself.

Note 41. Page 32.

"*A code of morals.*"

It was one of the vaunted benefits of the establishment referred to in the preceding note, that the minds of the boys and youths at H******** were, by means of an apparatus of judge, counsel and jury, of their own election, thus early initiated into the art, mystery, and advantages of that very "law," which the Apostle, in his Epistle to the Corinthians, so especially cautions his disciples against, and which the author is perfectly satisfied the Society of Friends is right in condemning and dissuading from. These modern instructionists can, with entire indifference, set aside all scriptural knowledge, as appertaining to religious education, and, therefore, beside their mark; but make no scruple of introducing a complex machinery of man's forming;—and connected with which, in real life, more misery, fraud and wrong, have been perpetrated than can well be conceived.

But the author's contempt for the whole subject grows weary, under the heavier weight of his feelings of commiseration for those hapless children brought into the patent bondage of this judicial, democratical and military array. He may, however, add, that he does not speak altogether in ignorance of the real working of the system;—having known many *élèves*—as well Unitarians as others—brought up under the fostering with which the "Edinburgh Reviewers" bepraised H********.

Note 42. Page 33.

"*Say'st thou that this is judging?*"

The author feels impelled to introduce these words in reference to the denunciatory stanza before it, from recollecting that, five years ago, when the "Solitaire" published his "Diary," some otherwise kind-hearted critic, who thought well of his intentions, chose to designate his remarks on Byron, Voltaire, and the whole genii of misanthropy and revolution, as "audacious;" gravely adding the scriptural words, "judge not that ye be not judged."

When this worthy penman will satisfy the author's mind that

either Lord Byron or Voltaire, deserves other than the reprobation of those simple-hearted persons, who prefer Milton, Cowper,—and above even these,—Isaiah, to the Corsairs, Don Juans, and Candides of such reckless destroyers of the peace of thousands upon thousands;—then, and not till then, will he be disposed to give much heed to the Critic's oracular sentiments upon the "Solitaire's" opinion.

Note 43. Page 33.

"What! though a heart polluted in th' extreme
May throb within this breast;—can Christ not heal
Each wound; and 'mid remorse's pangs his love reveal?"

Having known something of the very depths and bondage of iniquity in all its forms;—and having also proved the efficacy of a Saviour's blood and a Saviour's love, to cleanse from sin and to win unto better hopes, the author is well prepared to meet any challenge on the score of whatsoever he either has, or may hereafter publish to the world, as his sentiments on the important subject —of popular authors, their errors, and responsibility. If, however, as stated in the above quotation, the author was even the evil spirit himself, that does not shake one iota of the truths which he sustains by the Bible, and by the Bible only. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—"Do men gather grapes of thorns?"—Christian meekness and lowliness from Byron, the proud and self-sufficient; or love of Jesus from the conceited counsellor and correspondent of Frederick the Great?

On those whose day of usefulness is, like the author's, rapidly passing away, and who are alive to the extreme importance of the duty which devolves upon parents and tutors of every description, as to the choice of reading, there does, as he conceives, rest a fearful responsibility of arousing to the same pitch of feeling the minds of those around them;—and, as far as their influence lies, the public at large, on this momentous theme of indiscriminate reading. Let the world, and its heedless frequenters of the "broad way," and "wide gate," take their own course:—if they are determined to refuse the call and counsel of those who have demonstrated that the "narrow path" and the "strait gate" are ways of pleasantness, and all its paths, however rugged, paths of peace and happiness. But to his professing brethren and sisters of every

denomination he would say, unhesitatingly,—yea, most uncompromisingly,—"Come out from among" these reckless readers, "and be ye separate" from those who forget their God, and have no relish for the glorious hopes, divine promises, and sublime compositions, contained in the writings of those holy men of old, who were inspired of God to give forth a declaration of his will, and of his love to poor, fallen, miserable man.

NOTE 44. Page 33.

"I'll bind
*Thy sophistry. Yes! spite of B*******'s mind."*

Oh, in many an agonising hour of prayer for those of his misguided countrymen, who look to the B*******s, and others, as their meridian star, for guidance through the wilderness of this world's woe—hath the author besought his Maker, that, ere it were too late, the eyes of their myriad votaries might be opened, and their ears unstopped; that they might see the blindness of their leaders, and hence the sophistry of their vain and Christ-defying reasoning.

The author does not wish lightly to speak of the ex-chancellor, as from mere hearsay; but when, on looking over an interesting compilation the other day, he caught the following quotation from Lord Brougham's inaugural address, in the common hall of the University of Glasgow, as lord rector, he felt electrically determined to mark the man—the giant of the Bowrings, Birkbecks, Benthams, and the whole pedigree of critic bees, and noted it down accordingly. This intellectual new light of the nineteenth century asserts, "That man is now no longer to render an account to man for his belief, over which *he has no control*."—"Henceforward nothing," said he, "shall prevail upon us to praise or to blame any one for that which he can no more change than he can the hue of his skin, or the height of his stature."

The author is quite prepared to suppose that the utterer of these sentiments—the redoubtable friend to education and the diffusion of knowledge—would deem himself libelled to be called an infidel; but the writer has not a moment's hesitation in declaring his solemn conviction, that if ever a sentiment was broached calculated to lead to infidelity, it is to be found in the words already

quoted, and which he has a right to assume have been correctly reported as part of the address of Lord Rector Brougham to the students of the University of Glasgow. Does his lordship mean to say —and dare, in spite of his Bible, to assert—that man, as regards his eternal well-being, is a mere AUTOMATON? and that the words of Holy Writ are idle tales? That when he is enjoined "to work out his salvation with fear and trembling," he has nothing to do with his belief of whether that duty be incumbent upon him or not? If he does read, and in child-like humility study the Scriptures, it is clear that some change will be wrought in his mind, his affections and actions:—whatever produces these effects is to him his "belief:" and if that belief be followed up, it will, like the leaven and the mustard-seed, spoken of by our blessed Lord, both change the whole lump, and grow to a great tree. The "*hue*" of the man's soul *will* be changed, and the "*stature*" of his heart will be enlarged.

But what the author, in solemn earnestness, intreats Lord Brougham to consider, is, the tendency of a man's imagining that he is not, as the Apostle advises, to prepare himself "to give a reason for the hope that is in him." Is it not to make him, first of all, rest satisfied with the creed or belief, which, by birth or education, he has inherited from others? and hearing so great a man as a Lord Chancellor, the friend of universal knowledge, say, that he is no more to be praised or blamed for continuing in this belief, whatever it be, than he is because his skin is white, and his stature five feet nine inches, the next probable step, with poor frail humanity, is to become indifferent to the subject of religion altogether.

Oh! that England may be preserved from the evils which the author fears would await her, were she to give heed to the "cunningly devised fables" of these march-of-intellect Goliahs and their inferiors. Inferiors in every sense — for be it remembered, that down to the itinerant vender of knowledge in numbers, — every man or woman who is not truly converted and thinks of Lord Brougham and his great name only as an instrument in the hands of an inscrutable Providence — every such person doubtless fancies himself under his Lordship's especial patronage.

The author has in another part of his Poem expressed unfeigned admiration for genius—for learning, science, and art—in every unobjectionable form, so long as it is accompanied with that crowning grace of the truly great Sir Isaac Newton's fame, a child-like and sanctified humility. He is therefore the last person to disparage the

great talents of Lord Brougham, assured as he is that they present splendid evidences of what the mind of man is capable;—but to the latest hour of his existence, he must continue to utter his condemnation of perverted gifts, such as, in his sober conscience, he deems the sentiment now quoted to demonstrate to be the case with Lord Brougham. Is it possible also to forget that this was not an *en passant* remark at the social board, and at a moment when the tongue, with the aid of wine and good fellowship, is sometimes apt to run further than the pen of the same individual would have carried him:—no! it was uttered under an unusually interesting pomp of circumstance;—in the presence of the assembled youth of the University, listening as, no doubt, many, if not the majority thought, to one of the oracles of the age. If for "every idle word," as the Bible declares—"man shall give an account in the day of judgment,"—(and as most righteously he ought—for who can measure the influence of words?)—it remains for that great and learned Lord Brougham, if he attain no higher views of his Redeemer's character and precepts than is implied by the vague and dangerous sentiments the author is now descanting upon, to learn whether at the bar of final and eternal adjudication, his words will not be found worse than "idle."

On this subject, however, the author has appended an additional reference at the conclusion of the notes, which he trusts may be somewhat less unsatisfactory as regards the distinguished individual to whom it refers.

Note 45. Page 33.

"Or they who in Edina's classic page
Defied their God."

Whoever was the author of an article on education in the "Edinburgh Review" of some years back, and took upon himself to eulogise the system of an Unitarian establishment in one of the midland counties, the writer of these notes has little scruple in saying, that if he were a true prophet or righteous judge in such matters, the history of that school, which, within a short period from the publication of that article, rose considerably in its numbers, would not have presented the facts which time has developed. Whatever may be the fate of the one near the metropolis, conducted, so far as the author knows, by one or more members of the same family, the result of

the experiment at H******** fully assures his mind that a divine blessing has not attended it.

He repeats, that the facts are before the world:—the schools went on prosperously for some years, and then came its period of wane, which continued for some time, till it was finally deemed prudent to strike their tents and remove to some other spot. Is it in anger or ill will, that the author is thus free in his remarks?—He takes truth to witness that such is not the case. He has more than once accompanied his remoter friends travelling in that part, and who had heard of its fame, and were most kindly received by the proprietor and his sons. But is this courteousness of demeanour to blind the moral sight of the visitor, and to close his lips against what he deems the fearful effects and errors of the whole system? The author trusts not; and holding the welfare of the rising generation to be of infinitely more importance than the fame or success of one family, he has thus unreservedly ventured to express his feelings on the subject.

Note 46. Page 34.

"Whate'er mid seats of learning or of art
Be man's decree;—or genius' lofty will—
With these a Saviour's love can have no part—
A child-like *heart best suits his heavenly skill.*"

Should his readers deem the author more than prone to sermonise, in thus retracing the course of his muse, and throwing in these subsidiary notices of his opinions and feelings on various subjects, he must even be content to abide under the imputation of being a preacher as well as poet. But having himself trod the flowery, as well as the thorny paths of life; and having, through the mercy of his Redeemer, obtained more insight into his own heart, and into the alone way to recover the lost smiles of a benignant Deity, he is, indeed, more than thus prone to moralize—for "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth *will* speak." Unhesitatingly, therefore, does he adopt the sentiment of his text, and say that no man can reach happiness in this world, or salvation in the next, who does not conform his spirit, however lofty the moral condition may be, to the express words of the Saviour—"Verily I say unto you, except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven."

NOTES TO CANTO III.

NOTE. 47. Page 39.

"And if that scene
By Patriarch painted, or in Milton's wreath,
*Were e'er descried on earth, 'tis D********'s groves beneath."*

THE minstrel having in the context endeavoured to convey some faint idea of the hidden beauties of this secluded spot, has little here to add; but does not hesitate to say, that much as he has seen of the more romantic scenery of Britain and of Switzerland, he knows no spot, of the same extent, comparable to D******** in the variety and richness of its plantations, and in the occasional scenes of perfect and luxuriant solitude which its grounds present.

NOTE 48. Page 39.

*"From B*********'s increase,*
Of voices, and of arts of war and peace."

Next to Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow, it is presumed that even in respect to its rapid "increase of voices" or population, B********* stands most prominent among the manufacturing towns of England; and in its arts of war,—gun-making for example —is foremost in the career of destruction as well as radicalism.

In the strong and uncompromising sentiments to which the Bard has occasionally given utterance, the author's only regret is, that he could not, consistently with his general design, dwell more

at length upon this individual portion of the picture; — or unquestionably, from a fifteen years' residence amongst them, he might dwell with painful fidelity upon some points peculiar to the history and character of the place.

Suffice it, however, to advert to the one or two large and excited meetings held amongst the operatives of the town, and headed by the usual mob orators with which the locality abounds: the celebrated meeting at New Hall Hill, which the author witnessed from a neighbouring height, was assuredly formidable enough in appearance to have awakened fears in the minds of those much less timorous than himself, as to the probable result of such assemblages. He is perfectly willing to accede the fact, that others took a different view from himself:—and that after all, as any adverse sentiment can only be the act of a single individual, when expressed in this way, that sentiment is to be weighed only by its inherent truth or falsehood. Whatever salutary influence such men as Thomas Attwood and the scions of his political stock may possess in keeping down, for the time, undue excitement and agitation, the author, from the language he has heard and the deportment he has witnessed on more than one of these popular occasions, cannot forego the conviction that such assemblages are both injurious in themselves and dangerous to the cause of true liberty.

Surely the mere expenditure of time,—seldom less than the whole day,—together with the increased irritation produced on the minds of such auditors as usually assemble—must be a positive injury to these men; and whatever unduly agitates or alarms the public mind in the movements of masses must be dangerous to the cause they affect, above all others, to promote—the true liberty of the subject. Governments, most naturally, become jealous of the object and extent of such proceedings, and feel it unsafe to yield to opinions set forth in the aspect and language of defiance.

Note 49. Page 40.

*"Ah yes! dear M**** is true*
To England's Church, and England's Royal Vine."

The estimable individual to whom the above has reference, is a fine example of a clergyman winning the respect of his less religious

brethren, as well as the devoted love and confidence of his own immediate flock; and gladly does the author recall the numerous occasions on which he has listened with delight to the platform addresses of this excellent person on subjects of Christian or philanthropic interest:—feeling that the language and sentiments of such minds would do much towards counteracting the baneful influence of the more restless spirits of the mere political agitation; and though doubtless, there are many righteous in that large and populous district, there are, the author fears, but few possessing, in the same degree, the salt of Christian love and forbearance that mark the excellent person above referred to.

Note 50. Page 50.

*"Nor thee forgotten, M***** in that throng*
Of sainted ones who yet redeem the town."

In this respected minister might also be discerned the rare union of meekness and firmness—gentleness and fearlessness. Holding a conspicuous station in the Church, and frequently called in the exercise of duty to preside over large and tumultuous meetings of his fellow townsmen—this remarkable felicity of character was especially displayed. Entering the scene of exciting agitation with the prayerful earnestness of a private Christian, he was strengthened to manifest the love which became his profession as a pastor of religion: and so far sustained in the clear exercise of his rights and authority as chairman, that nothing like a compromise of either dignity or principle was visible throughout. But alas! how lamentable that any circumstances in the social system relating to either tythe, church-rates, or any other subject unpalatable to the public feeling, should bring into so painful a juxta-position, a minister of the gospel and the orators of political democracy.

Note 51. Page 44.

"Fast by yon Railway's bridge."

The Grand Junction Railway, which connects Birmingham with Manchester and Liverpool, forms, on the western side, the

boundary of the D******** property;—and of course, from the one or two fields between the wooded belt which encloses the immediate grounds and the railing itself, the passing trains are seen to great advantage. Nor could the author thus silently contemplate, as he often did in his walks, the swift and rushing transit of those lengthened masses, without astonishment at the progress which England, in his own recollection, has made. To recall his coach ride, some thirty years ago, from Manchester to Liverpool on a paved road;—and to remember his subsequent journeyings on the railroad,—suffices to assure him that this, amongst other marvellous evidences of the rapid advances which are making in the luxuries of life and of locomotion, is but the prelude to some greater era, which the eye of faith may even now discern as dawning upon the world.

Note 52. Page 44.

"As, Hope, in thee,
Or Burlington in by-gone days, when steel'd,
'Gainst critics laugh, your clearer eye could see
In Architecture's noble forms a latent majesty!"

Whatever may be the occasional freaks of noblemen and gentlemen who dabble in designs, there can be no doubt, that,—backward though the art be in this country, as compared with Italy and other parts of the Continent,—things would have been much worse, but for the taste and munificent enterprize of the Burlingtons, Hopes, Grosvenors, Devonshires, Sutherlands, &c.

Note 53. Page 45.

*"By many a youthful eye where G*****'s love*
Full oft, I ween, breathed gratitude to God above."

If there be any sincerity in the use of the Church's beautiful liturgy, those expressive words—"We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life,"—surely the late wealthy proprietor and his highly accomplished family, must often and often, in rambling around the grounds of D********, have uttered in silent

aspirations, the language of grateful adoration for the profusion of temporal blessings by which they were surrounded. So at least the muse ventures to suppose.

Note 54. Page 46.

"Yes! and amid the young, the happy, thou,
Displaying still a nobly pious mind."

Of one of the accomplished family to which allusion is made in the preceding note, the author is fain to say a few words; and as the name of the authoress—a labourer in the great cause of Christ, is public property, he feels himself fairly justified in thus recording the delight with which he has formerly perused M. A. Schimmelpenninck's translation of the Port Royal Memoirs—abounding as they do, in examples of the purest, most exalted piety among the Catholic Sisters there domiciled, and thence dislodged by the ruthless hand of persecution. The very reproduction of such a work, independent of the general tenor of her own portion of its contents, marks how deeply this excellent woman's heart must have been imbued with the fervent and self-denying spirit which breathes through her interesting subject.

Note 55. Page 46.

"And though 'twere right that Howard not expends,
Unknown, his Godlike toil—nor Wesley so contends."

No one can deny that, as an universal system of life, the immuring ourselves within the walls of a convent or an abbey, would, in a certain sense, be at direct variance with the command, "Let your light so shine," &c., on the other hand, the author is quite convinced that, in addition to the collateral advantages which the world has unquestionably derived by the production and preservation of books, must be considered the affording to the scholar a favouring opportunity for pursuing undisturbed his mental labours. He is also further convinced that thousands and tens of thousands of instances of pure and ardent piety might be cited, in opposition to the popular outcry and prejudice against the abuses and

profligacy which, alas! it must be acknowledged, have too often found access within these sacred enclosures. But in this, as in every thing else, should it not be remembered, that without a knowledge of *all* the circumstances influencing *each* individual, it is impossible for the finite judgment of man to determine that the course which the novice or the monk adopted is to be condemned? Nor is it fair to take the extreme cases of one in millions, as Howard or Wesley in the text, to imply that all are called to labour as they laboured.

Without disrespect to the fair, the author feels compelled to ask what the community would suffer, if all the scandal mongers and card-playing gossips of any given town were suddenly to resolve upon shutting themselves up in a house of their own? Surely no candid reader will thence charge the Quaker minstrel with being an advocate of papacy. If their alarm be so great, and their wits so obtuse as to draw such an inference from the preceding remarks, he cannot help it, and must rest satisfied with the consciousness of endeavouring to detach from man's judgment of his neighbour, all prejudices arising from extraneous circumstances. If the heart be right before God, well satisfied is *he*, that the Lady Guions of this day will be accepted in their convents, quite as soon as the sensitive liberals and voluntaries of mere profession, with which what is called the religious world abounds.

Note 56. Page 47.

> "*Or, alas!*
> *This turbid lake from its polluted stream*
> *Might well for man's humiliation pass*
> *As simile of souls.*"

Often and often as, in his evening walks, the author strolled among the luxuriant and richly crowded solitudes of D********, has this upper pool struck his mind as a fearful and apt emblem of the heart of man. The outward form may be beautiful, like the margined groves of this sheet of water; even the mental part—the intellect,—may reflect, in rich abundance, the rays of knowledge, as this pool does the heavens and the objects around it; so that when, under peculiar circumstances of light, the eye is unable to discover whether the water is clear or turbid, it has to all *appearance* the same

dazzling brightness and perfect fluidity that might be observed on a calm sea, of which the waters are so pellucid, that you may discover shells and plants at many fathoms' depth. So is it not, Christian reader, with the heart of man, the depths of which God's eye only can penetrate? Though to the observation of his fellow mortal even, it may soon be obvious whether the water of everlasting life fills that unfathomed lake, the heart;—or like this pool at D********, it be overflowing with the filthy and polluted streams of pride, lust and self;—"the world, the flesh and the devil."

The late proprietor of D******** must have been a man of consummate taste, both in the general arrangement of the grounds, in the variety and judicious distribution of its rich assemblage of trees, and in the details of beauty or convenience throughout the premises. Amongst the latter a small but excellent bath is provided, by conveying a delightfully clear streamlet through iron pipes, and discharging it through another at the opposite end of the bath, so as to keep the water constantly changing and fresh. The situation of the bath, as described in the text, is most ingeniously hidden by a circuitous path through well-planted evergreens; and when at last you turn to the right, upon the spot itself, you find a well-bricked basin 15 or 16 feet square, surrounded by a gravel space about three feet wide, and enclosed by light iron fencing, hedged around by a thick impervious belt of rhododendrons and other shrubs six or seven feet high, so as entirely to screen the bather from sight. The author, who bathed regularly every morning soon after six during the summer months, did not latterly use the garden seat near the bath itself for undressing; but chose the octagon temple, also mentioned in the text, and which had this advantage, that his bracing plunges were never interfered with by the heaviest rain;— and swan-like, the Bard of D******** rather enjoyed than otherwise the pattering of the rain-drops upon his Adam form. He cannot conclude this note without expressing his decided conviction that bathing is by far too much neglected in this country. Having for more than thirty years experienced its benefits, he feels justified in thus giving utterance to this passing remark.

Note 57. Page 53.

"*Hath taught thy long-tried soul from out poor self to move.*"

To a casual observer, and especially to those who take upon themselves the responsibility of consigning to the fearful bonds of

an asylum, a merely excited patient, there is no doubt that the increased irritation which that confinement induces, will convey a certain tone of selfishness to all the sufferer says and does. The author clearly admits it in his own case; but he is quite prepared to explain, not to say justify this anger, if the legitimate opportunity should be afforded him. The allusion in the text, however, does not bear upon the egotism engendered by a feeling of the unrighteousness of that power by which he has been suddenly torn from home, friends and temporal prospects:—no, the *self* there spoken of, is that still remaining depravity of heart, which clings to humanity through every process of its Divine Maker's cleansing and refining.

NOTE 58. Page 54.

"*But say not all is sin.*"

In venturing to believe that D******** Hall is now devoted to quite as good a purpose as in the days of its wonted splendour, when one of the most opulent families in the neighbourhood assembled there all that was attractive in station or in talent, either in its own immediate and extensive connections, or the wider range of literary and philosophic acquaintance which the late proprietor possessed; the author by no means wishes to be understood as saying that its former purpose was in any sense exceptionable; but merely, that his residence here enabled him to perceive how admirably the premises are, in every way, adapted to their present Samaritan object.

In conceding, however, that the rooms in question,—together with the corresponding one on the other side the hall, and the present writing and dining rooms,—were not necessarily devoted to exceptionable purposes,—the moralizing "Solitaire," cannot forbear expressing his most entire concurrence with the views in which balls, routs and card parties were held by the sage forefathers of the Friends of the present day.

To those who will do this poem the justice to read it entirely through, ere they assume to sit in judgment on its novelty or fidelity to Christian truth, the question which the author is about to put will appear less outré and extravagant, than to the mere idle readers who take up a book in the spirit of curiosity, and read just so far

as that curiosity or their personal feelings may be interested; but forthwith discard the volume, so soon as any the most distant approach to sermonizing becomes apparent. And precisely such are the mole-like myriads of mankind, whose morals and predictive perceptions reach but to the scenes and circumstances around them; and, with about as much, or peradventure less light than the mole itself, are burrowing amid the "earthy" sensualities and dissipations of life;—and with that equally persevering animal, had it a tongue,—or with the Labrador Esquimaux and his seal-skin coat and seal-fat diet, proclaim that happiness dwells with them; and that the dance and the song—the concert and the cards,—are the elements and aliment of that life which alone is worth having.

The question is this—and living in a professedly Christian country, the author is surely justified in putting it on the authority of the Bible itself—does the believer who receives as the inspired declaration of the great Ruler of nations, the prophecies of Isaiah, John and others, with reference to that age of the world "when righteousness shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea," imagine that balls, routs and card parties will *then* form the element and aliment of life? If so, his reader's apprehension of the terms righteousness, peace and holiness, are totally at variance with that of the "Solitaire." When extravagance and display in dress, (seeing how much of destitute wretchedness there is in the world) is identified with "righteousness;"—when the ten thousand petty jealousies, envies and bickerings too often connected with such scenes, can be identified with "peace" in its pure and elevated sense;—and finally, when the reckless disregard to modesty in countless ways is identified with that "holiness, without which no man" or woman "shall ever see the Lord:"—then, and not till then will the author withhold from every human soul within the sphere of his humble influence, the condemnation, which from an intimate acquaintance with the scenes themselves, and with many families who have surrendered themselves to them as their staple of happiness, he feels fully warranted in uttering.

If, on the other hand, such scenes are alien to the simple, child-like and confiding character of the restored gospel times, every Christian man or woman, who really and truly believes the Bible, must feel that, in so far as the approach to those blissful ages must be *gradual*, each one so believing is imperatively called to abstain from such anti-Christian pleasures;—and surely there is a wise and happy medium between the morbid self-denial of a monk of La

ckless self-indulgence of a man of fashion's hours

es of this world's pleasures deem the minstrel an
from their own Bible, read Solomon's mention of
k of Proverbs; "Happy is the man that findeth
understanding." "Her ways are ways of plea-
r paths are peace." — Ch. iii. 13 and 17. The
ed both;—the one, the world, to be fullof base-
orseful tyrants;—the other, Christianity,—a
ial reality. Twenty years have now elapsed
n of the leviathan London, and for twelve
s life he ran the too frequent and sinful
e man about town." Therefore is it that,
faithfulness, he repeats the declaration, that
ld and its pleasures, and knows both the
ruth, "vanity and vexation of spirit;"—
riptural sense, enough to say without
itably found "her yoke to be easy and

59. Page 56.

, which, changing night to day,
ng."

uttered his anathemas against the
—and cannot pass the above quotation
to the good sense and calmer reflection
consider what would become of the
ight into day, and *vice versâ*,—

e higher classes believe that
that these fashions are in
future times, as set forth in
vice makes so copious a use?
, as he ventures to conceive,
ts, feels constrained to advert
f participators in these strange
of life;—he means the youthful
ieties of the world. A more dis-
he can hardly picture to his mind

R

than that of a young female, whose education has had a basis sufficiently Christian to imbue her mind with a high sense of her duty to God, and of the inviolable sacredness of conscience; but who, from surrounding circumstances of wealth, gay friends, and older companions in the pleasures of the ball-room, &c. is induced, in the faint hope of being preserved from direct evil, to consent to accompany others, and finds too late, with Young, that

"Ill foreboding is our strongest guard."

The word "our" may serve to determine that the poet meant the strongest *human* guard. The influence and tendency of Christ's grace in the heart, is to draw every son and daughter of Adam from these dangerous experiments upon the strength of merely human capability of resisting the *collateral* temptations that await dissipating pleasures, such as the world offers to them.

How many are the instances of females afterwards rising to celebrity,—(witness again the late Hannah More,)—who have left behind them an undying testimony to the happiness of a peaceful and secluded life—in social and literary, and religious intercourse with chosen friends,—as compared with the hurry and jealousy, and exciting evils of what may be termed high or fashionable life.

Note 60. Page 60.

"Time seals
With convalescent strength and sweet repose,
The maniac's tortured view."

It is admirable to watch the inherent powers of health, and that elastic and invisible energy by which even chronic sickness, but especially sudden accident—as a sword or gun-shot wound, or fractured limb—is, sometimes in process of a comparatively short time, subdued. So also, is it with the mind:—many patients take but a few weeks to be restored to quietude and self-possession; while others require months or even years, before the mental powers are brought into a state of convalescence. But thus, thanks be unto a merciful God! it really is in thousands of instances, where patients have entered these secluded asylums under appearances the most hopeless.

The suffering minstrel of D******** may well include himself in

the above allusion to instances of restoration;—and in doing so, can hardly forbear also referring to the soothing effect which the mere composition of verse has over the mind;—and he knows not how it would have fared with him, had he not possessed this resource; for in the four months of his *alleged* insanity, (say rather excess of sensibility, than privation of intellect) he composed, in addition to the present poem, some eighteen or twenty fugitive pieces; several of which exceed a hundred, and one is nearly five hundred lines. Alas! but for this unlooked for resuscitation (if the expression be admissible) of his long neglected harp, and for the power, such as he possesses, of handling its sympathetic chords, the author's fearful probation of confinement would have been tenfold more trying.

The author has, also, especial reason to feel thankful for habits which had, for years, been gradually forming, though subject to occasional interruptions of many months;—and which were, by the aid of discipline within the delightful precincts of D********, productive of a degree of regularity he had never before attained. He is, as stated in his preface, an early riser,—and after occupying the first hours of the day in original composition,—took ample exercise for about two hours before dinner; accompanied those who were in a condition to go out, to the walled gardens appropriated for the purpose of exercise; there, having measured the distance round the principal path, about 120 yards, he was in the practice of marking on a slate laid at the commencement of his appointed task, every round, whether of walking or running;—and in this has often accomplished, by measurement, eight or even nine miles in the two hours; and so much had practice improved his lungs by running, that after commencing with perhaps five or six times round the garden, without any other stoppage than scoring the marks, he gradually reached up to twenty, thirty, fifty, and once to eighty times,—or about five and a half miles at a stretch. Often and often, when so running, has he recalled the fact asserted by South American travellers, that there are runners who attend on journeys, and keep up with a trotting horse for fifteen or twenty miles without stopping; and he felt of course, in a better position to believe those extraordinary statements, than those who would perhaps find it a hard task to *walk* five miles.

The author is quite satisfied that a vast majority of mankind greatly abridge the term of life by inattention to air and exercise.

NOTE 61. Page 58.

"Thy latent secrets, sleep, nor prince's dow'r
Nor philosophic eye of lore can scan."

On this mysterious subject of sleep and dreams, mankind, at the end of 6000 years, as on the question of the locality of life, are as far from any conclusive theory, as were Adam and Eve themselves. Notwithstanding all that has been written and recorded on the subject of dreams, it may fairly be asserted that nothing but facts, and a few general laws, are known. Instances of extraordinary discovery of lost property, or of premonitory warnings against evil, are too numerous for the most sceptical to doubt. Laws also, with regard to the condition and activity of the digestive powers,—are pretty well ascertained. The nightmare is seldom found to attack those who take light suppers, and are generally temperate in their habits: and too much application to one subject of thought, is found frequently to occasion dreams connected with whatever has thus exclusively occupied the thoughts.

But what is sleep, and what are dreams? It is clear that the moral principle during sleep is dead; for no jury could convict a somnambulist of theft or murder. How wonderful a condition then is this of sleep!—The body in perfect health; the heart, performing all its functions with increased, rather than disturbed regularity; and yet, as regards the mind and spirit, of the responsible man to all intents and purposes, a mere corpse. Well might St. Paul, even in a philosophical sense, say, "I protest I die daily;" and alas! how unconscious are the generality of mankind of this *diurnal death*;—still more so, of the awful lesson it ought to teach, that *unless the soul's account with its Maker be settled each day* of its mortal life, the load of sin must inevitably go on accumulating. Unless the repentant spirit bows each night at the name, and in the power of Jesus, the alone Mediator and Reconciler, there can be no possibility of peace or happiness. To suppose it otherwise, is to suppose it possible for a *prayerless* Christian to exist:—a presumption which, on its very front, is diametrically opposed to the religion and requirements of the gospel; and the covenant of salvation is not of casual application; as though a man could say, "Oh yes! 'tis all true, and will be so a year or two hence, when my cares and my enjoyments will have lessened, and I can, with an easier mind, give myself to

these things." Alas! if, this night, thou fool! thy soul should be required of thee, "where art thou in thy God's account?"—and mark the words, "*should* be required."—Could the gentleman and his lady on whom a chimney fell a few winters ago;—could the father and son who, in the presence of wife and mother, and of the gentleman whom the author saw shortly after, were both in an instant struck dead by lightning,—could these, and the ten thousand sudden deaths which are continually recorded in the daily papers, have been expected, would the victims have thus boldly defied their God, and assumed to themselves the right of living for two or three years to come? Ah! assuredly no! And what is to ensure to the author, or to any one of his readers the certainty of life from one hour to another?—Truly with the awful evidences constantly occurring, that "in the midst of life we are in death," does it indeed behove all "to live each day as if it were their last." And is there anything gloomy in this?—Oh truth forbid!—to those who love Him, their Creator, first—Him last—and Him above all,—with their neighbour as themselves, the Gospel is not a "cunningly devised fable;" nor, to the true believer, the being absent from the body and present with the Lord a gloomy thought, even though death itself were known to await them the next day. Of the true value, and at the same time extreme uncertainty of man's tenure of life, the devout Archbishop of Cambray (Fenelon) says; "God, most liberal and bounteous of all other things, teaches by the frugal dispensation of his providence, how careful we ought to be to make a good use of TIME, because he never gives us two moments together, nor grants us a *second*, till he has withdrawn the *first*, still keeping the *third* in his own hand, so that we are in perfect uncertainty whether we shall have it."

If, then, the author and his readers could view sleep as to all intents and purposes, what it really is,—a literal death for the time being,—and feel each night, as they retired to rest, the utter uncertainty whether, by the providence or visitation of God, they should be alive or dead in the morning, surely this mystery might be converted into a daily blessing in a twofold sense—of refreshing the body, and bringing peace to the soul.

NOTE 62. Page 59.

"Peace
And silence reign; save when some loud-shriek'd word
Of wakeful maniac's voice at distance heard,
Rings through the hall."

How little could the rising family, who were born and lived to adult age, in this secluded mansion, have fancied the sounds that now frequently break through the silence of night! How little, even those who spend their days in cities or large towns, can imagine what it is to have their sleep broken, by some loud song or malediction of an excited patient! But seeing that such things are—till those happier ages of the world arrive, when sin, and sorrow, and madness shall cease,—it behoves Christians, who profess to "love their neighbour as themselves," not only to bear the knowledge of these sufferings, but to quicken their sympathies, by occasionally witnessing them; and in so far as either relative or friend may be thus immured, to endeavour to soothe, as well as to extricate and pray for them.

NOTE 63. Page 60.

"Ah! little ken ye, whom the busy world,
In mammon's chace, or pleasure's devious maze,
Gives not to feel restraint."

Of all privations, that of liberty is one of the severest that can befal poor humanity; and whether confinement be the result of disease or of crime, 'tis equally abhorrent to the feelings of a rational being to be enclosed within locks and bolts, and watched like an untamed animal. And yet such is precisely the case with a criminal in a gaol, or a patient in an asylum; and so long as both these classes, lamentably numerous as they are, bear but a comparatively small proportion to the great bulk of any population who are enjoying freedom of will, person and property, it seems almost a hopeless effort to arouse the public mind to greater sympathy towards their respective conditions and sufferings.

Elizabeth Fry,—improving upon the philanthropic labours of her illustrious predecessor in the same field, John Howard,—by ameliorating the condition of civil and criminal prisoners, deservedly claims the gratitude of the British people;—and happy indeed will the author of the accompanying Poem deem himself, should his

feeble labours succeed in any degree, in aiding to arouse the public attention to the subject of insanity.

Note 64. Page 61.

"*And well I ween those softly swelling lays,*
That through the mansion's distant chambers flow
In heavenly strains."

One of the rooms at D******** in which noisy patients are confined was on the basement story, and reached only by a door directly out, or through the cellar passages; and the effect of the singing on the Sabbath evening, as heard in this room, is exceedingly delightful. The author has often associated it in his own mind with the vesper hymns of an abbey or a convent; and however much the Protestant may condemn those "religious houses," a Christian's taste for the beautiful in harmony would often, there can be no doubt, be much gratified in listening to the evening chaunts of his catholic brethren and sisters. At D********, however, all is to his mind's content — protestant.

Note 65. Page 62.

"*And ah! to you sin brought not woes like these:*
Your course in glory, as in suffering, ran;
No fevered brain, distorting all it sees,
E'er roused your foes, and broke each heav'n-born plan."

It is pretty well known that the Society, of which the author deems it a privilege to be a member, object to the use of either vocal or instrumental music:—without staying here to discuss what may be seen fully treated in "Clarkson's Portraiture of Quakerism," he would merely say, in his own defence, for having spoken in the warm terms he has in the preceding note, that no one can judge another in such a matter, who has not been subject to the same probation of bonds, confinement, and privation of all social intercourse. Even the worthies, Fox and Penn, alluded to in the foregoing stanza, were not denied the visits of their friends; and the result to the captive is the same, whether intercourse be denied or withheld, as in the author's case, from the timidity of his friends needlessly fearing to injure by an occasional call; but the consequence was, that while in York, the greatest kindness attended him throughout: in Warwickshire, though domiciled within half a mile of a town

where dwelt a considerable body of Friends, among whom he resided upwards of twelve years on the most friendly terms,—for four months, only four individuals had called on him; and of these, two were the legal guardians of his person.

To return, however, for a moment, to the quotation at the head of this note; although the "Solitaire" has again and again recalled the cruel sufferings of the early professors of the Society of Friends, and been enabled to fortify his mind, in some degree, under his own all but solitary seclusion, he is quite sensible that the direct cause of his confinement was widely different from theirs; and that, however much he may be in controversy with those who thought him a fit subject for an asylum, and called in medical men to certify, on less than a *single hour's* interview, that such was the case, he is still perfectly conscious that to sin, and sin only, can he finally trace those sudden and inexplicable changes in the history of his mind. After a period of twelve months in one instance, and of four years in another, of the most fearful and sinful depression, he suddenly arises out of it, and becomes altogether a totally changed being. From silence and sorrow, the soul emerges to freedom and irrepressible joy; and from a state of intellectual weakness, bordering almost upon imbecility, to one of unwonted energy and fluency. Does he speak this in vanity or self-praise? Oh! no—he has still enough to lament over, and to keep down every approach to undue exaltation of the mere creature.

NOTE 66. Page 63.

"'Tis not the worldling's nor the tempter's plea
Can unempoison joys where jollity"—

How little of the abstractedly innocent amusements of life would the Christian censor have to condemn, were it not for either *excess* in their indulgence, or the *collateral temptations* by which they are too often surrounded.

It is indeed a libel upon the happy feelings of an enlightened "Friend" to say, that because he is plain in his garb, and avoids the theatre or the ball-room, he is therefore shut out from all the various sources of pure and healthful enjoyment which everywhere abound; that because he or his wife may choose to array themselves in drab, that therefore he would veil the whole face of nature in the same dusky hue;—or that he would silence the ten thousand songsters of the grove.

It is, the author repeats, a gross libel upon the principles of the Society of Friends, to say that they are averse either to colours or to music *in themselves*. But, till fashion is deprived of her tyranny over the minds and persons of mankind, and music can be acquired without undue sacrifice of time and peace of mind—time, in its acquisition, and peace, in the thousand and one conceits or envies to which skill or awkwardness too often condemns the fair performers, in drawing-room concerts and parties;—then, and not till then, will the faithful followers of Geo. Fox feel full freedom to extend the catalogue of their already numerous sources of enjoyment in the regions of art, science, literature, and travelling, by adding the world's more doubtful and dissipating pleasures.

The unquestioned object of every human being, in every pursuit in which he engages, is to be, in his notion, the *happier* for it. The author of these desultory, and it may be to some, too sermonizing notes, is not a child in these matters. As heretofore stated, he has proved the world, and found it miserably wanting; and therefore is it that, with the most perfect confidence, he suffers the above lines to stand, strong as is the implied condemnation of all pleasures, on which the divine benediction cannot be asked.

Our Saviour objected not to sit and to eat with publicans and sinners; but it was to do them good—to point out their sins, and to call their souls from the degrading love of mere sensual enjoyment, to the pure and elevated love of himself and his Father in heaven. Truly may it be said that the chaste, and learned, and sanctified pleasures of such men as Bishops Porteus and Heber, the christian legislator Wilberforce, or the scientific Friend William Allen, are indeed "feebly, vainly imitated" by the rout, the ball, the opera, or the gambling-house of fashionable life.

Note 67. Page 63.

> "*That in a ball-room's glare, the secret chide,*
> *Of conscience would annoy his presence so,*
> *That* your *rare bliss would be a veritable woe.*"

Here again the author is not asserting the crude speculations of a mere anchorite:—but can solemnly attest, from his own experience, that such must inevitably be the case with any young or old pro-

fessor of true Quakerism, who dared to trust him or herself within the atmosphere of the world's dissipations. The question at issue then is simply this: — has the experience of two hundred years done nothing in *proving* that the Society is right in avoiding these ensnaring amusements. With all that may be alleged against the weakness, the inconsistency, and the dissensions among themselves, is there not still enough of substantial good fame attached to the profession of Quakerism, to demonstrate that *not to the men or the women*, who hold its name, but to the *principles* which have gathered them into a community more strictly separate from all others than any that have either preceded or followed it, this good report is to be ascribed? No one who looks into Barclay or Penn, among their own writers, or Clarkson the delineator of their modern protraiture,— among others,—need be at a moment's loss to understand why the exciting "bliss" of the worldling would be "veritable woe" with a sincere professor of Christianity as held by the Society of Friends.

The author may as well here confess, that he has additional pleasure and purpose in thus dwelling upon those principles, because, if life and health be spared, it is his firm intention, at a future period, to enter upon the subject in a much more decided, and probably unlooked-for, manner.

Note 68. Page 63.

"And you repair
To lated couch with undiminished praise
Of God—not man—a miracle attends your ways."

It is an infallible test of the allowableness of any given enjoyment, where the individual can calmly, deliberately, and conscientiously declare, that the higher privileges and more important duties of his allotted station in life, are enhanced rather than lessened, by the indulgence of that enjoyment, whatever it be. But with his knowledge of the world, and of those who surrender themselves to its dissipations, the author would at once ask, is this,—in the instance of the four o'clock A. M. retirer to rest after the excitement of a ball, a rout, or a concert,—to say nothing of the theatre, the opera, the gambling-house—is this, he asks, possible? Such a being would indeed be the

"Faultless MONSTER which the world ne'er saw."

NOTES TO CANTO IV.

Note 69. Page 67.

"*To sketch the features, and prolong the fame*
Of mimic kings;—since harmless is their *pride-fed flame.*"

In almost all cases it may, the author has no hesitation in asserting, be safely affirmed—that mental disease is to be traced, directly or ultimately, to that morbid self-importance—or in one word, pride, which is so invariably showing itself in some form or other within the walls of a mad-house, as well as in the world. One man fancies himself a king;—another a field-marshal;—a third a judge;—and here and there one assumes to be the second Christ. Have not all these imaginings their origin in that self-born pride which attaches to every unregenerate son and daughter of Adam? Who has ever heard of an insane patient fancying himself a little child—and willingly submitting to be taught and led like an infant? or that he or she was a decided Christian, and in every thing evinced a disposition to forego their own will, and to act strictly up to the blessed Redeemer's injunction of taking up the daily cross and following him?—Oh no!—if it were so, the sooner the world at large had the benefit of their child-like and Christian integrity of conduct as an ensample, the better. It is because men and women think too much—or, in some sense or other, are, to a morbid excess, proud of—themselves, that it becomes, in certain cases, necessary to restrain the violence of their distorted reasonings and self-imagined power.

NOTE 70. Page 68.

"*Penetrate*
The sad seclusions, where life's current flows,
In drear monotony's benumbing state—
Scenes that the hand of Fuseli might celebrate."

Whoever took sufficient interest in the painful subject of public and private asylums, to glance over the result of a parliamentary enquiry many years ago, in the shape of voluminous evidence from medical and other gentlemen connected with these establishments, might have seen enough to shake the strongest nerve, and to raise many an aspiration of the deepest sympathy at the narration on oath of the abhorrent cruelties then inflicted upon the suffering and neglected inmates of such places as Old Bedlam, St. Luke's, and not a few private establishments; amongst which the one referred to in the text was included.

It was mainly by the individual and persevering exertions of Samuel Tuke, of York, that the long indulged misdeeds of its County asylum were brought to light, and the present reformed state of things there secured.

Acts of parliament, subsequent to the enquiry above referred to, have greatly changed the whole face of the subject; and owing to the salutary restraint under which all such places are kept by the periodical visits of appointed magistrates, it is scarcely possible that England can again go back to the worse than inquisition-like barbarities of thirty years ago.

If the author of the present volume had not, after a life of strange and fearful vicissitude, arrived at the same point of feeling, and entire reliance on the immutable wisdom of Providence implied in that line of the poet Young

"For all I bless thee, most for the severe!"

it would have been difficult for him to have recalled his own sufferings at B****** G**** House, without exciting more than ordinary indignation against its proprietors. But alas! the system—then all but unusual— would shield any enormities. Suffice it to say that the hand that now writes,—with its fellow-hand,—and with the feet, have been chained for days and weeks together in solitary confinement—and occasionally also, by a longer chain to a staple in the floor in the common day-room of some twenty or thirty other patients. So also, at

night, have the metal handcuffs been used, where now, under similar circumstances, every species of coercion would be altogether abandoned.

The utter want of classification too, and the abhorrent scenes to which the eye was frequently witness in the treatment of other cases, rendered the chances of recovery tenfold greater; but of course, as the history of nineteen asylums in twenty will prove, the longer a patient remained, the more profitable was he to the proprietor.

The author, for several months, continued getting worse and worse, that is, more impatient and excited, and his friends were at length compelled to try a change; and at the Friends' retreat at York, in less than a fortnight after his removal, he was restored, though his recovery was followed by a long period of fearful depression.

He has often found it extort expressions of surprise, when—though rarely done—he has alluded to these past scenes of his painful history,—to find that he so distinctly remembered the facts of which he was induced to speak.

It is this circumstance, reader, that induces the author still to doubt whether his own case has always been in the ordinary sense of the word, altogether one of positive insanity. He is, however, willing to admit, that in that period of afflictive dispensation, an asylum was the most welcome, as well as salutary, retreat from the gaze of an unsympathizing world.

Should the present volume prove, by the blessing of Providence, in any degree the feeble instrument of attracting a more vivid and decided attention to the subject generally, the author will feel that his sufferings have not been permitted to befal him in vain. Assuredly, on this point of memory and self-cognizance of all that has passed, both at the house near London, at York, and at D********, the author's recollection is, in the minutest points, clear and vivid in the extreme;—although, since the former, more than twenty years have elapsed.

Note 71. Page 70.

*"Come S******** then, since death hath sealed thy doom,—*
Those oft-told tales of battle now are o'er."

Never can the author forget the tall, spare, but perfectly soldier-like figure of poor Col. S—— of the —— Guards:—a child in heart,

but a hero in act; and even then, at the time the author knew him, with a mind shattered to childishness, there were occasional gleams of a most amiable character. True it is, that when crossed or excited, the voice of fearful power and command was soon raised; but under ordinary circumstances, he would either stroll about the grounds, hobbling from paralysis, or sit by the fire and talk over his vague dreams of Field Marshals and Generals with as much fluency as his poor stricken tongue could utter. He was, however, occasionally sensible enough to recount to the author,—who sometimes offered him an arm along the terrace of their pleasure-ground,—the sieges and battles in which he had engaged under Wellington in the Peninsular war.

The Colonel had seen much of high life, and often dined at St. James's; and had so powerful a constitution, that it is asserted he had been in the daily habit of drinking from two to three bottles of wine for twenty years, and knew nothing of ill health till the period of retribution or penalty for all this indulgence came suddenly upon him, and by a paralytic stroke, reduced him, at once, to second childhood both of body and mind.

Oh! what a sermon might many a gay and light-hearted officer, indulging at luxurious messes up and down the kingdom, have read in contemplating, as the author has done, the melancholy fate of Col S——! He died a few months after the author's liberation.

Note 72. Page 75.

"*That noble figure brave—*"

This gentleman had, like the colonel, seen much, both of society and of the world, and had spent some years in the East. In his friendship the author experienced much to soothe and charm away the impatience of his confinement; and there was much, both in his friend's case and history to do this. He had, at the time of the author's arrival, been entirely recovered for some years, but being partial to the spot, and unwilling again to trust himself amid the contingent excitements of the world, he was permitted to retain his room, and continue as a free boarder, with a pass key, so that he was under no sort of control, save that of conforming to the hours of meals and rest.

In his society the winter of 1834-5 passed rapidly away, and in the cricket field without, and chess board within, the "Solitaire" still owes to him a debt of no light gratitude for the instructions and practice he derived during their sojourn together. But knowing his extreme susceptibility, the author forbears to utter all that his grateful feelings would dictate.

Note 73. Page 79.

"But who is this—the son of Smeaton's friend,
The child of parents, loving as upright;
O'er whom the weight of twenty years now bend
His prisoned form?"

The case of this gentleman is one of the most remarkable that the author, in twenty-five years of experience on the subject, has met with. Up to a comparatively late period, the appearances of disease were in a great degree regular;—that is, a period of three or four weeks of mental aberration, was succeeded by about the same interval of perfect sanity;—and in this way the case had continued for upwards of twenty years; and on the author's release in the spring of 1835, it became a matter of conscience with him, on journeying into the south of England, to call and give the best report he could to the parents and family of the gentleman in question.

His habits, when well, are quiet and inoffensive;—and his peculiar bent of mind seems to be the accumulation of books;—to the purchase of which the greater portion of his spare resources are devoted. His time, during these lucid intervals, is almost constantly occupied in reading; but he readily enters into some of the usual amusements within doors and without;—the bagatelle board, and the quoit-ground especially. But the secret of the extraordinary alternation, for so short a period as two or three weeks, of disease and self-possession, remains yet unravelled.

Note 74. Page 79.

"Pass on to him, that youthful visage wan."

The individual here alluded is the son of the Right Hon. ———

late Governor of ——— ; and a more interesting but mournful image of an imbecile mind can hardly be conceived. Tall and slight in person, with a beautifully formed head, and fine prominent features, this youthful patient might be seen strolling hatless among the shrubs of the terrace; and from his fondness for the Bible,—the only book he ever looked into,—the author often conceived of him as being already almost an inhabitant of another world.

There was however one game, cricket, in which, at one time, he joined the other patients, and greatly excelled, particularly as a bowler; his running (for he took a long distance for discharging the ball), and the uncommon energy of his look and manner while in the act of bowling, were very striking.

He had gone out in early life with his father to India, and was in commission in the cavalry. But the obvious imperfection of the intellectual faculties more and more developed itself on the return of the family to Europe, and it was found necessary to place him in seclusion.

Note 75. Page 81.

"*Another there is seen with fixed eye.*"

This was a singular case; — a stout person of middle age, and a member of the Society of Friends. He possessed originally some talent for satire and ridicule, and for humorous sketchings with his pencil, in which he still occasionally amused himself when the author was his companion. The case appeared a very hopeless one. He would stand or sit for hours in one spot, and sometimes with a fearfully tremulous motion of the body. Though often talking to himself, and tolerably submissive to the ordinary duties of the attendants, he never entered into conversation with any one, and would refuse the hand even of his wife herself, when she came to visit him.

Note 76. Page 82.

"*Yes, one aged man, well skilled in prayer,*
Of France or Spain's mellifluous tongue."

This is the brother of an individual well known in the scientific

world. He had been an inmate many years, and was an accomplished scholar; nor were the evidences of insanity, at first sight, at all obvious. Has subsequently left the Institution, and resides in the neighbourhood.

Note 77. Page 82.

"Another linguist too, was suffering sore,
The fearful ills of madness—"

An amiable and well educated young man, destined for the medical profession. The case for twelve months appeared almost hopeless; but the author is rejoiced since to learn that the individual had been cured, and restored to his friends and to usefulness in society.

Note 78. Page 83.

"One other yet must claim a transient glance,
Known years agone to him who strings the lay."

This, like the three preceding ones, was a member of the Society of Friends. Had been an inmate of the same establishment many years before, and had subsequently passed eleven years in America, of which three or four were spent in different asylums there. In this case also it would be difficult, on slight observation, to discover sufficient ground for his detention; but the whole history of his life, for twenty years past, proves that there is a certain degree of distortion, as well as morbid impatience, in his views of life and of his own qualifications, which renders it exceedingly doubtful, whether, if released, he would possess sufficient self-government to pursue, with unflinching patience, any one occupation.

Note 79. Page 84.

"First in rank, the Captain, muse,
Pourtray; he who with Lyttleton would draw
The vengeful sword."

A victim, so far as the author is able to learn, of some law or

chancery suit, he being now under the cognizance of the head of the latter court. The case is a remarkable one in many particulars. In middle life, excellent health, and, except when issuing some angry order as to personal conveniences, not the slightest evidence of anxiety or depression. As soon as he enters the day-room in the morning—in the scene of out-door exercise—or wherever he may be, scarcely ten minutes passes in silence; his memory, stored with almost as many substantives as a dictionary, is constantly stringing them together on the most heterogeneous subjects; and in this self-cogitating, self-talking mood, his days and years are passing on with little hope of any favourable change.

This individual is recently deceased;—about four years subsequent to the writing of the above.

Note 80. Page 84.

"*But who, with placid look and soothing voice,*
Unbending stands so firm and constant there?"

Another chronic, and it is to be feared, hopeless case. He, like the preceding patient, is frequently uttering his voice aloud, but it is always in the language of prayer; and both in the large day-room and in the garden, certain spots seem sacred to this exercise. The poor man's thoughts are constantly recurring to home; and his prayers, morning, noon, and night, are but supplication for benediction on his family. To his other afflictions great deafness is added. His natural disposition seems to be love and meekness itself. But so many years have elapsed since his separation from the world, that scarcely any hope remains of a permanent change for the better. Although much older, there is something in the case which reminds the Author of the young traveller to India, noticed before.

Note 81. Page 85.

"*And he, that younger captive.*"

This young man the author had known in the world from his boyhood, as an active junior clerk in a Solicitor's office; but who, from dabbling in railroads, and possibly, from marrying a lady of some

property, became overset, and after a seclusion of two years, little progress seems yet to have been effected towards recovery. An overweening conceit of himself, and a most supercilious bearing towards those around him, continue to form the main features of as painful an instance of self-love as it has been the author's lot to witness;—and yet mixed up with certain regularly performed religious duties, such as kneeling at one end of the day-room the moment he enters it in the morning, followed by reading the Scriptures.

It is, as the reader may suppose, a mournful spectacle to witness a young man in the flower of his age, in good bodily health, and married only a few months before his confinement, thus lost to his friends, and to all usefulness in society.

Note 82. Page 85.

"But whose the form dejected, bending low,
That erst was cheerful as the bird of morn?"

This is one of the few cases of criminal lunatics, whose lives have been compounded for by perpetual confinement, such as Martin, the incendiary of York cathedral.

Although ignorant of the particular circumstances of the case, the author finds that this individual, now midway between fifty and sixty, has already endured an incarceration in a similar establishment elsewhere of twenty years. So little was there of the appearance of insanity, that for the first month or two the author was incredulous on the subject, and concluded it must have been an act of mercy on the part of the jury who committed him, to accompany their verdict with the plea of insanity. A recent attack, however, fully evinced that the latent seed of disease had only lain dormant; and that even now, although pretty much restored again, the case is one which requires careful vigilance.

This also, like the preceding, is a melancholy case. To be in daily companionship with a fellow-being of respectability, and still in the full vigour of life, thus consigned to interminable bondage, has been the source of many painful reflections, and has often drawn forth the silent aspiration of gratitude, even under the severest privations, that the author's sufferings had at least the prospect of a comparatively speedy termination.

NOTES TO CANTO V.

Note 83. Page 94.

"The muse can weep e'en while this lay he sings,
For 'neath his window now, the plaintive airs
Of female song, Ophelia's madness brings,
To memory's ear."

The window of the author's cell-like chamber, was immediately over the door into what is termed the refractory room—a very necessary apartment in all asylums, and where of course only the worst cases are confined, and these only so long as may be necessary. The above stanza was penned at a moment when the vacant, but harmonious sounds of a female voice below were echoing in his ear, and did, from a similarity of voice and intonation, strongly remind the author of witnessing in his early and dissipated days, the performance of the painfully interesting character of Ophelia.

Note 84. Page 95.

"Ah! who comes thus in laughing mood attired
With echoing voice and footsteps bounding on?"

This lady the wife of ——— ——— M. P. for ———, is in the vigour of life—the mother of children just rising into womanhood—and is herself an accomplished woman,—mistress of French, Italian, Spanish, with some knowledge of German—fond of music—and generally with a buoyancy of spirits that seems to be the only characteristic of disease.

The author occasionally conversed with her, and received also many acts of kindness in the loan of books, grammars, &c. Has subsequently left the spot, but continues under private care.

Note 85. Page 96.

" But whose that stately mien and antique dress ?"

The individual here alluded to, was of a commanding person, but extravagantly outré in her dress, and though quite the lady in her personal deportment to the opposite sex, was one of the most noisy and abusive patients in the house.

Note 86. Page 97.

" At yonder window see a dame presents,
Her portly front."

The sister of a Doctor of Divinity, and so exceedingly secluded in her habits, that during the author's residence at ——, he seldom saw her but standing at the window of her sitting room in the front of the building. She might occasionally, but rarely, be seen pacing the grounds with an attendant. The peculiar nature of her afflictive separation from society the author did not learn.

Note 87. Page 98.

" First then we sketch with gentlest hand of love,
That fated fair, whom twice thine eye hath sought."

" A highly accomplished female, most respectably connected, and formerly a governess, now middle-aged, and sadly reduced in circumstances. In her lucid intervals, she is in all respects pleasing and amiable, and lady-like in her manners ;—but when labouring under her insane delusions, disagreeable and repulsive,—taking a dislike to those around her, fancying they are applying leeches, snakes, &c. that the floor is giving way beneath her, voices speaking, and servants annoying her :—was first confined in July 1835, and left

about fifteen months after, but has been obliged to return in a worse state;—her widowed mother, a pleasing and wonderful lady, retaining all her faculties at the age of eighty-four, being afraid longer to live with her child, who should have been the solace and prop of her old age."—

Extract from J. E. L's Crrespondence.

NOTE 88. Page 99.

"*Next, to the minstrel's tablet now comes forth*
A younger fair."

"A genteel young lady, somewhat under thirty, and of respectable family—her manners pleasing, and, when convalescent, an agreeable companion;—but in her delirium one of the most abusive and revolting patients. Came first in December, 1835, and left the following April, much improved;—but relapsed in July, and the attack much worse than the first; so that for many months the case appeared hopeless—her language and demeanour so awfully shocking as to require solitary confinement. In less than twelve months she was again restored to her family, but her general health very delicate."—*Ibid.*

NOTE 89. Page 100.

"*But maidens all were these;— the next, alas!*
To reason lost, the sad repentant wife."

"This lady arrived in October, 1836, but owing to the illness of her father, was removed in December, and reached home only the evening preceding his death;—which event threw her back, and a few days sufficed for her own entreaty to be restored to D********. Her husband has also recently deceased at another asylum. Her constant idea is, that her wickedness has been so great, that the world and every thing in it is destroyed. At her earnest request the history of her life was patiently listened to, and from observation of her character, the account seemed a true one. Said she had been deceitful from a child, fond of dress and appearance;—had made a profession of religion, but it was a hypocritical one;—married with very little sincere regard on either side, money being the object of one

and a name that of the other. Her husband steady, industrious and money-loving; while she, in her own statement, was perpetually wounding his feelings by drawing comparisons, &c. till at last he was fairly driven out of his mind. Her lamentations are truly painful. She now thinks herself in another state of existence; indeed this was her impression from the first. There are traces of her having been a very well-informed woman, and received a superior education. Although on friendly, if not intimate, terms when convalescent, latterly she frequently has not known me. Alas! how true it is, that 'all is vanity.'"—*Ibid.*

Note 90. Page 101.

"*But whose yon beauteous form, so graced in youth*
With loveliest smiles, and looks so passing fair!"

"A beautiful girl of about six-and-twenty, repeatedly confined in other asylums;—and formerly addicted to rhyming, and still occasionally so; but seems rather idiotic than otherwise; will sit for hours with her eyes shut, lie on the floor, refuse to walk or dress, &c.;—when better, she is amiable and affectionate, converses cheerfully and rationally, and will then sew, which for neatness might be shown at an exhibiton."—*Ibid.*

Note 91. Page 102.

"*Another comes,—a matron too, but quick*
To search out faults."

"A lady whose character, after a seclusion of three months, became as totally changed as could be conceived possible. At first she was extremely loquacious, and criticising pronunciation, dress, language, &c.—indeed nothing could be done so perfectly as this paragon would have had it to be. She wrote much, both verse and prose; —the former tame, but her letters displayed happy ideas and cultivated taste. She gradually became calmer, till at length so quiet, that a stranger would have thought her most reserved and retiring —thus from a troublesome complainant, she became most thankful for even the smallest attention. She left with affecting expressions of

gratitude and affection, which," adds the author's admirable correspondent, "I must ever remember with pleasure and satisfaction." *Ibid.*

Note 92. Page 102.

"Eliza, fair one!—lovely, but alas!
Deep plunged in th' abyss of madness and of woe,
Approaches last."

"A truly interesting, as well as lovely young lady, who, after being attended by a nurse at home for some weeks, was conveyed to the asylum. Her fancy was, that everything she saw was her own—laying claim to many of the treasured possessions of my room: 'they are hers,' she says, 'and have been taken out of her drawers.' The case is a distressing one; being a most affectionate wife and mother, and feeling the separation from them keenly, although at home quite unmanageable. Her mother died of same disease, since she has been here: she sings and plays delightfully."—*Ibid.*

Note 93. Page 105.

"And in the future's weal,
That truth,—'the Judge of all doth right'—shall erst reveal."

"With this," the last of the preceding cases, says the highly gifted friend to whom the Author is indebted for much of the present canto, "I conclude my present sketches; and while my heart aches in the contemplation of these paralysed ornaments of society, my spiritual faith tells me the 'Judge of all the earth must do right!'"

Alas! how much of time and mental talent have been wasted in fruitless controversies on the origin and continuance of moral evil. We know by painful experience its universal prevalence; but we know also that Christ "came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance;" and that "to as many as believe on Him he giveth "power to become the sons of God." And the Author believes with unshaken confidence, and from an experience of five-and-twenty years in cases of insanity, himself included, that it is Christ alone that can really effect the cure of all mental maladies. He owes it

to truth to say, that in the whole course of his observation he has never met with one single instance of a really pious humble-minded man or woman continuing the subject of confinement. Therefore, most confidently, with his endeared friend and correspondent, does he cordially unite in the conviction that some future day will clearly reveal that "the Judge of all" hath done—is doing—and will ever "DO RIGHT!" mysterious as may seem much that is passing in the world around.

NOTE 94. Page 106.

"Could mark the sinner, who, with voice of saint."

The Author forbears to indulge in more than a passing allusion to the newspaper facts which are open to all, and which even within the last few years have recorded the abhorrent sins of ministers of the Gospel, proved to have been guilty of adulterous intrigues; but he feels impelled to dwell for one moment on another instance of wholesale hypocrisy and lust, in which a pretended prophet and preacher of some new sect, blasphemously daring to call himself a Christian, had seduced several young females, and that, too, on the impious assumption that his command justified them.

Oh! ye libellers of the religion of à Kempis and Fenelon, who have unblushingly charged upon the Catholics of Maynooth practices which are as repugnant to the true faith of the Romish church as to your own loud-tongued professions, where was your artillery of just indignation against the *abuse* of this Protestant confessional, when the trial of the wretch above alluded to was blazoned forth?

What are the assumed abuses of (rightly used) one of the most important and efficient duties of the Catholic priest, compared to the actual abominations of this imp of Satan!—this flagrant libel upon that gospel which declares, in the language of its divine Author,—"he that looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his *heart*."

Note 95. Page 108.

"Suffer to escape the heavier guilt,—
Seduction's hell-born crime!"

As a loyal subject of a christian Queen, the Author is exceedingly reluctant to give utterance to remarks which imply reflection upon the authorities of a nation so renowned for its civil and religious liberty; but, in the language of the text, he cannot forbear expressing his decided conviction, that as regards the rich and the poor, the laws of this country are not impartial; and one evidence, among others he would adduce, is in reference to the sin of seduction:—an offence more especially chargeable upon the wealthier classes; and which, in its degree of moral turpitude, he cannot but view as exceeding even that of either the burglar or highwayman; and in its collateral effects of peace-destroying injury to families, far, very far outreaching the evil sustained by any loss of property.

It is easy to resort to the unmanly defence of a woman's weakness, in laying herself open, by gradual indiscretion, to the charge of being the tempter; and a jury is never slow to give the accused every advantage which the evidence may show of this nature; but surely a christian legislature should act upon the principle, that *man* being the stronger of the two, is unquestionably the aggressor. Why also, as the crime is a personal one, the offender is not made to suffer by incarceration or pillory, or some physical penalty, the author is at a loss to conceive.

The passion of love, like gold, when under *righteous control*, is one of the most delightful and valuable of all earthly possessions; but when left to mere selfish indulgence, only less than money, "the root of all evil." The author dares to express his conviction, that the fact of living under a Government expressly conducted upon christian principles, is too much lost sight of; nor can he for one instant conceive the impracticability of enacting laws which shall quadrate more with the precepts of the gospel. The revolting cry of the myriad freethinking spirits of the present day, shews most awfully how little they know of that Christ whose name they profess, and who in John viii. 32, declares, that "the truth shall make them free." It is these pseudo-patriots and sinful men that are the real slaves of impatience and discontent.

NOTES TO CANTO VI.

Note 96. Page 114.

"But who the mystic union shall declare,
Of soul with body?"

The Author has not committed this, it may be thought, desultory volume on the deeply but painfully interesting subject of insanity to the press, without again attentively perusing one of the most elaborate compilations of the last ten years; and the result of plodding through upwards of 700 pages of causes, treatment, cases, and opinions, leaves him with the unaltered conviction that the science of medicine has, as yet, done comparatively little or nothing for this class of suffering humanity.

The prolix digest of the thousand and one authors who have treated it, leaves the question of its seat, cause, and specific remedy just where it found it. With tenfold conviction does the minstrel rise from the perusal of such works, assured that Christ, and Christ alone,—sought with the singleness and simplicity of a child,—will be found the only true Physician of Souls!

Note 97. Page 115.

"Yes, he alone, *the sinless Jesus! knew*
Exemption from the curse:—none other, none
Have sin eschewed."

At all risks of the neglect which the sermonizing character of some of these notes may entail upon them, the Author would fain again call the attention of his more patient and thoughtful reader to the unquestionable fact, that no instance has ever been recorded of insanity arising from a pure, single-eyed obedience to the precepts and example of Christ. All supposed religious mania has resulted from the weakness and self-willedness of the individual, and not from a child-like reception of the Gospel, in the simplicity of true faith.

Note 98. Page 117.

"Aye, to himself a miracle! since there
Arose so suddenly—as 'twere an hour—
The tongue of France."

The Author can personally set his seal to the fact, that an extraordinary impetus is sometimes given to the intellectual faculties when under the influence of joyous excitement. Both in 1834, and in the Spring of the present year, 1841, his fondness for the French language returned, almost as by intuition; and he could read it with as much facility, and even greater delight, than his own language. But not only was there a reaction in the mental powers, as manifested in this instance, but it was also the case with regard to the memory generally; and demonstrated that the whole intellectual apparatus had undergone a sudden and marvellous change: how *happy* that change, from the morbid depression under which his spirits had so long sunk, he need hardly assure the reader of sensibility!

Note 99. Page 120.

"Great are the mysteries that mock our gaze,—
Of ALL, *as that which Paul hath erst declared."*

Not only of that mystery "godliness," spoken of by the Apostle as "great," may it be said that it mocks our human gaze; but of all those subjects relating to the powers of mind, and their inscrutable relation to the physical condition of the body, we must, surely, in the finite capacity of our faculties, be content to admit our profound ignorance.

From the dangerous tendency of those notions set forth as the dogmas of materialism on the one hand, to the fanciful, though in many respects, profound conceptions of the ideal Berkeley on the other,—all, all demonstrates how vain are the boldest efforts of human confidence or human sagacity to develope the latent secrets of the soul.

NOTE 100. Page 119.

"*Say, then, thou Solon of this boasting age*
*Whether thy name, like B*******'s loudly sung.*"

Since penning the Note 44, p. 228, the author has had the opportunity of bringing the subject of that note personally before Lord B*******. Having the pleasure of meeting him on a point of no slight importance to the moral well-being of their mutual country—the author did not feel satisfied to leave the presence of this distinguished individual, without pressing home the question, as to the truth or falsehood of the charge adverted to in the previous note. It is, therefore, but due to that powerful Mentor of the Upper House to state—that his meaning was intended to convey only the sentiment, that man was not more responsible to his *fellow-man* for his religious faith, than for the colour of his hair or the height of his stature;—and that, in no sense, did he (Lord B*******) wish to imply that man was not responsible to God for the conduct of his understanding; or the blessings or errors to which a right or wrong conduct of that understanding led him.

So far as justice to this eminent person's real sentiments requires it, the Author has sincere pleasure in introducing this explanatory note. But he ventures to believe, that that learned nobleman himself, cannot be insensible to the proud, self-conceited condition of mind in which too many of those who, in the present day of almost universal enlightenment, look up to that very Lord B******* scarcely less as their idol, than intellectual "Schoolmaster:"—and it is for the benefit and Christian admonition of self-exalted spirits such as these, that the remarks of Note 44 are mainly intended.

The Author would indulge an earnest hope, from a close observation of Lord B*******'s more recent labours, that as the downhill path of life is awaiting him—(though happily at present possessing great physical as well as mental vigour)—his views of usefulness are attaining a decided tone; befitting the improved condition of a people advancing in pure Christianity, as well as in science, literature and the arts; nor can he believe that the patient assiduity and fearless fidelity with which that gifted person unsparingly attacks the demoralizing influence of evil in every form, is unaccompanied with a modifying, not to say christianizing, power over his own private thoughts and affections;—and that in thus, in all the move-

ments of his powerful mind,—"going about" from one, often distasteful, subject to another, "doing good,"—he is gradually imbibing the grace of that perfect type of God-like humanity — Jesus himself!

Note 101. Page 127.

"*And to the world resound his loved and early lay.*"

Notwithstanding the volumes and essays, and exhortations already before the world on the subject of early rising, to which the expression of "*early* lay" refers, the Author would fain subscribe his seal—yea if it were his last—to the importance and advantages, not to say the duty, of seizing the early hours of the morning. From an experience of many years in his own person, and from the concurrent testimony of much greater and more useful men of by-gone days, he has no hesitation in asserting that human life is greatly abridged in a twofold sense by the practice of needless indulgence in sleep. *First*, by the positive privation of at least two hours of every day; and of that portion of it which, for mental exercise, he has no hesitation in avowing his firm conviction is by far the most valuable;—and *second*, by the slow, but certain injury which the health receives from the long continued practice of rising late.

Note 102. Page 130.

"*Or A******, S**********,—ye,*
Who, heedless of all consequence, thus join
These madd'ning crowds, are wrong"—

Names are immaterial in the illustration of good or bad principles. The mob-fostered spirits above referred to, may be well intentioned men;—but without somewhat more reference to the disturbing influence and baneful "consequences" of their exciting harangues, we are in danger of substituting weak judgments for practical wisdom.

Note 103. Page 132.

"Yes, noble Fox! thou who, with Paul's high zeal."

It is impossible to read the history of the early Friends as narrated by Sewell and Gough, without feeling that they were a race very much beyond the cold and money-loving spirits which, alas! are too often found among their professing descendants of the present day. What mind can recall the sufferings of the youth Parnel,—who after a barbarous imprisonment of ten or eleven months in a hole "like a baker's oven," at Colchester Castle, died in that very prison at the early age of eighteen;—or the noble patience of Robinson, Mary Dyar and others, who actually suffered death by public execution in New England; without feeling that, in many respects, the Society has fearfully retrograded from its pristine integrity and devotedness to the cause of Christ.

It is not here meant to be implied that there are not now those who, if it were possible for like circumstances to arise, would not manifest an equally firm adherence to their principles, and maintain, at the hazard of property and of life itself, the testimonies that distinguish them as a Christian community. But the Author does greatly fear that the relative number of such truly devoted spirits, as compared with what it was in the early periods of the Society, is indeed, lamentably small.

NOTES TO CANTO VII.

NOTE 104. Page 139.

"*Jesus! who didst all prophecy inspire!*"

To the reflective and devout reader of his Bible, the Author need scarcely remark, that in a twofold sense is Jesus—the "Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace!" spoken of as the inspirer of prophecy:—first, by his innate and eternal power as the Logos, which "was in the beginning with God,"—and by whom "all things were made" and done; and second, as being himself, in his subsequent and mysterious manifestation in the flesh, the sublime key-note of the Bible, and the object of all prophecy: *by* him as the power, came the voice of inspiration and prophecy, and *of* him, as the subject, do all parts of both Old and New Testament testify, as the sublime focus of their heavenly truths.

NOTE 105. Page 140.

"*Nathless of all the arts of later days,*
None can e'er rival thee—creative press!"

It is impossible for the mind to take a more extended view of the state of literature, and the diffusion of knowledge in the present day, as compared with the gross intellectual darkness which covered even the nations of Europe prior to the discovery of printing, without also adverting to the fact, that upwards of 1,400 years had elapsed since the divine announcement of the Gospel dispensation, ere the power

of a general dispersion of the Scriptures could have place;—and that even then, although these sacred records were among the earliest fruits of the press, little comparatively was done till the establishment of the Bible Society, between three and four hundred years afterwards. It may, therefore, safely be averred, that the world is yet in its infancy as regards the means of diffusing Scriptural knowledge;—and well indeed is it that the noble "witness" for Christ in that glorious institution, did not longer delay its appearance:—for although still, it is to be feared, inefficient in its influence to counteract the mass of indiscriminate and sadly baneful publications of every possible subject and character, the Bible Society is at least preparing the ground and sowing the seed, which it is devoutly to be hoped,—nay, firmly believed,—through divine aid, will, ere many generations pass, cause fruits to spring up much more abundantly:—in some countries "thirty, in some sixty, and in some a hundred fold."

NOTE 106. Page 140.

"Fain would the Bard a votive anthem bring,
And sound with minstrelsy the blest acclaim
Of that "Society"—whose head, nor king
Nor queen of earth commands."

The incidental allusion to the labours of the Bible Society in the preceding note, does not satisfy the Author without a more distinct reference to the marvellous extent of its labours.

The present year's report he has not yet seen, but those for previous years shew a total issue of Bibles and Testaments by the British and Foreign Bible Society so astounding, that for the comparatively short period of the existence of the Society itself—little more than thirty years—it may be considered as presenting a tangible advance towards the universal spread of the Gospel.

Admitting that numberless copies are lost, laid aside, or remain unsold in the hands of booksellers, depositaries, or libraries, yet the constant large streams which yearly pour forth from this, and other Societies in Europe, America and Asia, must, in the course of even a single century, do much, under Providence, towards evangelizing a large portion of the actual population of the globe.

Is it possible for a sincere lover of the Gospel and believer in its

future triumphs to contemplate such a result, without the overpowering conviction that a Society thus working, and thus supported, will be an important instrument in the hands of the Omniscient Ruler of the earth; and is tracing its silent and rapid way towards an *universal* diffusion of the sacred writings;—thereby wonderfully accelerating the approach of those glorious days, when "the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea." Should the misgiving faith of any timid protestant be viewing with alarm the buildings of the Roman Catholic Church —its numberless schools, chapels, nunneries and colleges—let him pause, ere he imagine that the actual number of individual proselytes, or of the natural increase by population, is advancing in any thing like an equal ratio;—and against any admitted means which may be fairly ascribed to the untiring activity and zeal of that powerful community—let the alarmist set the total contrast which the world now presents to those periods of the early Church described by the interesting and original author of "*The Religious History of Man.*"—(Smith, Elder and Co., 1838.)

"Soon after Christianity became general in Europe and part of Asia, it was thought necessary, in order to prevent divisions and heresies, that the true churches, in every part of the world, should be united together, according to some generally recognized form of Church Government, so as to form one General or Catholic Church. To this Church, in the persons of her ministers, it was contended, that the power of binding and loosing was committed, and in due time the bishop of Rome was constituted head, Father or Pope of the Church."

"There could be neither rest nor peace to a Church" thus originated "so long as the two great witnesses—the Scriptures of the New and Old Testament—continued to testify so plainly against any combination, under whatever name or pretence, to appoint a different head of the Church from Him who was already enthroned in Heaven." Of whom "they spoke so plainly as having *all* power in heaven and *in earth* committed to Him, that it became absolutely necessary to silence these witnesses.

"A Catholic or General Church should have a catholic or general language." "Accordingly they had them translated into a *dead* language, in some degree intelligible to the priests, but as an unknown tongue to all the people. A bold step:—but it answered the purpose;—the witnesses were effectually silenced."—(Sect. Antichrist, p. 329, 330.)

Yes! let any timid Protestant—the Author repeats—contrast with the dominant periods of the Papal Church History, the position which protestantism has since achieved for the diffusion of the Scriptures in the native languages of the various nations of the earth;—and then ask himself if he can, for one moment, indulge a misgiving thought as to the onward advance of the glorious light of Gospel truth. If to this, he add also, the progress and extension of Christian education,—particularly throughout Europe, and America, —surely all feeling of alarm will subside into a thankful adoration of the Wisdom and Omnipotence of the Divine Ruler.

Note 107. Page 142.

"England! if nations may of glory boast."

The mere philosopher may claim for Britain a pre-eminence in science, art, and commerce; but the philanthropist and the Christian will hail her queen of nations, on a much higher ground; and will point to her institutions for improving the morals and spreading the gospel among the poor, and especially to her Bible and Missionary Societies, as surpassing those of all other countries, in the extent of good actually accomplished. Delightful as it is to watch the progress of other kingdoms in following her example in these works of charity and love, we must nevertheless truly *claim* for our native country this higher position in the preaching of the gospel and distribution of the Bible. Let any one glance over the returns shewn even in the reports of the last few years, and it will at once be seen that America, the most active and zealous in its operations, and commencing within a few years of our own Bible Society, has scarcely yet reached a fifth part of the same extent of issues.

Those who, with the philosopher, are looking at one feature only of our national progress, may hesitate in assigning to England the superiority of mathematics and chemistry over France; and so, in some other branches of natural and scientific knowledge. But the christian, in his larger contemplation of the future, as well as the present, hesitates not in placing the Missionary and Bible labours of this country far above those of any other community on the face of the globe. And which, thinks the reader, is most conducive to the glory of God, and happiness of mankind?—the spread of science, or, in the language of the day, "the diffusion of useful knowledge,"

unattended by a christian education, and with humility and self-knowledge; or, the vital and universal acceptance of the inspired truths of the gospel? It is not said, that the reading of the Bible will necessarily lead to humility and self-knowledge; but this the Author has no hesitation in solemnly declaring, that the knowledge of all the science and all the arts that the genius and skill of man have yet developed, *without* the reading the Bible, will necessarily lead *away from* humility; and consequently also from that most important of all sciences, the true knowledge of self.

Till, therefore, the attainments of the mere intellect are sanctified by that grace "which enlighteneth every man" who humbly seeks its illuminating and chastening influence, and thus Christianity keep pace with literature, science, and art, little good, it is to be feared, can be augured of England, with all its "century of inventions," and rapid accumulation of knowledge.

The Author is fully alive to the outcry,—alas! but too often well-founded,—of deists and infidels of every grade, against the poisonous hypocrisy too truly and lamentably mixing with the streams of profession; but spite of this sad admixture of imperfection, he has no fear with regard to the continued and increasing propagation of the Gospel, and the collateral "diffusion of *Christian* knowledge." Once more, however, does the Author earnestly entreat his reader not to misunderstand him. His admiration of science and knowledge in others is almost idolatrous, and he can never enter the presence of a learned or scientific man, without a sort of instinctive respect; but it has happily been accompanied with the ardent hope that the intellectual attainments were, in those cases, crowned with the nobler grace—humility,—and that the individual was one who did render unto the Giver of all his physical, mental, and spiritual endowments that glory, of which none can deprive Him without condemnation.

Note 108. Page 142.

> "*Yes! next the press, we grant those powers twain,*
> *Expansive steam, and metal-covered way*
> *Of modern days the marvel.*"

However much the Author is sometimes disposed to tremble at the incredible progress which art, in almost every department, is making towards the refinement and perfecting of human comforts;—

especially when connected with this advance, he witnesses the fact of Railway Directors deliberately running their trains on the Sabbath, and the Government of the day as deliberately seconding such decision, by availing themselves of these sabbath-breaking companies for their Post Office purposes;—he still consoles himself with the more animating belief, that as the spread of real, vital Christianity advances, all these abundant sources of pride, luxury, and sinfulness will ultimately be over-ruled for more righteous purposes to the future generations of man.

Note 109. Page 143.

"Think that science or that art can give
Those inborn virtues."

On the general moral condition of Britain, there were a few lines in an admirable article "On the Elections," in Blackwood's Magazine, September 1837, which the Author cannot forbear quoting:—

"Since the close of that contest," (with the late Emperor of France) "the nation has been alternately engrossed with the exultation of victory or the lassitude of exhaustion; the eagerness of commercial enterprise, or the depression of pecuniary suffering; the excitement of political change, or the pride of mechanical improvement. Luxury has made rapid strides; the intellect has been lavishly cultivated; but the feelings that would make luxury harmless, the lessons that would make knowledge humble, have not been proportionably cherished."

And further on follows a line or two of excellent advice:—"In the mean time, let no excuse or difficulty prevent the lovers of their country from exerting themselves in the individual circles which surround them, to promote the diffusion of true knowledge, kind feeling, sound morality, and pure religion."

Most cordially does the Author unite, not only in this strong but just picture of England's condition immediately after the close of the war, but also in the value of the important counsel which follows it for the individual guidance of every true lover of his country.

Note 110. Page 144.

" Sayst thou no good from evil can be free,
And that, or railways cease or Sabbath days
Must needs be broken thus, and this to thee
No violation!"

Although the Author has elsewhere dwelt with undisguised freedom on the utter disregard of the Sabbath, shewn by those new species of autocrats, called "Railway Directors," he cannot resist inserting the subjoined pertinent and uncompromising remarks from a Clergyman residing near a station in a large inland town;—most heartily concurring in the full belief, that the predictive parts will be fearfully verified if a more upright and Christian Government do not arise to check these growing sins:—

"But other evils are almost nothing to the new mode of defying the Almighty—the wholesale desecration of his holy day by Companies, drawing away souls by hundreds—yea, thousands—in the face of God's sun and within the sound of the Church-going bell, into a disregard of his laws—a contempt of his authority and very being, amidst the whirl of a railroad train, and the splendours of one of its trafficking exhibitions! Oh, this is the boldest, the most heart-rending demonstration of irreligious defiance, and the most appalling proof of the triumph of Satan over God and his Ministers, which England has ever yet been condemned to see, and the Christian ever called to mourn over on his country's account; for he knows what successive calamities it is calculated to bring on the land, and what jealous anger it may arouse in the Almighty to arise and avenge his own cause. And will he *not* be "avenged on such a nation as this?" Most assuredly he will; and, ere long, punish us openly and before the world, and by judgments as unheard of as those whereby he has of late terribly shewn the power of his wrath to execute vengeance upon man for his sin: and the cholera, and the influenza, and the cold, and the blight, and the murrain, and stagnation of trade shall be considered as nothing in comparison of the wrath which He will pour out upon us by his ministers of wrath. See Psalm vii. 11—13.

"The present instance of Sabbath desecration is the more inexcusable, since, by railroad travelling, the days of the week have been actually doubled, and more can now be effected in one day than in two before; so that it was doubly incumbent upon the Companies alluded to, to resolve on a strict observance of the Sabbath.

"When men, however, overleap the barriers which God has set up, and which human communities have ever found to be necessary to their welfare, then may we expect that he will send a speedy visitation upon them; and a confusion equal to that which disconcerted the Babel-builders; or a blast like that upon Pharaoh and his host.

"The following passages of Scripture, prove that the desecration of the Sabbath is the curse of a nation, whether that desecration be committed by pleasure or by business—by dissipation at a tavern, or by travelling on a railroad. Either are the broad road which leadeth to destruction. The Sunday traveller may think he is only going to Liverpool—he is going farther; and if any one will but calmly and candidly examine the following passages in God's word, he may learn how far, and be induced to pause ere it be too late; and be saved from adding sin to sin and contributing to his country's woe.—

"Nehemiah xiii. 17, 18.—'Then I contended with the nobles of Judea, and said unto them, what evil thing is this that ye do, and *profane the Sabbath day?* Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us and upon this city? yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by *profaning the Sabbath.*'

"Ezekiel xx. 15, 16.—'I would not bring them into the land which I had given them—because they walked not in my statutes, but *polluted my Sabbaths.*'—The whole passage here from the 15th to the 26th verse is deserving of attentive perusal, and serious consideration; and especially the 25th verse, respecting God's giving them *statutes that were not good, and judgments whereby they should not live.*" Has not something like this been fulfilled to us by our profanations of God's Sabbath? and may we not expect worse things, if we proceed from bad to worse? See Ezekiel xxiii. 46."

In making the above quotations, the Author of these notes would more particularly apply them to those who undertake long journeys on the Sabbath, and not to those who merely occupy half an hour or an hour in passing from the centre of a city, or large town, to its rural environs. He is quite disposed to sympathise with the operative in his unceasing six days' confinement during the week, and would be the last person to desire the abridgment of such legitimate use of the Sabbath as is consistent with a proper attention to his religious duties. But every one knows the danger of indulging even these short suburban excursions. Unless the mind be kept in a tranquil and unexcited state during such periods of enjoyment, they become

equally injurious to the best peace of the individual, as though he had travelled a hundred miles; equally draw him away from the express and sacred purposes of the day, as the club-rooms, the dinner parties, and other dissipating habits of the great.

The tavern and its collateral associations, are just as dangerous to the operative, as the Sunday parties and travelling propensities of the rich are adverse to their duly appreciating the sacredness and inestimable privileges of the Sabbath.

Note 111. Page 147.

> "*From royal Edward sister's bosom flows*
> *A purer stream of thought than late hath run*
> *Through sovereign breasts.*"

It is difficult to recall the memory of the pious and youthful King Edward the Sixth, without expressing a fervent hope that, in the essentials of character, though not in brevity of life, our young Queen may be found emulating his excellencies, and desire to forward the cause of truth and Christianity. Surely every thing in the personal history of her Majesty betokens, that her illustrious parents, in anticipation of the exalted destiny which awaited their child, were, till the death of her lamented father, and since by his excellent Duchess, unceasingly solicitous that principles of true patriotism and devotedness to the cause of pure religion among her people, should be deeply implanted and sedulously cherished.

It is, alas! one of the anamolies of the present artificial state of the world of polities, that owing to the importance of avoiding all *precipitate* changes on the accession of a new monarch to the throne, the Queen is necessarily brought into frequent private as well as official contact, with characters with whom it might be supposed to be an object of especial desire that no kind of intercourse should exist.

Note 112 Page 152.

> "*No M******** sway, at virtue's sacred price*
> *Her counsels then.*"

A more demonstrative evidence of the earthly maxims of the ac-

tive reforming spirits of the present day, could hardly be found than in the defiance of all correct feeling by that sentiment of an ex-member for Middlesex, wherein he holds the consistency of private virtue to be altogether indifferent to political integrity;—or in other words, that the dissolute John Wilkes could be as pure a patriot as Lord Chatham.

The abhorrent—nay blasphemous notion, that a debauched and irreligious life may co-exist with pure and upright patriotism in a statesman, is so fearful a libel upon the constitution of a professedly Christian Government, that a man who utters it, should be marked out by the reprobation of all sincere believers in the Gospel:—and yet what, alas! shall be said of the infatuating influence of political partizanship, when it is found that dissenting College Professors of high note in the *voluntary* world, could issue a public declaration respecting this same ex-member for Middlesex, in which are these words:—"I feel myself obliged upon every ground of reason and *religion*, to do all that I can to promote his return to Paliament."

With all due reverence would the Author say in the apostle's expressive words "God forbid," that such spirits as either this renowned Goliah of the *voluntary* principle, or his beau ideal of a parliament patriot, should ever have a shadow of domination over Britain or her councils!

Note 113. Page 152.

"*Nor modern R****** pain*
A Briton's heart."

The Author, in common with all readers of English history, feels a sort of instinctive veneration for the descendants of the political martyr of 1683;—but in addition to historical interest of this kind, the name of Russell has a further claim upon his more private feelings of interest in the fact, that one of his most intimate schoolboy associates was, for many years, patronized by the Duke of B******, and located at Woburn as librarian of the Abbey;—J. H. Wiffen,—the Author of a Spencerian translation of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and also, among other works, of a comprehensive "History of the House of Russell."

The allusion in the text refers to some expressions contained in a

letter of the late Colonial Secretary, to an elector in a borough for which a Conservative candidate of exemplary personal character, and talents of a superior order, had been brought forward, to the effect that "they would hardly think of electing a pensioner." The Author confesses, that he felt pained at an allusion so invidious and unjust in itself, and so utterly unworthy the high character of the Secretary himself.

In making this candid remark, however, upon an isolated and comparatively trifling circumstance, occurring during the excitement of an election, the Author feels impelled by a sense of justice to the general aim of that enlightened nobleman's uniformly consistent career as an assiduous, highly talented, and independent statesman — to advert to a very different scene, in which his truly *Christian* philanthropy has been most efficiently displayed. He alludes to the great moral experiment in the treatment of juvenile criminals, which is now in most successful operation at Parkhurst Penitentiary in the Isle of Wight, under the presiding care of Captain Robert Woollcombe;—a gentleman whose previous experience as a magistrate, and long and devoted attention to Christian education, peculiarly qualified him for the task of opening up altogether a new field of moral labour.

The Institution has been graphically described, twelve or thirteen months ago, in Chambers' Journal;—but the subsequent period has not only extended the usefulness of the system from 153—the number of convicts when Chambers visited it—to 287 at the period the Author saw it in the autumn of the present year, 1841; but every month has demonstrated the success of this interesting and invaluable effort,—not only thus to separate, but—to transform the young criminal from a state of hopeless wickedness, ignorance and misery, to one of self-respect, intelligence and usefulness;—and this, be it especially remembered, not by the exercise of terror—or, in the language of some philanthropists,—the system of deterring by compulsion; but by the influence of kindness,—by the instruction of their minds, employment of their hands, and reformation of their hearts.

So convinced is the Author, of the importance and success of this experiment upon the efficiency of the principle of prevention by the exercise of Christian *love*, rather than that of authority and *fear*, that he would be rejoiced to learn that the labours of his excellent friend the Governor of Parkhurst had been imitated by the establishment of at least two or three similar prisons in other parts of the kingdom.

In reference to this point also, Captain Woollcombe, with true Christian zeal for the promotion of *preventive* rather than penal measures against crime, has not been unmindful of his public duty; and from actual experience of the benefits derived from the system pursued at Parkhurst, did suggest to the late accomplished Secretary for the Home Department, the desirableness of its extension.

The Marquess of Normanby might possibly indulge fears as to the finding properly qualified and equally conscientious Governors, such as the zealous individual to whom Lord John Russell had been providentially directed in the onset of *his* experiment. But the Author ventures confidently to hope that the Chief of the Parkhurst establishment, was not too sanguine when he expressed to him his belief, that he could at once point to several equally enlightened and Christian individuals, both competent and desirous to aid in this great work of juvenile reformation. Captain Woollcombe, and his estimable colleague the Rev. Thomas England, the Chaplain, quite agreed in judgment, that the numbers in each Penitentiary should not exceed from three to four hundred;—both uniting in the indispensableness of giving to every separate case its individual and distinct treatment;—which of course would become the more difficult, if not impracticable, as the numbers increased beyond three or four hundred.

The experiment having originated with Lord John Russell, the Author felt bound, in gratitude for the pleasure afforded by his visit to Parkhurst, to make this explicit mention of the institution itself.

Note 114. Page 167.

"Oh, then! (but not till then!) will God bestow
On you, ye sons of intellect and art,
*Ye P*****s, and ye B*******s—B*****s too*
With all the train of learning's crowded mart,
His heavenly meed of perfect peace."

Mere learning, however profound,—or genius, however lofty,—unaccompanied by the grace of humility in the heart, and devotion of the faculties to the glory of their Creator, will be found unequal to the bestowment of that inward peace which is an integral and essential part of the Christian's happiness.

Where, therefore, the tendency of a man's writings is either unfavourable or indifferent to the spread of the Gospel, it cannot, of such a writer, be said that he is occupying his talents to the honour and service of that Master by whom, at the final day of account, all minds and all hearts are to be judged. Till these sons of learning and of genius can cast their crowns at the feet of the cross, and acknowledge that, instead of cause for triumph over the comparative intellectual darkness of their less enlightened fellow-creatures, the possession of superior mental endowments is but a call for greater humility, as well as responsibility, they will assuredly find they have fatally missed that pure enjoyment of mental power which awaits the man who lives conscious that he has nothing, "which he has not received;"—and who feels that he is really happy only in proportion as SELF is renounced;—that he is but as it were, an instrument, through which a nobler grace—the spirit of truth and of knowledge—is pouring strains of delightful harmony, heavenly in its source and results:—conveying, whatever his talents may be, essential benefits to his fellow-men, in the right exercise of these talents;—and to himself an inexpressible,—though possibly to others, unseen,—enjoyment of peace in its purest and most exalted sense.

The cold hearts of unbelieving philosophers may protest that this is all idle refinement upon what they would doubtless maintain, namely:—that science and learning, even when altogether separate from religious motives, cannot be exercised without bestowing good upon mankind;—and that irrespective of Christianity, knowledge is happiness, as well as power. The Author would only entreat spirits such as these to compare themselves, or others of the same cast of thought, with a truly devoted and humble minded Christian philosopher or scholar;—and then calmly determine which of the two possesses the truest enjoyment of life:—he who, like the master minds referred to in the text, claims for himself the merit of self-culture, but with transcendant talents, shows no evidence of exercising them to the glory of his Creator;—or he who, equally possessed of high intellectual endowments, ascribes all to Christ, and seeks only how he may most worthily manifest his thankfulness for their possession, by devoting himself, heart and soul, to the cause, either direct or indirect, of his risen Redeemer.

Till therefore, the men of art and science, and learning, as well as the mere slave of the world, can learn to appreciate the Sabbath, as especially due to the sacredness of its rest-giving objects, most

thoroughly satisfied is the Author, that God will not bestow on them "His heavenly meed of perfect peace."

Does any one allege, that in thus freely descanting upon the errors of others, he is betraying an uncharitable spirit?—The author's only reply is—that truth is of infinitely greater value than the opinion of any man or woman whatsoever;—and that as those who write to instruct or inform others, are especially amenable to the judgment of that public to whom they address themselves—and of which public the minstrel Author of these free-written pages is a member,—he should feel it a gross dereliction of his duty as a Christian writer himself, did he not endeavour in every possible way to bring men to a proper sense of their dependent position towards God for all the faculties they possess, and to the consequently indispensable grace of humility in their exercise.

Note 115. Page 168.

> "*Alas! more need, on this momentous theme,*
> *To call the rich, and ah! the artist throng*
> *To scenes of Sabbaths broken.*"

If it may seem invidious to note the failings of one particular class, the Author can only justify himself by asserting what he believes to be the fact of by far too many of "the artist throng,"—the frequenting their studios on the Sabbath as well as other days. He stays not to ask another to contradict what he has witnessed with his own eyes, and what he has heard from the lips of some of the ill-fated sons of genius themselves;—this too common practice of violating the day of sacred rest,—a practice which he fears, is sufficiently well known to require but little evidence to support it.

Public exhibitions such as annually occur at Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Birmingham, &c. not unfrequently open for the first time of the season, on the second day (Monday);—and the Author would be thankful if he could believe that in no instance has the previous day been resorted to for throwing in an additional effect to a picture, according as its situation or contrast with surrounding ones, seemed to require. Suffice it to say, that unhappily he knows that in too many instances, such is the fact.

He can never, therefore, meet a youth, entering with enthusiasm this tempting career, without earnestly entreating him to beware

of the examples which are sure to await him on this point. It has been his happiness to know a few young persons, who, either continuing under the preserving oversight of Christian parents, or carrying to the metropolis principles so well established as to protect them from this master sin of art, have found, that in proportion as they render a right homage to the sacredness of the day of rest, their very talents are improved and invigorated;—and this, of course, followed by a degree of inspiring confidence in Providence, as to their ultimate success, which the mere worldling, however great his talents, neither possesses nor desires;—but who, in a vain reliance upon his own unaided powers, pursues his godless career, with a restless impatience always characteristic of those who seek only the honour which cometh from man.

Earnestly—yes, most earnestly—would the Author beseech any young artist, to whom by any possibility these lines may reach, calmly to consider ere he unites in the practice of his elder competitors, by devoting even a single half hour,—whether of pallette or chisel,—to Sabbath labours of this kind; lest hereafter he bring upon himself those reproaches of conscience, for which no earthly success can in the smallest degree compensate.

If any reader should impatiently complain of the Author thus repeatedly adverting to the violation of the Sabbath, he will, for once, quote a moralist of some note in the world of literature—Dr. Samuel Johnson;—who has somewhere written that—"men require more often to be *reminded* than informed;" and it is from no crude or inexperienced estimate of the value, as well as sacredness, of that divinely appointed day, that the Author has thus urgently and repeatedly brought it into notice in these pages.

Note 116. Page 184.

"And yet if words
Of Holy Writ, and Jesu's truth be there,
Not all your millions of unsheathed swords,
Can turn one tittle of that wrath, which vengeance hoards."

It may, perhaps, to some appear presumptuous that, removed as the Author's station and principles are from the influence of fashion, he should venture thus confidently to write of what he can know only by inference or report. He is, however, from close observation of the

totally different walk of those, who—though in property and rank allied to the world of fashion—carry out their Christian principles in the individual life, so fully persuaded of the truth of all he asseverates on these topics; that he feels justified in calling upon such objectors to prove that the class against which his attacks lie, are equally useful, or equally happy, with those whom the Author knows to be devoting their rank, property, and talents to God-like purposes.

Note 107. Page 185.

"Worldling of high, or wit of low degree,
All stand the same in death's impartial court."

The Author's position in life has more than once brought him, for many months together, to be a witness to fearful accidents and sudden deaths of various kinds; and he is, therefore perhaps, more able than many of his readers to enter into the common-place, but sadly neglected, truth contained in the text.

In one particular appointment especially,—during the twelve months' continuance of which, he had officially to record fourteen or fifteen deaths by accident,—the reader may readily suppose that his mind became, in degree, familiarized to scenes sufficiently awful in themselves, but which, from their comparative frequency, are always in danger of losing that salutary and impressive effect upon those around, which their very suddenness is otherwise calculated to inspire.

But if from scenes among the working classes, where these fearful contingencies are most frequent, the Author turns his eye, for a moment, to those carefully protected bulwarks by which the lives of the rich and the great are, humanly speaking, secured from such casualties; and recalling the sudden prostration of a powerful athletic man, for instance,—on whom death has come as in an instant —looks with trembling upon the handsome young officer, or man of fashion, lounging in the neighbourhood of St. James's, with all the confidence of health and manly beauty, and seeming to defy the very thought that death *can* await *him;* the reflective author is then prone to wish that such a mind—such a form—could be imbued with a little more of grateful reverence towards that Being in whom alone "*he* lives, and moves, and has his being;"—that he could, in verity, feel that every human being on whom he too often looks

with a supercilious glance of contempt, has the same Almighty protector—the same element of immortal life as himself;—and that a fever or a battle may, as suddenly verify to him the truth, that all do indeed "stand the same in death's impartial court!" Oh! what a lesson might this poor minion of fashion, and the worldling of every degree, learn by occasionally entering the walls of an hospital, a gaol, or an asylum. Not only would it tend to quicken his sympathies for the mass of misery which subsists in the world around him,—and of which his habits necessarily preclude him from all knowledge,—but by the constant appeals such scenes would necessarily make to his own personal condition of mind,—if reflection had but its due course,—he could not fail, in every such visit to derive mental benefit to himself:—satisfaction in the kindness and sympathy bestowed upon his fellow-creatures by the very act of thus witnessing their sufferings, and peace-giving emotions from the gratitude so naturally inspired, by the recollection of his own merciful preservation from like afflictions.

When, alas! will poor humanity learn that PRIDE is, after all, the great partition between man and that God in whose approving smile happiness can alone be found? And never will that pride be fully slain till the soul be made individually sensible that in "death's impartial court" all other distinctions than those which divine grace confers, will avail nothing towards averting the immutable decrees of eternal justice; and till also the faith is shown in the life, and the whole man acknowledges with the Apostle, that God is, indeed, "no respecter of persons;"—but "will render to every man according to his deeds:—to them who, by patient continuance in well doing, seek for glory, and honour, and immortality—eternal life;—but unto them that are contentious (proud), and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness,—indignation, and wrath, tribulation and anguish upon every soul of man that doeth evil, of the Jew first and also of the Gentile;—but glory, honour, and peace to every man that worketh good, to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile."—(Rom. ii. 6—10.)

CONCLUDING NOTE.

In reference to the remarks contained in the Preface—as to the ignorance still too generally prevailing on the subject of insanity—its causes and treatment—the Author feels impelled, before closing his volume, to add some further observations; and more particularly to allude to the opportunities which the last few months have afforded him of inspecting various asylums. But of those he has so inspected, which seem to call for particular notice, the number is small.

In Dublin he visited the Richmond Pauper Asylum, as also that founded by Dean Swift for all classes. The arrangement of these, though in many points admirable—particularly the spaciousness of the corridors,—has, of course, been much improved upon in later erections.

On his return from Dublin to Liverpool, the Author proceeded direct north to Glasgow; and had there the pleasure of again meeting with Dr. Hutcheson, Governor of the Royal Asylum, to whom he had been introduced in York a short time before. Having previously seen the Glasgow Asylum, both in the years 1816 and 1835, the principal interest of his present visit consisted in his intercourse with the enlightened and indefatigable governor; whose attention for many years past has been, perhaps, more earnestly devoted to the subject of insanity generally, than that of most persons living:—in truth, so laborious and incessant have been these pursuits, that his health was visibly and rapidly giving way under them, till, happily, he left home on a visit of inspection of the Asylums, not only of England, but of the Continent; and had but recently returned, greatly improved in health, when the Author saw him in Glasgow. The object of that jour-

ney was, however, twofold:—his own health, and the obtaining of more extensive information as to existing establishments, prior to the erection, on another site, of a new Royal Asylum for lunatics—the present building having been already disposed of for some public object connected with the poor of the city.

Accompanied by the Chairman of the Building Committee, as also by Dr. Hutcheson and the Architect, the Author visited the new site, which is about three miles from Glasgow;—and believes that the erection which is to be of Gothic design, will be, next to Hanwell, one of the most extensive, as well as best arranged buildings in the kingdom. It is of course too early to judge, the ground being only then levelling; but of the beauty and healthiness of the newly adopted site, there cannot be two opinions. The edifice will extend seven or eight hundred feet along the terraced summit of a hill, commanding one of the finest panoramic views in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. The Author afterwards examined the drawings, and has no hesitation in declaring his decided opinion, that in many respects the general arrangements and principles of classification, will be superior to those of any building now existing. One serious fault of the old panoptican plan is, that by the continuous encircling within high walls,—and in some instances by the enclosures of the high buildings themselves,—a proper degree of ventilation cannot be secured; and to the vast importance of this branch of structural arrangement in gaols, hospitals, and asylums, the world seems only just beginning to be sufficiently alive. In the instance of the new Glasgow Royal Asylum, not only does the extension in lines, rather than quadrangles or courts, ensure the amplest means both of drainage and ventilation—but also, of entirely separating the portions of the building appropriated to the poorer and wealthier classes of patients. One of the great difficulties in those county asylums, such as York and Stafford, where all classes are admissible, consists in the being able so to separate them, as that those of the superior class may not be subjected to the too-often depressing effect of constantly witnessing their pauper fellow-sufferers;—not that the Author would altogether preclude the occasionally watching them at their

labours in the fields or gardens. At Glasgow the distinction will be so perfectly provided for, that the more wealthy and educated patients may enjoy their own separate grounds and walks, without being necessarily subject to a sight of the poorer patients.

The Author is acquainted with one private establishment of considerable extent, in which the two classes are also admitted; but it has often occurred to him as a defect of the arrangements there, that the superior patients were frequently and necessarily compelled to witness their more suffering companions in affliction.

From a somewhat extensive range of personal experience on the subject, the Author attaches considerable importance to the labours of Dr. Hutcheson; and rejoices to find that the liberal and enlightened body under whom he acts, have thrown their entire confidence into his advanced views;—and the Doctor, wisely desirous that the Architect employed in designing the new edifice, should have the advantage of comparing different existing institutions, recommended his accompanying him on his tour of inspection both at home and abroad;—nor can it be doubted that a journey thus extensive, and under the constant intelligent inquiries of so competent an observer as Dr. Hutcheson, must have been of the greatest advantage to his professional companion in the future concoction of their present admirable design. But the Author indulges a confident hope that the closest, as well as practical, labours of the Governor of the Glasgow Asylum, will not be lost to the world; and that at no remote period, he will produce some comprehensive work on the causes, treatment and cure of mental disease in all its forms. In the meantime the axioms are both few and simple into which that valuable digest will most probably resolve itself;—and which axioms the present Author has proved to have been successfully acted upon, not only by Dr. Conolly at Hanwell, but in other institutions. In the first place, the almost entire *disuse of coercion*, or even harsh language to patients; in the next, the *employment* of every individual capable either of hand labour or intellectual exertion; and in *all* cases, the treating and speaking to them, as much as possible, like rational beings. In cases of real violence, seclusion in a room with its sides padded with leather—or perhaps better, as in some of those

at Hanwell, with a strong ticking, to the full height of a man, will generally be found sufficient.

Coercion being dispensed with, those who have the care of violent patients are driven, as Dr. H. remarks, to the necessity of ascertaining the physical causes upon which violence in any case depends.

From Glasgow the Author proceeded northward through the Caledonian Canal to Inverness; and on his return through Scotland visited, as well as other public buildings, the Asylums of Aberdeen, Perth, and Edinburgh;—in all of which he found more or less to interest him:—in his visit to Dr. Mackinnon, of the Royal Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum, it was especially the case;—that excellent individual, though comparatively young, having entered upon, and is now pursuing, his arduous duties with a zeal which the Author rejoiced to witness, and holds to be indispensable to their right performance;—but which, alas! is too seldom found in offices so painfully onerous as those which await the superintendent of an asylum. At Edinburgh the higher and lower classes of patients are under the same care; but an extensive, not to say magnificent, arrangement has been designed and partially executed under the eminent Scotch Architect, William Burn, by which a total separation and complete classification will hereafter be effected.

Having thus inspected a few of the most celebrated establishments in Scotland, the Author, during his residence in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and while superintending his little volume through the press, has availed himself of the opportunity of visiting Bedlam, St. Luke's, and Hanwell;—also the County Asylum for Surrey, on Wandsworth Common; and last but not least, the beautiful and admirable establishment at Denham Park, for the sole reception of patients of the higher classes.

Of his introduction and visit to Dr. Conolly at Hanwell, brief though it was, the Author can speak only in terms of respect and pleasure. The Doctor, he laments to say, is still labouring under some degree of indisposition—in all probability the remains of a most serious attack which awaited him after the first carrying out of his anti-coercive principles. It is, however, on this subject a source of rejoicing to find, that although, for the first twelve or fifteen

months, his persevering efforts to supersede the old system, and to carry out the necessary changes of attendants and nurses contingent on the introduction of a new system of government, were, in many cases, impeded by the unfaithful and prejudiced conduct of these persons,—and were attended with ceaseless complaints of violence, and disorders;—these clamours and prejudices have at length happily subsided; and for the last seven or eight months, hardly a single report of a case of violence has reached him.

The accommodations afforded by this asylum, though latterly extended to the reception of one thousand patients, is still inadequate to the requirements of the county;—there being still two or three hundred distributed among the different union workhouses. The author has subsequently visited the Surrey Asylum, under the superintendence of Dr. Quick, who for five years resided at Hanwell as medical attendant with the late Sir William Ellis. This building is situated just under the hill across Wandsworth Common, and commands a beautiful view of most parts of the surrounding country;—the design is in the Elizabethan style, and has a striking and admirable effect to the eye in so secluded a locality. In one portion of its interior arrangements,—the relative position of the domestic offices between, and communicating with the wards,—it is certainly superior even to that at Hanwell.

The accommodation is intended for three hundred patients; of which two hundred and fifty have already been admitted; but the Asylum having been only completed a few months, its actual condition and future working is not yet fully seen. But so satisfied is the Author of the importance of these public institutions for the reception of *pauper* lunatics, that he hails, with unmingled pleasure, every addition to those already in existence; and only regrets that the mere *recommendation* of their erection in the respective counties, is not superseded by a specific legislative *requirement;* there being still many counties in which no such provision exists; and where, consequently, this unhappy class of dependents upon public charity, is left to the too often inadequate care of workhouses and private asylums.

As it has been the author's especial desire to acquaint himself more particularly with the working of County Asylums for the

poorer class of patients, he cannot forbear seconding a remark of S. Tuke in his valuable introduction to Kitching's Translation of Dr. Jacobi's work on the Siegburg Institution, wherein allusion is made to the visiting of magistrates, and doubts expressed whether, after all, this system of dependance upon *them*, as the responsible guardians of such establishments, is the right one;—and whether it be not still incumbent upon the Government to appoint a sufficient number of competent and stipendiary inspectors, for the purpose of preserving a more efficient oversight in the details of individual management; particularly as regards not only the continued fitness and untiring zeal of governors and the chief officers, but also of the attendants and nurses; with whom, be it remembered, the real power of personal treatment lies.

It is not the wisdom of a committee of magistrates, nor the skill of the architect they employ in devising a proper distribution of the various parts of such structures, that can accomplish all that is intended by their erection. The most perfect building in the world, if it be not under the governance of right officers, will but show the more signally the utter insufficiency of this, the subordinate, however important, part in the provision for the cure and treatment of insanity. It depends, therefore, in a much higher degree, upon the wise selection of these officers, than upon the most perfect arrangements of the building, that success may, under Providence, be most certainly looked for;—and to carry forward, under vigilant supervision, this proper individual working of these interesting establishments, something more, the Author ventures, with the respected authority above-mentioned, to believe, is needful, than the periodical visits of even the best disposed magistrates;—namely, an efficient, enlightened and liberally remunerated class of stipendiary inspectors, amenable to the executive who appoints them.

The foregoing remarks have reference principally to the larger asylums;—both those exclusively for paupers, as in Hanwell and Wakefield, and those in which higher class patients are included within the same establishment;—as at Glasgow, Edinburgh, Stafford, and the Friends' Retreat, near York.

Of the advantages or disadvantages of this union of the pay-

ing and non-paying patients, much might be said; but the Author does not hesitate to express his conviction, that in many cases the advantages decidedly preponderate; the classification and separation of grounds, &c. being sufficient to ensure the one from any depressing effects which the constant sight of the others might produce on the minds of each. Most of the benefits of a private and distinct asylum may be obtained, with the certain pecuniary result to the remaining portions of the establishment of greatly lessening, if not wholly making up the deficiency arising from the difference of actual cost of each pauper, and the amount paid by the respective parishes or meetings sending them; —and in estimating the cost of such patients, it must be remembered, that in addition to mere food, washing, and salaries of officers, there is, at all times, the important one of interest on the capital expended in erections and furniture.

Of the successful result of this union of the two classes of patients, the Author can speak most unequivocally as it regards the Friends' Retreat;—the history of which clearly shows, that if not at all periods since its institution, for a far greater portion of that time, the stream of income flowing from the Lodge and House patients of the superior classes, added to the small payments made by the meetings or local communities from which the dependent classes come, has sufficiently exceeded the total cost of current charges of every description, to enable the committee, under the sanction of the Society of Friends, by whom they are appointed, gradually to increase their buildings, and extend their landed estate, so that the Retreat, originally designed for thirty patients, is now equal to the accommodation of upwards of one hundred.

There may be reasons in the very structure of the Society for whose members this establishment was formed, (though not now exclusively so, at least for the superior classes,) which would be less operative in the world at large;—where the distinctions between the rich and poor, are, on the whole, decidedly more marked than amongst the Friends. But notwithstanding this, it seems but reasonable to conclude that a similar result, though not perhaps to the same extent, in relation to the specific number of

patients, would arise from the union of the two classes in county and other asylums on a larger scale; and this seems confirmed by a remark of S. Tuke's, in the work before alluded to, in relation to that for the County, at York.

Having said thus much of what may be termed public establishments, the Author is unwilling to omit some distinct reference to asylums of a more private character, such as those around London and York:—Dr. Fox's, near Bristol; Lady Ellis's; Duddeston Hall, near Birmingham; Ticehurst, in Kent; and Denham Park, near Uxbridge.*

Of the advantages to the patients individually, of devoting an exclusive attention to those of the higher classes, as is the case at the last named establishment, the Author has not a moment's doubt. Strongly imbued with this view of the subject, this volume has been retarded a few days, in order that he might, by personal inspection, satisfy himself of the success of the system adopted in this seemingly artificial, but really social and attractive home for the seclusion and restoration of the more educated classes of the insane.

Denham Park is situated about two miles from the town of Uxbridge, and a short distance to the right of the Oxford road. The house is a fine specimen of the brick mansions of 150 or 200 years ago. It is well seen from the road, which passes it, being backed by a crescent belt of fine plantations, and the Park interspersed with groups of noble trees. To the right of the drive, by which the house is approached from the road, is a sheet of water; and further, in the same direction, a large walled garden, both ornamental and horticultural. The mass of the building is in such admirable proportions, that it is only upon entering within its walls that the real magnitude is discovered. Suffice it to say,

* We cannot here omit the name of the late superintendent of the Friends' Retreat, Thomas Allis;—who, on retiring from an appointment he has held for a period of nearly twenty years, is about to open a private establishment at Osbaldswick, near York;—and whose various mental attainments, and long practical experience in the treatment of mental disease, so peculiarly fit him for the exclusive care of patients of the higher class, to which only he is about to devote his attention.

with regard to its external attractions, and internal scale and arrangements, that the Count de Survilliers (Joseph Buonaparte) was sufficiently enamoured of the spot, to adopt it as a place of residence for upwards of two years.

But the chief object of interest of the Author's visit to Denham Park,—where he was kindly attended by one of the managing directors, and by Dr. Anderson, the resident physician,—arose from the advanced system of management which he understood to be in operation, and in which he was not disappointed. The main purpose of those who originated, and are carrying out, these improved plans, appearing to be the offering to patients, who are sufficiently convalescent, the social attractions of a large family circle.

The class received being such only as are of superior education, care is taken, in the choice of attendants and nurses, to select individuals suitable for *companions*, as well as care-takers.

The Author, though cognizant of the modes of conducting several Private Asylums, and admitting that others may exist similar to this, knows, of himself, no instance in which the great principle of treating patients altogether as rational, is so fully carried out as at Denham.

After looking through the house and grounds, he remained to dinner; and found a party of sixteen or eighteen in a noble dining-room, forty feet by thirty, having four lofty windows, and the room itself of proportionable height. Of this group, ten or eleven were patients, but the companions and visitors were so intermingled with the patients, that the latter were not discoverable. The Director and the Physician presided.

From the dinner table the ladies retire to their drawing-room; and in the evening both parties assemble there, and music, reading, or other light occupations, agreeably pass away the later hours of the day.

One most satisfactory feature in the system of Denham is the perfect openness with which strangers are invited to inspect its arrangements and attractions; and a further one—and the Author believes almost peculiar to it—is the allowing the visits of relatives to extend to weeks, and in some cases even months, instead of

merely a few hours as elsewhere. He had, in fact, the pleasure of returning to town with a lady who had been paying a visit to a near relative, and who, *unsolicited*, freely and thankfully adverted to the advantages she found to exist at Denham Park, over those of any other institution with which she was acquainted.

It is hardly needful to say, that the mansion is one admirably suited to the purpose for which it is appropriated; and that, in addition to its noble dining, drawing, and billiard rooms, more retired apartments are found on the lofty first floor, for patients less equal to mingling with the circle below.

In having thus hastily glanced at an instance or two of the many public and private asylums, which have come under his own inspection, the Author would now close this somewhat extended note, with a few remarks on the architecture and superintendence of Lunatic Establishments;—as well as the general state of knowledge on the subject of insanity, and the probable increase of mental disease for some years to come.

On the first point,—the structure and general arrangement of the *buildings* themselves;—the Author is most decidedly of opinion that the method adopted by the enlightened committee of the Glasgow Royal Asylum is the only judicious one. Instead of attempting, as is too often the case, to issue a code of "Instructions to Architects," they at once appointed the latter, and threw him into direct intercourse with the resident physician;—they further authorized their superintendent, accompanied by the architect, to make an extensive tour of inspection, not only in Britain, but also on the Continent;—and being thus possessed of the best possible means of arriving at some satisfactory design, were prepared deliberately to consider and to sanction the improved arrangements consequent upon so judicious a mode of proceeding.

With this end, and supposing that a county asylum were about to be erected where one did not previously exist, the Author would strongly contend for the wisdom of appointing the superintendent *beforehand*;—the responsibility of the entire fitness of that appointment resting of course with the committee;—and on this *second* point, of the proper superintendence of lunatic

asylums, he cannot forbear introducing a remark of Dr. Jacobi's, quoted in S. Tuke's introduction before referred to; which remark, though applied by the Doctor to the appointment of properly qualified attendants and nurses, is, the Author ventures to think, even more important and applicable in that of governors, superintendents, and resident medical officers. "I believe," he says, "that this difficulty will never be surmounted till the spirit of the age becomes so far changed as to induce persons of cultivated minds and benevolent hearts, to devote themselves to this employment from religious motives." p. xxxii.

The superintendent, being in all points the chief power, in the direction of treatment, with him will of course rest the great question of restraint;—of occasional coercion, or its entire disuse. On this point, and from no slight experience, the Author expresses his concurrence with the remark of Samuel Tuke, where he observes:—"It is asserted, that all mechanical means of restraint may be *entirely* and *advantageously* superseded in our asylums, by the exercise of moral influence. The very important experiments commenced at Lincoln, and now carrying on at Hanwell, have not yet, I venture to say, quite determined the question in the affirmative."

"There are cases,"—so also thinks the present writer,—"in which, under the most favorable management, we should best consult the feelings of the patient, as well as the comfort of his companions, by the application of mechanical means of restraint." p. xxxiii.

The very fact of the diversity of opinion on this deeply interesting question of restraint, manifestly shews that the knowledge of mental disease is yet in a very imperfect state;—and greatly is it to be desired that an adequate number of the younger and more devoted physicians of the day, may be induced to direct their attention to this increasingly important branch of medical knowledge. The expression "increasingly" leads the Author to repeat, what in the course of both the poem and notes, he has more than once intimated,—his conviction that insanity is not on the decrease; and that all which great talent and religious devotion of heart to its onerous duties can supply, will be requisite to

arrest and keep down this afflictive malady. Much that the Author has recently witnessed of society and its impulses,—particularly during a late extensive journey through Scotland and England,—leads him to fear, that the increasing rapidity of movement in all departments of commerce, aided by the travelling facilities now afforded, will tend also to increase a sanguine spirit of speculation; and in the vicissitude of result, endanger the stability of many a mind that would otherwise have gone, with comparative safety, through a less exciting career of exertion. Of the general state of society, as bearing upon this subject, in the previously quoted introduction, S. Tuke thus remarks:—"It may, after all, be found that England, with all its civil and religious privileges, and its standard of moral conduct, has, in connection with its wealth and commercial greatness, a greater proportion of insane persons than some, in other respects, less favoured states. It may even be found that a darkened understanding and a deadened conscience, (a state of mental disease truly,) are some protection against those aberrations of the mind, which are denoted by the term insanity.

"The moral history of insanity, as it has been presented to us by the cases which have come under the care of the Retreat, leads directly to this general conclusion, viz:—that the due development and exercise of the various physical organs, including, of course, those which more especially minister to the mind, and the subjection of the human will to the Divine law, are conditions as decidedly favourble to the integrity of the understanding, as they are to the perfect exhibition of the species, man. This general doctrine will, I apprehend, be assented to by most who have carefully studied the moral history of insanity;—and some inference may perhaps be safely drawn from it, as to the influence of circumstances in the production of the disease; it would, however, very imperfectly direct us in estimating the tendency of those combined and complicated circumstances, physical and moral, which distinguish the several communities of men in the different nations of Europe."

It is to the "combined and complicated circumstances" of the increasingly artificial state of the body commercial, as well as

politic, of his own country, that the Author looks, as presenting a manifest tendency, for years to come, of the increased rather than decreased prevalence of insanity. Far, however, from his mind be a too discouraging anticipation of the possible dispensations, which, in the inscrutable providences of Him who ruleth the nations of the earth, may await the future;—he thus freely adventures his thoughts on the painfully interesting theme of his volume, solely with the earnest desire to awaken in the minds of his fellow-Christian professors of every name, a more lively sympathy in the actual extent of afflictive visitations of this kind; an extent, of which he fears the gay and the fashionable of higher localities in society, and the rich and prosperous of mercantile communities, are but little sensible.

It remains only to make a few remarks on the existing law respecting medical certificates of insanity. The fearful exposures which, from time to time, have taken place of instances, wherein the facility of granting such certificates has been greatly abused, seem to render absolutely necessary a revision of the whole of this question of medical jurisprudence. He cannot forbear again referring his reader to a recent debate in the House of Commons, on Lord Ashley's moving the further progress of his Lunacy Bill. Facts were then stated sufficient to show the imperative necessity of revising the present law; particularly as it affects the subjecting any person to the arbitrary power of a medical certificate, without sufficient previous inquiry. He will indeed be truly rejoiced to find, that that philanthropic nobleman, Lord Ashley, has anticipated his views, by inserting a clause for the protection of persons alleged to be insane, and consigned upon insufficient evidence, on the judgment of two medical men, to uncertain periods of confinement. Should unhappily, however, such not prove to be the case, most earnestly does the Author hope, that not a session may be lost in introducing some legislative measure upon the subject.

To the real Christian—to the humble and devoted follower of the Divine Exemplar of all virtue—Christ;—to him who prayerfully reads his heart, as well as his Bible—there is nothing either in the present condition of the world around him, or in the contingent prospects to which the minstrel has ventured to allude,

which should, for a moment, disturb his own calm and unwavering reliance on that Divine promise;—"All things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord."

"This having learn'd, thou hast attain'd the sum
Of wisdom; hope no higher, though all the stars
Thou know'st by name, and all the ethereal power,
All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,
Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,
And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,
And all the rule, one empire; only add
Deeds to thy knowledge answerable; add faith,
Add virtue, patience, temperance; add love,
By name to come called charity, the soul
Of all the rest:—then wilt thou not be loth
To leave this paradise, but shalt possess
A PARADISE WITHIN THEE, happier far!"

MILTON.

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